



3 1761 07455865 1

UNIV. OF
TORONTO
LIBRARY



MATERIALIEN ZUR KUNDE
DES
ÄLTEREN ENGLISCHEN DRAMAS

Materialien zur Kunde des älteren Englischen Dramas

UNTER MITWIRKUNG DER HERREN

F. S. Boas-BELFAST, **A. Brandl**-BEELIN, **R. Brotarek**-WIEN, **F. I. Carpenter**-CHICAGO, **G. B. Churchill**-AMHERST, **W. Creizenach**-KRAKAU, **E. Eckhardt**-FREIBURG I. B., **R. Fischer**-INNSBRUCK, **W. W. Greg**-LONDON, **F. Holthausen**-KIEL, **J. Hoops**-HEIDELBERG, **W. Keller**-JENA, **R. B. Mc Kerrow**-LONDON, **G. L. Kittredge**-CAMBRIDGE, MASS., **E. Koepfel**-STRASSBURG, **H. Logeman**-GENT, **J. M. Manly**-CHICAGO, **G. Sarrazin**-BRESLAU, **L. Proescholdt**-FRIEDRICHSDORF, **A. Schröder**-COEN, **G. C. Moore Smith**-SHEFFIELD, **A. E. H. Swaen**-AMSTERDAM, **A. H. Thorndike**-EVANSTON, ILL., **A. Wagner**-HALLE A. S.

BEGRUENDET UND HERAUSGEGEBEN

VON

W. BANG

o. o. Professor der Englischen Philologie an der Universität Louvain

BAND VII ERSTER THEIL

LOUVAIN
A. UYSTPRUYST

LEIPZIG
O. HARRASSOWITZ



LONDON
DAVID NUTT

1905

BEN JONSON'S DRAMEN

IN NEUDRUCK HERAUSGEGEBEN NACH

DER FOLIO 1616

VON

W. BANG

ERSTER TEIL

98549
24/9/09

LOUVAIN

A. UYSTPRUYST

LEIPZIG
O. HARRASSOWITZ

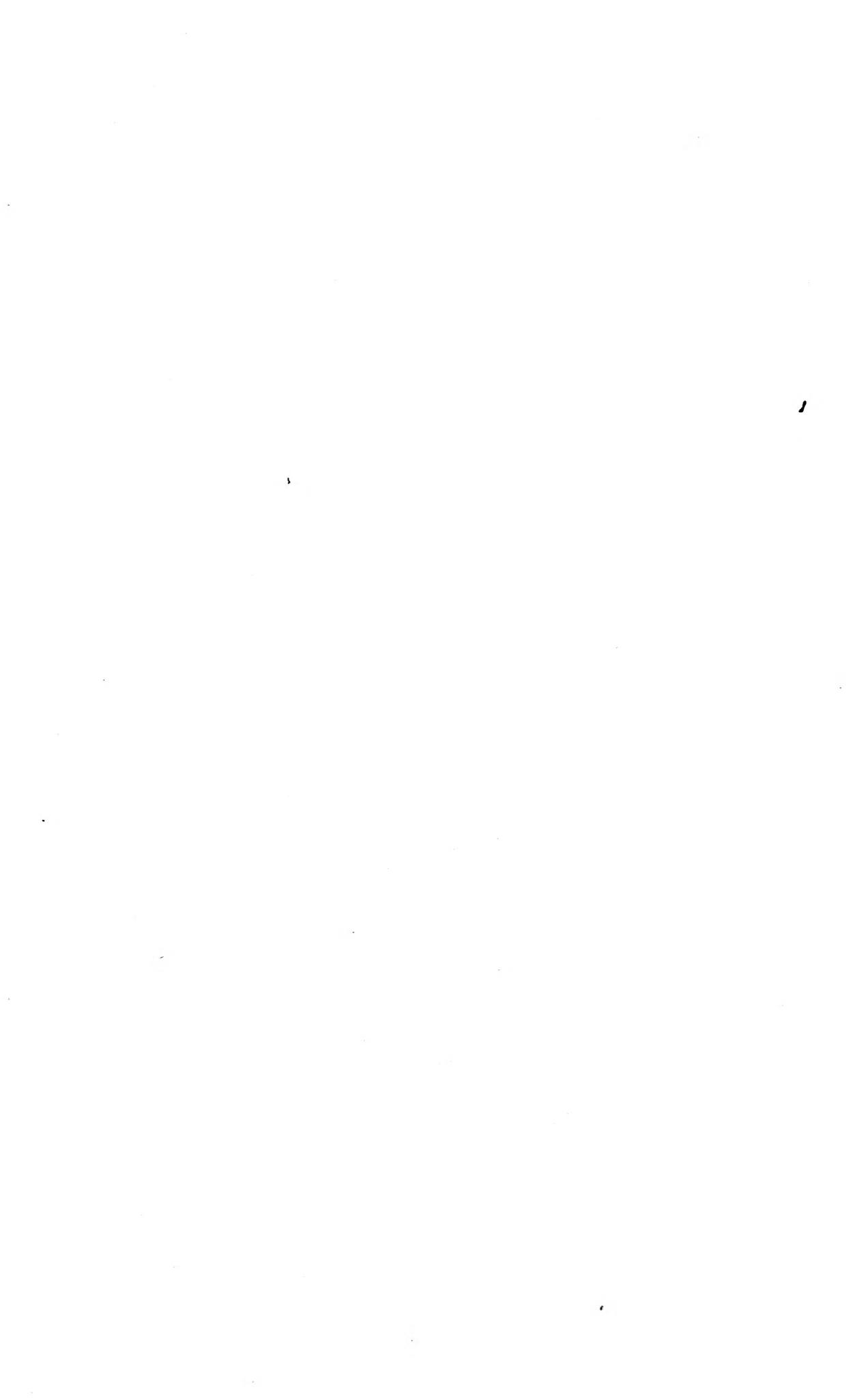
||

LONDON
DAVID NUTT

1905

PF
26
1406

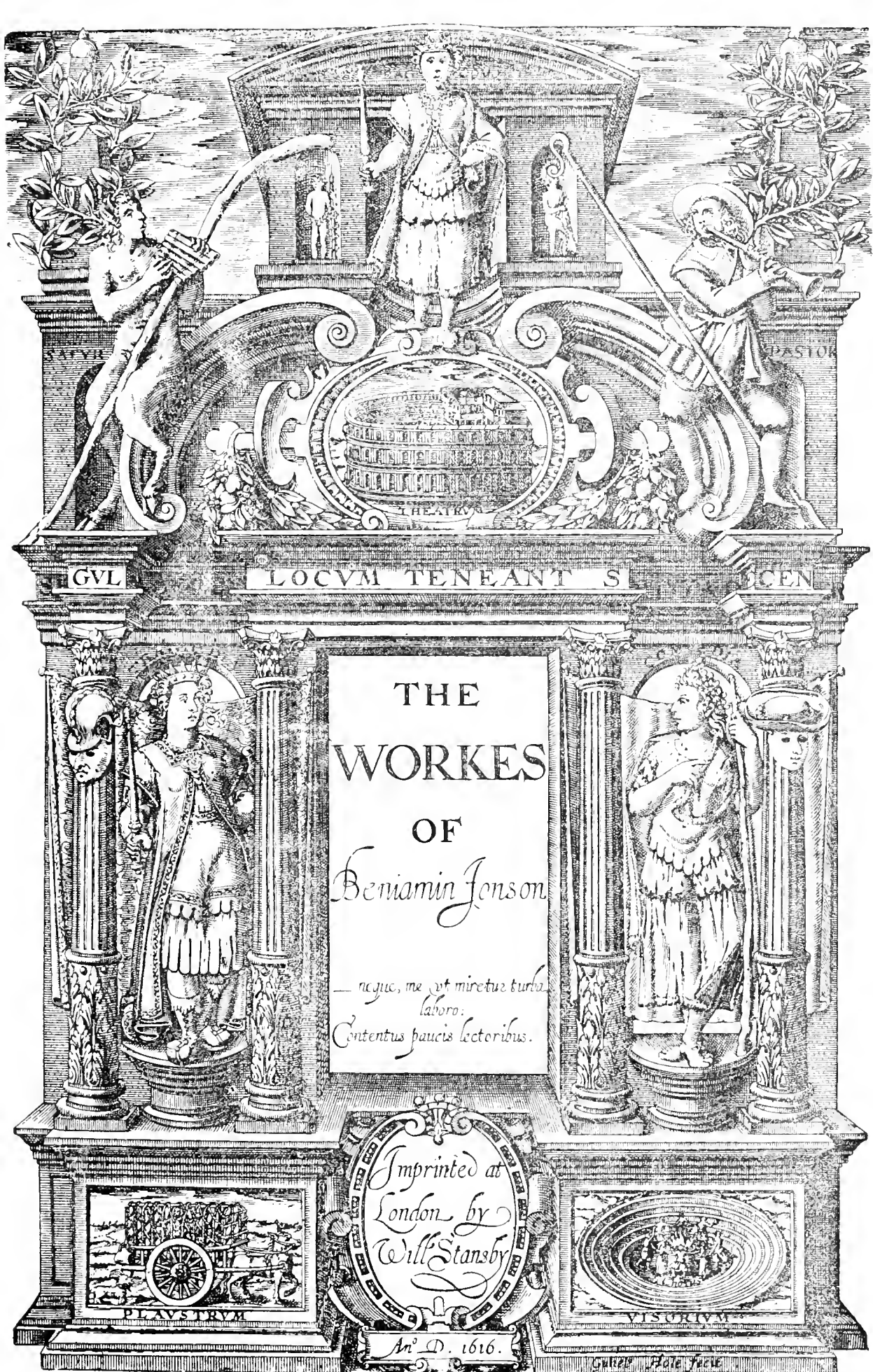
Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010 with funding from
University of Toronto





Johnsoni typus, ecce, qui furoris.	Defuncta Pater Eruditionis,
Antistes sacer, Entæci, Camenis,	Et Scena veteris nebulator audax.
Vindex Ingenij recens Sepulti.	Nec felix minus, aut minus politus
Antiqua reparator vnus artis,	Cui solus similis, Figura, vivet.

I could there be an art found out that might
 Produce his Shape soe lively as to Write. Ab. Holl.
 Are to be Sould. by William Deake



THE
WORKES
OF
Benjamin Jonson

— neque, me ut miretur turba,
laboro:
Contentus paucis lectoribus.

*Imprinted at
London by
Will: Stansby*

An^o D. 1616.



The Catalogue.

Euery Man in his Humor,	To M ^r . CAMB DEN.
Euery Man out of his Humor,	To the INNES of COVRT.
Cynthias Reuells,	To the COVRT.
Poëtaster,	To M ^r . RICH. MARTIN.
Seianus,	To ESME LO. Aubigny.
The Foxe,	To the VNIVERSITIES.
The silent Woman,	To Sir FRAN. STVART.
The Alchemist,	To the Lady WROTH.
Catiline,	To the Earle of PEMBROK.
Epigrammes,	To the same.

The Forrest,

Entertaynments,

Panegyre,

Masques,

Barriers.

Ad
V. CL.

BEN. IONSONIVM,

Carmen protrepticon.

Raptum Thræcij lyram Neanthus
Pulset ; carmina circulis Palæmon
Scribat ; qui manibus facit Deabus
Illotis, metuat Probum. Placere
Te doctis iuuat auribus, placere
Te raris iuuat auribus. Camænas
Cum totus legerem tuas (camænae
Num totum rogitant tuæ, nec ullam
Qui pigrè trahat oscitationem,
Lectorem) & Numeros, Acumen, Artem,
Mirum Iudicium, quod ipse censor,
Ionsoni, nimitum licet malignus,
Si doctus simul, exigit, viderem,
Sermonem & nitidum, Facetiûsq;
Dignas Mercurio, nouisq; Gnomas
Morum sed veterum, tuiq; iuris
Quicquid Dramaticum tui legebam,
Tam semper fore, tamq; te loquutum,
Vt nec Lemnia notior sigillo
Tellus, nec mukulâ sacrandus Apis,
Non cesto Venus, aut comis Apollo,
Quàm Musâ fueris sciente notus,
Quàm Musâ fueris tuâ notatus,
Illâ, quæ vnica, sydus vt refulgens,
Stricturas, superat comis, Minorum :
In mentem subiit Stolonis illud,
Lingua Pieridas fuisse Plauti
Vsuras, Ciceronis atq; dictum,
Saturno genitum phrasi Platonis,
Musæ si Latio, Iouisq; Athenis
Dixissent. Fore iam sed hunc & illas
JonsonI numeros puto loquutos,

Anglis

*Anglis si fuerint vtriq₃ fati.
Tam, mi, tu sophiam doces amænè,
Sparsim tamq₃ sophos amana sternis !
Sed, tot delicias, minis placebat,
Sparsis distraherent tot in libellis
Cerdoì caculæ. Volumen vnum,
Quod seri Britonum terant nepotes,
Optabam, & thyasus chorûsq₃ amantum
Musas hoc cupiunt, tui laborum
Et quicquid reliquum est, adhuc tuisq₃
Seruatum pluteis. Tibi at videmur
Non tam quærere quàm parare nobis
Laudem, dum volumus palàm merentis
Tot laurus cupidi reposta scripta ;
Dum discernere te tuisq₃ Musas
Audemus numero vngulæ liquorem
Gustante, vt veteres nouem sorores
Et sirenibus & solent cicadis ;
Dum & discernere posse te videmur,
Efflictim petimus nouûmq₃ librum,
Qui nullo sacer haùt petatur æuo,
Qui nullo sacer exolescat æuo,
Qui curis niteat tuis secundis;
Vt nos scire aliquid simùl putetur.
Atqui hoc macte sies, velûtq₃ calpar,
Quod dijs inferium, tibi sacremus,
Vt nobis benè sit; tuâmq₃ frontem
Perfundant edere recentiores
Et splendor nouus. Imident coronam
Hanc tantam patriæ tibiq₃ (quantà
Æternùm à merito tuo superbum
Anglorum genus esse possit olim)
Tantùm qui penitus volunt amarnas
Sublatas literas, timéntue lucem
JonsonI nimiam tenebriones.*

I. Selden I. C.

TO BEN. IONSON,
on his workes.

MAY I subscribe a name ? dares my bold quill
Write that or good or ill,
Whose frame is of that height, that, to mine eye,
Its head is in the sky ?
Yes. Since the most censures, beleevues, and saith
By an implicit faith :
Least their misfortune make them chance amisse,
Ile waft them right by this.
Of all I know thou onely art the man
That dares but what he can:
Yet by performance shoves he can do more
Then hath bene done before,
Or will be after. (such assurance gives
Perfection where it lyes.)
Words speake thy matter ; matter fills thy words ;
And choyce that grace affords
That both are best : and both most fitly plac't,
Are with new VENVS grac't
From artfull method. all in this point meet,
With good to mingle sweet.
These are thy lower parts. what stands aboue
Who sees not yet must loue,
When on the Base he reads BEN. IONSONS name,
And heares the rest from Fame.
This from my loue of truth : which payes this due
To your iust worth, not you.

Ed. Heyward.

Vpon SEIANVS.

SO brings the wealth-contracting ieweller
Pearles and deare stones, from richest shores and streames,
As thy accomplit trauaile doth confer
From skill-imickd scoules, their wealthyer gems ;

So

So doth his hand enchain in ammeld gold,
 Cut, and adorn'd beyond their native merits,
 His solid flames, as thine hath here inrold
 In more then golden verse, those better'd spirits ;
 So he extreasures Princes cabinets,
 As thy wealth will their wished libraries ;
 So, on the throate of the rude sea, he sets
 His ventrous foot, for his illustrious prise ;
 And through wild desarts, arm'd with wilder beasts,
 As thou adventur'st on the multitude,
 Vpon the boggie, and engulfed brests
 [Of hyrelings, sworne to find most right, most rude :
 And he, in stormes at sea, doth not endure,
 Nor in vast desarts, amongst wolues, more danger ;
 Then we, that would with vertue liue secure,
 Sustayne for her in euery vices anger.
 Nor is this Allegorie vnjustly rackt,
 To this strange length : Onely, that icawells are,
 In estimation meere,ly, so exact :
 And thy worke, in it selfe, is deare and rare.
 Wherein MINERVA had bene vanquished,
 Had shee, by it, her sacred loomes aduanc't,
 And through thy subiect wouen her graphicke thred,
 Contending therein, to be more entranc't ;
 For, though thy hand was scarce addrest to draw
 The semi-circle of SEIANVS life,
 Thy Muse yet makes it the whole sphere, and law
 To all State liues : and bounds ambition's strife.
 And as a little brooke creepes from his spring,
 With shallow tremblings, through the lowest vales,
 As if he fear'd his streame abroad to bring,
 Least prophane feet should wrong it, and rude gales ;
 But finding happy channels, and supplyes
 Of other foords mixe with his modest course,
 He growes a goodly riuer, and deserves
 The strength, that man'd him, since he left his source ;
 Then takes he in delight some meades, and groues,
 And, with his two-edg'd waters, flourishes
 Before great palaces, and all mens loues
 Build by his shores, to greet his passages :
 So thy chaste Muse, by vertuous selfe-mistrust,
 Which is a true marke of the truest merit ;
 In virgin feare of mens illiterate lust,
 Shut her soft wings, and durst not shew her spirit ;
 Till, nobly cherisht, now thou lett'st her flie,
 Singing the sable orgies of the Muses,
 And in the highest pitch of tragædie,
 Mak'st her command, all things thy ground produces.
 Besides, thy Poëme hath this due respect,
 That it lets passe nothing, without obseruing,

Worthie instruction; or that might correct
 Rude manners, and reuocme the well deserving;
 Performing such a kinde euidence
 In thy narrations, that thy hearers still
 Thou turn'st to thy spectators; and the sense
 That thy spectators haue of good or ill,
 Thou inuol'st i yntly to thy readers soules.
 So deare is held, so deckt thy numerous taske,
 As thou putt'st handles to the Thespian boules,
 Or stuck'st rich plumes in the Palladian caske.
 All thy worth, yet, thy selfe must patronise,
 By quaffing more of the Castalian head;
 In exfiscation of whose mysteries,
 Our nets must still be clogd, with heauie lead,
 To make them sinke, and catch: For chearefull gold
 Was neuer found in the Pierian streames,
 But wants, and scernes, and shames for siluer sold.
 What? what shall we elect in these extreames?
 Now by the shafts of the great CYRRHAN Poet,
 That beare all light, that is, about the world;
 I would haue all dull Poet haters know it,
 They shall be soule-bound, and in darknesse hurld,
 A thousand yeares (as Sathan was, their syre)
 Ere any, worthie the poetique name,
 (Might I, that warme but at the Muses fire,
 Presume to guard it) should let deathlesse Fame
 Light halfe a beame of all her hundred eyes,
 At his dimme taper, in their memories.
 Flie, flie, you are too neere; so, odorous flowers
 Being held too neere the sensor of our sense,
 Render not pure, nor so sincere their powers,
 As being held a little distance thence.
 O could the world but feele how sweet a touch
 The Knowledge hath, which is in loue with goodnesse,
 (If Poesie were not rauished so much,
 And her composit rage, held the simplest woodnesse,
 Though of all heats, that temper humane braines,
 Hers euer was most subtle, high, and holy,
 First binding sauage lines, in ciuile chaines:
 Solely religious, and adored solely,
 If men felt this) they would not thinke a loue,
 That giues it selfe, in her, did vanities giue;
 Who is (in earth, though low) in worth aboue,
 Most able t'honour life, though least to liue.
 And so good Friend, safe passage to thy freight,
 To thee a long peace, through a vertuous strife,
 In which, lets both contend to vertues height,
 Not making fame our obiect, but good life.

GEOR. CHAPMAN.

To his worthy friend, the Author,

H. HOLLAND.

Vpon Scianus.

IN that, this booke doth deigne SEIANVS name,
Him vnto more, then CAESARS loue, it brings :
For, where he could not with ambition's wings,
One quill doth heaue him to the height of fame.
Yee great-ones though (whose ends may be the same)
Know, that, how euer we doe flatter kings,
Their fauours (like themselues) are fading things,
With no lesse enuie had, then lost with shame.
Nor make your selues lesse honest then you are,
To make our author wiser then he is :
Ne of such crimes accuse him, which I dare
By all his *Muses* sweare, be none of his.
The men are not, some faults may be these times :
He acts those men, and they did act these crimes.

Amicissimo, & meritissimo BEN: IONSON.

In Vulponem.

Q <i>Vod arte ausus es hic tuâ, Poeta,</i>	<i>Libricanitiæ induantur horâ :</i>
<i>Si auderent hominum Deiq; iuris</i>	<i>Nam chartis pueritia est neganda,</i>
<i>Consulti, veteres sequi æmulariq; ,</i>	<i>Nascunturq; senes, oportet, illi</i>
<i>O omnes saperemus ad salutem.</i>	<i>Libri, quæ dare vis perennitatem.</i>
<i>His sed sunt veteres arancosi ;</i>	<i>Priscis, ingenium facit, labôrq;</i>
<i>Tam nemo veterum est sequutor, vt tu</i>	<i>Te parem ; hos superes, vt & futuros,</i>
<i>Illos quòd sequeris nouator audis.</i>	<i>Ex nostrâ vitiositate sumas,</i>
<i>Fac tamen quod agis ; tuiq; primâ</i>	<i>Quâ priscos superamus, & futuros.</i>

I. D.

AD VTRAMQVE ACADEMIAM,

DE BENIAMIN IONSONIO.

In Vulponem.

H*ic ille est primus, qui doctum drama Britannis,*
Graiorum antiqua, & Latij monimenta Theatri,
Tanquam explorator versans, fœlicibus ausis
Prebebit : Magnis captis Gemina astra faucte.
Alterutrâ veteres contenti laude : Cothurnum hic,
Atq; pari soccum tractat Sol scenicus arte ;
Das VULPONE iocos, fletus SEIANE dedisti.
At si IONSONIAS mulctatas limite Musas
Angustâ plangent quiquam : Vos, dicite, contrâ,
O nmiùm miseros quibus ANGLIS ANGLICA lingua
Aut non sat nota est ; aut quæis (seu trans mare natis)
Haud nota omnino : Vegetet cum tempore Vates,
Mutabit patriam, fiêtq; ipse ANGLVS APOLLO.

E. BOLTON.

*Vpon his
I oae.*

To my deare friend, M. BEN: IONSON.

IF it might stand with iustice, to allow
The swift conversion of all follies; now,
Such is my mercy, that I could admit
All sorts should equally approve the wit
Of this thy euen worke: whose growing fame
Shall raise thee high, and thou it, with thy name.
And did not manners, and my lone command
Me to forbear to make those understand,
Whom thou, perhaps, hast in thy wiser doome
Long since, firmly resolu'd, shall neuer come
To know more then they doe; I would haue shoune
To all the world, the art, which thou alone
Hast taught our tongue, the rules of time, of place,
And other rites, deliuer'd, with the grace
Of comick stile, which only, is farre more,
Then any English stage hath knowne before.
But, since our subtle gallants thinke it good
To like of nought, that may be vnderstood,
Lest they should be disprou'd; or haue, at best,
Stomacks so rafe, that nothing can digest
But what's obscene, or barks: Let vs desire
They may continue, simply, to admire (age,
Fine clothes, and strange words; & may tinue, in
To see themselves ill-brought vpon the stage,
And like it. Whilst thy bold, and knowing Muse
Contents at praise, but such as thou wouldst chuse

FRANC. BEAUMONT.

V P O N T H E S I L E N T
W O M A N .

HEare you bad writers, and though you not see,
I will informe you where you happy bee:
Prouide the most malicious thoughts you can,
And bend them all against some priuate man,
To bring him, not his vices, on the stage,
Your enuie shall be clad in so poore rage,
And your expressing of him shall be such,
That he himselfe shall thinke he hath no touch.
Where he that strongly writes, although he meane
To scourge but vices in a labour'd scene,
Yet priuate faults shall be so well exprest
As men doe act 'hem, that each priuate brest,
That findes these errors in it selfe, shall say,
He meant me, not my vices, in the play.

FRANC. BEAUMONT.

*Vpon his Ca-
tiline.*

To my friend M. BEN: IONSON.

IF thou had'st itch'd after the wild applause
Of common people, and had'st made thy lawes
In writing, such, as catch'd at present voice,
I should commend the thing, but not thy choise.
But thou hast squar'd thy rules, by what is good;
And art, three ages yet, from vnderstood:
And (I dare say) in it, there lyes much wit
Lost, till thy readers can grow vp to it.
Which they can ne're out-grow, to find it ill,
But must fall backe againe, or like it still.

FRANC. BEAUMONT.

Euery
M A N I N
H I S
H V M O V R.

A Comædie.

Acted in the yeere 1598. By the then
Lord Chamberlaine his
Seruants.

The Author B. I.

IUVEN.

Haud tamen inuideas vati, quem pulpita pascunt.

L O N D O N,
Printed by W I L L I A M S T A N S B Y.

M. D C. XVI.

TO THE MOST LEARNED, AND

MY HONOR'D

FRIEND,

5 M^r. Cambden, CLARENTIAVX.

SIR,



10 *Here are, no doubt, a supercilious race in the world, who will esteeme al loffe, done you in this kind, an iniurie; so solemne a vice it is with them to vse the authoritie of their ignorance, to the crying downe of Poetry, or the Professors: But, my gratitude must not leaue to*
 15 *correct their error; since I am none of those, that can suffer the benefits confer'd vpon my youth, to perish with my age. It is a fraile memorie, that remembers but present things: And, had the fauour of the times so conspir'd with my disposition, as it could haue*
 20 *brought forth other, or better, you had had the same proportion, & number of the fruits, the first. Now, I pray you, to accept this, such, wherein neither the confession of my manners shall make you blush; nor of my studies, repent you to haue beene the instructor:*
 25 *And, for the profession of my thanke-fulnesse, I am sure, it will, with good men, find either praise, or excuse.*

Your true louer,

BEN. IONSON.

The Persons of the Play.

KNO'WELL, <i>An old Gentleman.</i>	KITELY, <i>A Merchant.</i>
ED. KNO'WELL, <i>His Sonne.</i>	DAME KITELY, <i>His Wife.</i>
BRAYNE-WORME, <i>The Fathers man.</i>	M ^{rs} . BRIDGET, <i>His Sister.</i>
Mr. STEPHEN, <i>A countrey Gull.</i>	Mr. MATTHEW, <i>The towne-gull.</i>
35 DOWNE-RIGHT, <i>A plaine Squier.</i>	CASH, <i>KITELIES Man.</i>
WELL-BRED, <i>His halfe Brother.</i>	COB, <i>A Water-bearer.</i>
IVST. CLEMENT, <i>An old merry Magistrat.</i>	TIB, <i>His Wife.</i>
ROGER FORMALL, <i>His Clarke.</i>	CAP. BOBADILL, <i>A Paules-man.</i>

THE SCENE

LONDON.



EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR.

PROLOGUE.



Hough neede make many *Poets* , and some
such

As art , and nature haue not betterd much;
Yet ours , for want , hath not so lou'd the
stage,

As he dare serue th'ill customes of the age :
Or purchase your delight at such a rate,
As, for it, he himselfe must iustly hate.

To make a child, now swaddled, to proceede
Man, and then shoote vp, in one beard, and
weede,

55 Past threescore yeeres : or, with three rustie swords,
And helpe of some few foot-and-halfe-foote words,
Fight ouer *Yorke*, and *Lancasters* long iarres :
And in the tying-house bring wounds, to scarres.

He rather prayes, you will be pleas'd to see
60 One such, to day, as other playes should be.
Where neither *Chorus* wafts you ore the seas ;
Nor creaking throne comes downe, the boyes to please ;
Nor nimble squibbe is scene, to make afear'd
The gentlewomen; nor roul'd bullet heard

65 To say, it thunders; nor tempestuous drumme
Rumbles, to tell you when the storme doth come ;
But deedes, and language, such as men doe vse:
And persons, such as *Comedie* would chuse,
When she would shew an Image of the times,

70 And sport with humane follies, not with crimes.

Except, we make 'hem such by louing still
 Our popular errors, when we know th'are ill.
 I meane such errors, as you'll all confesse
 By laughing at them, they deserue no lesse :
 75 Which when you heartily doe, there's hope left, then,
 You, that haue so grac'd monsters, may like men.

Act I. Scene I.

KNO'WELL, BRAYNE-WORME, M^r STEPHEN.

80 **A** Goodly day toward! and a fresh morning! BRAYNE-WORME,
 Call vp your yong master : bid him rise, sir.
 Tell him, I haue some businesse to employ him.
 BRA. I will sir, presently. KNO. But heare you, sirah,
 If he be'at his booke, disturbe him not. BRA. Well sir.
 KNO. How happie, yet, should I esteeme my selfe
 85 Could I (by any practise) weane the boy
 From one vaine course of studie, he affects.
 He is a scholler, if a man may trust
 The liberall voice of fame, in her report
 Of good accompt, in both our *vniversities*,
 90 Either of which hath fauour'd him with graces :
 But their indulgence, must not spring in me
 A fond opinion, that he cannot erre.
 My selfe was once a student; and, indeed,
 Fed with the selfe-same humour, he is now,
 95 Dreaming on nought but idle *poetrie*,
 That fruitlesse, and vnprofitable art,
 Good vnto none, but least to the professors,
 Which, then, I thought the mistresse of all knowledge:
 But since, time, and the truth haue wak'd my iudgement,
 100 And reason taught me better to distinguish,
 The vaine, from th'vsefull learnings. Cossin STEPHEN!
 What newes with you, that you are here so early?
 STE. Nothing, but eene come to see how you doe, vncle.
 KNO. That's kindly done, you are wel-come, cousse.
 105 STE. I, I know that sir, I would not ha' come else.
 How doe my coussin EDWARD, vncle?
 KNO. O, well cousse, goe in and see: I doubt he be scarce stirring yet.
 STE. Vncle, afore I goe in, can you tell me, an' he haue ere a booke
 of the sciences of hawking, and hunting? I would faine borrow it.
 110 KNO. Why, I hope you will not a hawking now, will you?
 STEP. No wusse; but I'll practise against next yeere vncle: I haue
 bought me a hawke, and a hood, and bells, and all; I lacke nothing but
 a booke to keepe it by. KNO.

KNO. O, most ridiculous.

115 STEP. Nay, looke you now, you are angrie, vncke: why you know,
an' a man haue not skill in the hawking, and hunting-languages now a
dayes, I'll not giue a rush for him. They are more studied then the *Greeke*,
or the *Latine*. He is for no gallants companie without 'hem. And by gads
lid I scorne it, I, so I doe, to be a consort for euery *hum-drum*, hang 'hem
120 scroyles, there's nothing in 'hem, i' the world. What doe you talke on
it? Because I dwell at *Hogsden*, I shall keepe companie with none but the
archers of *Finsburie*? or the citizens, that come a ducking to *Islington*
ponds? A fine iest ifaith! Slid a gentleman mun show himselfe like a
gentleman. Vncke, I pray you be not angrie, I know what I haue to doe, I
125 trow, I am no nouice.

KNO. You are a prodigall absurd cocks-combe': Goe to.
Nay neuer looke at me, it's I that speake.
Tak't as you will sir, I'll not flatter you.
Ha' you not yet found meanes enow, to wast
130 That, whlich your friends haue left you, but you must
Goe cast away your money on a kite,
And know not how to keepe it, when you ha'done?
O it's comely! this will make you a gentleman!
Well cosen, well! I see you are ecne past hope
135 Of all reclaime. I, so, now you are told on it,
You looke another way. STEP. What would you ha'me doe?

KNO. What would I haue you doe? I'll tell you kinsman,
Learne to be wise, and practise how to thrine,
That would I haue you doe: and not to spend
140 Your coyne on euery bable, that you phansie,
Or euery foolish braine, that humors you.
I would not haue you to inuade each place,
Nor thrust your selfe on all societies,
Till mens affections, or your owne desert,
145 Should worthily inuite you to your ranke.
He, that is so respectlesse in his courses,
Oft sells his reputation, at cheape market.
Nor would I, you should melt away your selfe
In flashing brauerie, least while you affect
150 To make a blaze of gentrie to the world,
A little puffle of scorne extinguish it,
And you be left, like an vnsauorie snuffe,
Whose propertie is onely to offend.
I'd ha'you sober, and containe your selfe;
155 Not, that your sayle be bigger then your boat:
But moderate your expences now (at first)
As you may keepe the same proportion still.
Nor, stand so much on your gentilitie,

Which

Which is an aerie, and meere borrow'd thing,
 160 From dead mens dust, and bones : and none of yours
 Except you make, or hold it. Who comes here ?

Act. I. Scene II.

SERVANT, M^r. STEPHEN, KNOWELL,
 BRAYNE-WORME.

165 **S** Aue you, gentlemen.

STEP. Nay, we do' not stand much on our gentilitie, friend ;
 yet, you are wel-come, and I assure you, mine vnclie here is a man
 of a thousand a yeare, *Middlesex* land : hee has but one sonne in all the
 world, I am his next heire (at the common law) master **STEPHEN**, as
 170 simple as I stand here, if my cossen die (as there's hope he will) I haue a
 prettie liuing o' mine owne too, beside, hard-by here.

SERV. In good time, sir.

STEP. In good time, sir ? why ! and in very good time, sir. You doe
 not flout, friend, doe you ?

175 **SERV.** Not I, sir.

STEP. Not you, sir ? you were not best, sir ; an' you should, here bee
 them can perceiue it, and that quickly to : goe to. And they can giue it a-
 gaine soundly to, and neede be.

SERV. Why, sir, let this satisfie you: good faith, I had no such intent.

180 **STEP.** Sir, an' I thought you had, I would talke with you, and that
 presently.

SERV. Good master **STEPHEN**, so you may, sir, at your pleasure.

STEP. And so I would sir, good my saucie companion ! an' you were
 out o' mine vnclies ground, I can tell you ; though I doe not stand vpon
 185 my gentilitie neither in't.

KNO. Cossen ! cossen ! will this nere be left ?

STEP. Whorson base fellow ! a mechanicall seruing-man ! By this
 cudgell, and't were not for shame, I would——

KNO. What would you doe, you peremptorie gull ?

190 If you can not be quiet, get you hence.

You see, the honest man demeanes himselfe

Modestly to'ards you, giuing no replie

To your vnseason'd, quarrelling, rude fashion:

And, still you huffe it, with a kind of cariage,

195 As voide of wit, as of humanitie.

Goe, get you in; fore heauen, I am asham'd

Thou hast a kinsmans interest in me.

SERV. I pray you, sir. Is this master **KNO'WELL'S** house ?

KNO. Yes, marie, is it sir.

200 **SERV.** I should enquire for a gentleman, here, one master **EDWARD**
KNO'WELL:

KNO'WELL: doe you know any such, sir, I pray you?

KNO. I should forget my selfe else, sir.

SERV. Are you the gentleman? crie you mercie sir: I was requir'd by a gentleman i'the citie, as I rode out at this end o'the towne, to deliuer you
205 this letter, sir.

KNO. To me, sir! What doe you meane? pray you remember your court'sie. (*To his most selected friend, master EDWARD KNO'WELL.*) What might the gentlemans name be, sir, that sent it? nay, pray you be couer'd.

SERV. One master WELL-BRED, sir.

210 KNO. Master WELL-BRED! A yong gentleman? is he not?

SERV. The same sir, master KITELY married his sister: the rich merchant i' the old Iewrie.

KNO. You say very true. BRAINE-WORME,

BRAY. Sir.

215 KNO. Make this honest friend drinke here: pray you goe in.

This letter is directed to my sonne:

Yet, I am EDWARD KNO'WELL too, and may

With the safe conscience of good manners, vse

The fellowes error to my satisfaction.

220 Well, I will breake it ope (old men are curious)

Be it but for the stiles sake, and the phrase,

To see, if both doe answere my sonnes praises.

Who is, almost, growne the idolater

Of this yong WELL-BRED: what haue we here? what's this?

225 *Why, NED, I beseech thee; hast thou for-sworne all thy friends* The letter.
i' the old Iewrie? or dost thou thinke vs all Iewes that inhabit there,
yet? If thou dost, come ouer, and but see our fripperie: change an olde
shirt, for a whole smocke, with vs. Doe not conceiue that antipa-
thy betweene vs, and Hogs-den; as was betweene Iewes, and hogs-
230 *flesh. Leaue thy vigilant father, alone, to number ouer his greene*
apricots, euening, and morning, o' the north-west wall: An' I had
beene his sonne, I had sai'd him the labor, long since; if, taking in all
the yong wenches, that passe by, at the back-dore, and codd'ling euery
kernell of the fruit for'hem, would ha' seru'd. But, pr'y thee, come
235 *ouer to me, quickly, this morning: I haue such a present for thee (our*
Turkie companie neuer sent the like to the Grand-S I G N I O R.)
One is a Rimer sir, o' your owne batch, your owne leuin; but doth think
himselfe Poet-maior, o' the towne: willing to be showne, and worthy
to be seene. The other——I will not venter his description with you,
240 *till you come, because I would ha' you make hether with an appetite. If*
the worst of'hem be not worth your iorney, draw your billof charges,
as

as unconscionable, as any Guild-hall verdict will give it you, and you shall be allow'd your viaticum.

From the wind-mill.

- 245 From the *Burdello*, it might come as well;
 The *Spittle* : or *Pict-hatch*. Is this the man,
 My sonne hath sung so, for the happiest wit,
 The choysest braine, the times hath sent vs forth?
 I know not what he may be, in the arts ;
 250 Nor what in schooles: but surely, for his manners,
 I iudge him a prophane, and dissolute wretch :
 Worse, by possession of such great good gifts,
 Being the master of so loose a spirit.
 Why, what vnhallo'd rufian would haue writ,
 255 In such a scurrilous manner, to a friend !
 Why should he thinke, I tell my Apri-cotes ?
 Or play th' *Hesperian* Dragon, with my fruit,
 To watch it? Well, my sonne, I had thought
 Y' had had more iudgement, t' haue made election
 260 Of your companions, then t' haue tane on trust,
 Such petulant, geering gamsters, that can spare
 No argument, or subiect from their iest.
 But I perceiue, affection makes a foole
 Of any man, too much the father. BRAYNE-WORME,
 265 BRAY. Sir.
 KNO. Is the fellow gone that brought this letter ?
 BRA. Yes, sir, a pretie while since.
 KNO. And, where's your yong master ?
 BRA. In his chamber sir.
 270 KNO. He spake not with the fellow ! did he ?
 BRA. No sir, he saw him not.
 KNO. Take you this letter, and deliuer it my sonne
 But with no notice, that I haue open'd it, on your life.
 BRA. O lord, sir, that were a iest, indeed !
 275 KNO. I am resolu'd, I will not stop his iourney;
 Nor practise any violent meane, to stay
 The vnbridled course of youth in him: for that,
 Restrain'd, growes more impatient ; and, in kind,
 Like to the eager, but the generous grey-hound,
 280 Who ne're so little from his game with-held,
 Turnes head, and leapes vp at his holders throat.
 There is a way of winning, more by loue,
 And vrging of the modestie, then feare :
 Force workes on seruile natures, not the free.
 285 He, that's compell'd to goodnesse, may be good;

But

But 'tis but for that fit: where others drawne
By softnesse, and example, get a habit.
Then, if they stray, but warne 'hem : and, the same
They should for vertu'haue done, they'll doe for shame.

290

Act I. Scene II.

EDW. KNO'WELL, BRAYNE-WORME,
M^r. STEPHEN.

- 295 **D** Id he open it, sayest thou ?
BRAY. Yes, o' my word sir, and read the contents.
E. KN. That scarce contents me. What countenance (pr'y
thee) made he, i' the reading of it ? was he angrie, or pleas'd ?
BRAY. Nay sir, I saw him not reade it, nor open it, I assure your
worship.
E. KN. No? how know'st thou, then, that he did either ?
300 BRAY. Marie sir, because he charg'd me, on my life, to tell nobody,
that he open'd it : which, vnlesse hee had done, hee would neuer feare to
haue it reueal'd.
E. KN. That 's true: well I thanke thee, BLAYNE-WORME.
STEP. O, BRAYNE-WORME, did'st thou not see a fellow here in a
305 what-sha'-call-him doublet ! he brought mine vncle a letter e'en now.
BRAY. Yes, master STEPHEN, what of him ?
STEP. O, I ha' such a minde to beate him——Where is hee ? canst
thou tell ?
BRAY. Faith, he is not of that mind : he is gone, master STEPHEN.
310 STEP. Gone ? which way ? when went he ! how long since ?
BRAY. He is rid hence. He tooke horse, at the streete dore.
STEP. And, I staid i' the fields ! horson *scander-bag* rogue ! ô that I
had but a horse to fetch him backe againe.
BRAY. Why, you may ha' my m^{rs}. gelding, to saue your longing, sir.
315 STEP. But, I ha' no bootes, that's the spight on't.
BRAY. Why, a fine wispe of hay, rould hard, master STEPHEN.
STEP. No faith, it's no boote to follow him, now : let him eene goe,
and hang. 'Pray thee, helpe to trusse me, a little. He dos so vex me——
BRAY. You'll be worse vex'd, when you are truss'd, master STEPHEN.
320 Best, keepe vn-brac'd ; and walke your selfe, till you be cold : your choller
may foundre you else.
STEP. By my faith, and so I will, now thou tell'st me on't : How dost
thou like my legge, BRAYNE-WORME ?
BRAY. A very good leg ! master STEPHEN ! but the woollen stock-
325 ing do's not commend it so well.
STEP. Foh, the stockings be good enough, now summer is comming
on, for the dust : Ile haue a paire of silke, again' winter, that I goe to dwell
i' the

i' the towne. I thinke my legge would shew in a silke-hose.

BRAY. Beleeue me, master STEPHEN, rarely well,

330 STEP. In sadnesse, I thinke it would: I haue a reasonable good legge.

BRAY. You haue an excellent good legge, master STEPHEN, but I cannot stay, to praise it longer now, and I am very sorie for't.

STEP. Another time wil serue, BRAYNE-WORME. Gramercie for this.

*Knowell laughs
hauing read the
letter.*

E. KN. Ha, ha, ha!

STEP. Slid, I hope, he laughes not at me, and he doe ———

E. KN. Here was a letter, indeede, to be interceped by a mans father, and doe him good with him! Hee cannot but thinke most vertuously, both of me, and the sender, sure; that make the carefull Costar'-monger of him in our *familiar Epistles*. Well, if he read this with patience, Ile be-gelt, and troll ballads for Mr. JOHN TRUNDLE, yonder, the rest of my mortalitie. It is true, and likely, my father may haue as much patience as another man; for he takes much physicke: and, oft taking physicke makes a man very patient. But would your packet, master WEL-BRED, had arriu'd at him, in such a minute of his patience; then, we had knowne the
340 end of it, which now is doubtfull, and threatens——What! my wise cossen! Nay, then, Ile furnish our feast with one gull more to'ard the messe. He writes to me of a brace, and here's one, that's three: O, for a fourth; Fortune, if euer thou'lt vse thine eyes, I intreate thee——
345

STEP. O, now I see, who hee laught at. Hee laught at some-body in
350 that letter. By this good light, and he had laught at me——

E. KN. How now, coussen STEPHEN, melancholy'?

STEP. Yes, a little. I thought, you had laught at me, cossen.

E. KN. Why, what an' I had cousse, what would you ha' done?

SERV. By this light, I would ha' told mine vncle.

355 E. KN. Nay, if you wold ha' told your vncle, I did laugh at you, cousse.

SERV. Did you, indeede?

E. KN. Yes, indeede.

STEP. Why, then——

E. KN. What then?

360 STEP. I am satisfied, it is suffieient.

E. KN. Why, bee so gentle cousse. And, I pray you let me intreate a courtesie of you. I am sent for, this morning, by a friend i' the old *Iewrie* to come to him; It's but crossing ouer the fields to *More-gate*: Will you beare me companie? I protest, it is not to draw you into bond, or any plot
365 against the state, cousse.

STEP. Sir, that's all one, and 't were; you shall command me, twise so farre as *More-gate* to doe you good, in such a matter. Doe you thinke I would leaue you? I protest——

E. KN. No, no, you shall not protest, cousse.

370 STEP. By my fackins, but I will, by your leaue; Ile protest more to my friend, then Ile speake off, at this time.

E. KN. You speake very well, cousse.

STEPH.

STEP. Nay, not soneither, you shall pardon me: but I speake, to serue my turne.

375 E.KN. Your turne, couss? Doe you know, what you say? A gentleman of your sort, parts, carriage, and estimation, to talke o' your turne i' this companie, and to me, alone, like a tankard-bearer, at a conduit! Fie. A wight, that (hetherto) his euery step hath left the stampe of a great
380 man! so grac'd, guilded, or (to vse a more fit *metaphore*) so tin-foild by nature, as not ten house-wiues pewter (again' a good time) shew's more bright to the world then he! and he (as I said last, so I say againe, and still shall say it) this man! to conceale such reall ornaments as these, and shadow their glorie, as a Millaners wife do's her wrought stomacher, with a
385 smokie lawne, or a black cypresse? O couss! It cannot be answer'd, goe not about it. DRAKES old ship, at *Detford*, may sooner circle the world againe. Come, wrong not the qualitie of your desert, with looking downward, couz; but hold vp your head, so: and let the *Idca* of what you are, be pourtray'd i' your face, that men may reade i' your physnomie, (*Here,*
390 *within this place, is to be seene the true, rare, and accomplish'd monster, or miracle of nature,* which is all one.) What thinke you of this, couss?

STEP. Why, I doe thinke of it; and I will be more prowde, and melancholy, and gentleman-like, then I haue beene: I'll ensure you.

E.KN. Why, that's resolute master STEPHEN! Now, if I can but
395 hold him vp to his height, as it is happily begunne, it will doe well for a suburbe-humor: we may hap haue a match with the citie, and play him for fortie pound. Come, couss.

STEP. I'll follow you.

E.KN. Follow me? you must goe before.

400 STEP. Nay, an' I must, I will. Pray you, shew me, good cousin.

Act I. Scene IIII.

MR. MATTHEW, COB.

I Thinke, this be the house: what, hough?

405 COB. Who's there? O, master MATTHEW! gi' your worship good morrow.

MAT. What! COB! how do'st thou, good COB? do'st thou inhabite here, COB?

COB. I, sir, I and my lineage ha' kept a poore house, here, in our dayes.

MAT. Thy lineage, *Monsieur* COB, what lineage? what lineage?

410 COB. Why sir, an ancient lineage, and a princely. Mine ance' trie came from a Kings belly, no worse man: and yet no man neither (by your worships leaue, I did lie in that) but *Herring* the King of fish (from his belly, I proceed) one o' the Monarchs o' the world, I assure you. The first red herring, that was broil'd in ADAM, and EVE'S kitchin, doe I fetch my

B pedigree

415 pedigree from, by the Harrots bookes. His COB, was my great-great-mighty-great Grand-father.

MAT. Why mightie? why mightie? I pray thee.

COB. O, it was a mightie while agoe, sir, and a mightie great COB.

MAT. How know'st thou that?

420 COB. How know I? why, I smell his ghost, euer and anon.

MAT. Smell a ghost? ô vnsauoury iest? and the ghost of a herring COB!

COB. I sir, with fauour of your worships nose, Mr. MATHEW, why not the ghost of a herring-cob, as well as the ghost of rasher-bacon?

425 MAT. ROGER BACON, thou wouldst say?

COB. I say rasher-bacon. They were both broyl'd o'the coles? and a man may smell broyl'd-meate, I hope? you are a scholler, vpsolue me that, now.

MAT. O raw ignorance! COB, canst thou shew me of a gentleman,
430 one Captayne BOBADILL, where his lodging is?

COB. O, my guest, sir! you meane.

MAT. Thy guest! Alas! ha, ha.

COB. Why doe you laugh, sir? Doe you not meane Captayne BOBADILL?

435 MAT. COB, 'pray thee, aduise thy selfe well: doe not wrong the gentleman, and thy selfe too. I dare bee sworne, hee scornes thy house: hee! He lodge in such a base, obscure place, as thy house! Tut, I know his disposition so well, he would not lye in thy bed, if tho'uldst gi't him.

COB. I will not giue it him, though, sir. Masse, I thought somewhat
440 was in't, we could not get him to bed, all night! Well, sir, though he lye not o'my bed, he lies o' my bench: an't please you to goe vp, sir, you shall find him with two cushions vnder his head, and his cloke wrapt about him, as though he had neither wun nor lost, and yet (I warrant) he ne're cast better in his life, then he has done, to night.

445 MAT. Why? was he drunke?

COB. Drunke, sir? you heare not me say so. Perhaps, hee swallow'd a tauerne-token, or some such deuice, sir: I haue nothing to doe withall. I deale with water, and not with wine. Gi'me my tankard there, hough. God b'w'you, sir. It's sixe a clocke: I should ha' carried two turnes, by
450 this. What hough? my stopple? come.

MAT. Lye in a water-bearers house! A gentleman of his hauings! Well, I'le tell him my mind.

COB. What TIB, shew this gentleman vp to the Captayne. O, an' my house were the *Brasen-head* now! faith, it would eene speake, *Mo fooles*
455 *yet*. You should ha' some now would take this Mr. MATHEW to be a gentleman, at the least. His father's an honest man, a worshipfull fish-monger, and so forth; and now dos he creepe, and wriggle into acquaintance with all the braue gallants about the towne, such as my guest is: (ô, my guest is a fine man) and they flout him invincibly. Hee vseth

euery

460 every day to a Merchants house (where I serue water) one master KITE-
 L Y'S, i'the *old Iewry*; and here's the iest, he is in loue with my masters si-
 ster, (mistris BRIDGET) and calls her mistris: and there hee will sit
 you a whole after-noone some-times, reading o' these same abomi-
 nable, vile, (a poxe on 'hem, I cannot abide them) rascally verses, *poye-*
 465 *trie*, *poyetrie*, and speaking of *enterludes*, 'twill make a man burst to heare
 him. And the wenches, they doe so geere, and ti-he at him—well, should
 they do so much to me, Ild for-sweare them all, by the foot of PHARAOH.
 There's an oath! How many water-bearers shall you heare sweare such an
 oath? Ō, I haue a guest (he teaches me) he dos sweare the legiblest, of any
 470 man christned: By St. GEORGE, the foot of PHARAOH, the body of me,
 as I am gentleman, and a souldier: such daintie oathes! and withall, he dos
 take this same filthy roguish *tabacco*, the finest, and cleanieliest! it would doe
 a man good to see the fume come forth at's tonnells! Well, he owes mee
 fortie shillings (my wife lent him out of her purse, by sixe-pence a time)
 475 besides his lodging: I would I had it. I shall ha' it, he saies, the next *A-*
ction. *Helter skelter*, hang sorrow, care'll kill a cat, vp-tailes all, and a louse
 for the hang-man.

Act I. Scene V.

BOBADILL, TIB, MATTHEW.

*Bobad. is disco-
 uered lying on
 his bench.*

480 **H** Ostesse, hostesse.
 TIB. What say you, sir?
 BOB. A cup o'thy small beere, sweet hostesse.
 TIB. Sir, there's a gentleman, below, would speake with you.
 BOB. A gentleman! 'ods so, I am not within.
 485 TIB. My husband told him you were, sir.
 BOB. What a plague——what meant he?
 MAT. Captaine BOBADILL?
 BOB. Who's there? (take away the bason, good hostesse) come vp, sir.
 TIB. He would desire you to come vp, sir. You come into a cleanly
 490 house, here.
 MAT. 'Saue you, sir. 'Saue you, Captayne.
 BOB. Gentle master MATTHEW! Is it you, sir? Please you sit downe.
 MAR. Thanke you, good Captaine, you may see, I am some-what
 audacious.
 495 BOB. Not so, sir. I was requested to supper, last night, by a sort of gal-
 lants, where you were wish'd for, and drunke to, I assure you.
 MAT. Vouchsafe me, by whom, good Captaine.
 BOB. Mary, by yong WELL-BRED, and others: Why, hostesse, a
 stoole here, for this gentleman.
 500 MAT. No haste, sir, 'tis very well.
 BOB. Body of me! It was so late ere we parted last night, I can scarce
 open my eyes, yet; I was but new risen, as you came: how passes the day
 abroad, sir? you can tell.

B 2

MAT.

MAT. Faith, some halfe houre to seuen : now trust mee, you haue an
505 exceeding fine lodging here, very neat, and priuate!

BOB. I, sir : sit downe, I pray you. Master MATTHEW (in any case)
possesse no gentlemen of our acquaintance, with notice of my lodging.

MAT. Who? I sir? no.

BOB. Not that I need to care who know it, for the Cabbin is conue-
510 nient, but in regard I would not be too popular, and generally visited, as
some are.

MAT. True, Capitaine, I conceiue you.

BOB. For, doe you see, sir, by the heart of valour, in me, (except it be
to some peculiar and choice spirits, to whom I am extraordinarily ingag'd,
515 as your selfe, or so) I could not extend thus farre.

MAT. O Lord, sir, I resolute so.

BOB. I confesse, I loue a cleanly and quiet priuacy, aboue all the tu-
mult, and roare of fortune. What new booke ha' you there? What!
Goe by, Hieronymo!

520 MAT. I. did you euer see it acted? is't not well pend?

BOB. Well pend? I would faine see all the *Poets*, of these times, pen
such another play as that was! they'll prate and swagger, and keepe a stir
of arte and deuices, when (as I am a gentleman) reade'hem, they are the
most shallow, pittifull, barren fellowes, that liue vpon the face of the
525 earth, againe!

MAT. Indeed, here are a number of fine speeches in this booke! *O*
eyes, no eyes, but fountaynes fraught with teares! There's a conceit! *fountaines*
fraught with teares! *O life, no life, but liuely forme of death!* Another! *O*
world, no world, but masse of publique wrongs! A third! *Confus'd and fil'd with*
530 *murder, and misdeeds!* A fourth! O, the *Muses!* Is't not excellent? Is't not
simply the best that euer you heard, Captayne? Ha? How doe you like it?

BOB. 'Tis good.

MAT. *To thee, the purest obiect to my sense,*
The most refined essence heauen couers,
535 *Send I these lines, wherein I doe commence*
The happy state of turtle-billing louers.

If they proue rough, vn-polish't, harsh, and rude,
Hast made the wast. Thus, mildly, I conclude.

*Bobadill is ma-
king him ready
all this while.*

BOB. Nay, proceed, proceed. Where's this?

MAT. This, sir? a toy o' mine owne, in my nonage : the infancy of my
Muses! But, when will you come and see my studie? good faith, I can
shew you some very good things, I haue done of late—That boot be-
comes your legge, passing well, Captayne, me thinkes!

BOB. So, so, It's the fashion, gentlemen now vse.

545 MAT. Troth, Captayne, an' now you speake o' the fashion, master
WELL-BRED's elder brother, and I, are fall'n out exceedingly : this other
day, I hapned to enter into some discourse of a hanger, which I assure you,
both for fashion, and worke-man-ship, was most peremptory-beautifull,
and

and gentleman-like ! Yet, he condemn'd, and cry'd it downe, for the most
550 pyed, and ridiculous that euer he saw.

BOB. Squire DOWNE-RIGHT ? the halfe brother ? was't not ?

MAT. I sir, he.

BOB. Hang him, rooke, he ! why, he has no more iudgement then a
malt-horse. By S. GEORGE, I wonder you'd loose a thought vpon
555 such an animal : the most peremptory absurd clowne of *christendome*,
this day, he is holden. I protest to you, as I am a gentleman, and a souldier,
I ne're chang'd wordes, with his like. By his discourse, he should eate no-
thing but hay. He was borne for the manger, pannier, or pack-saddle ! He
ha's not so much as a good phrase in his belly, but all old iron, and rustie
560 prouerbes ! a good commoditie for some smith, to make hob-nailes of.

MAT. I, and he thinks to carry it away with his man-hood still, where
he comes. He brags he will gi' me the *bastinado*, as I heare.

BOB. How ! He the *bastinado* ! how came he by that word, trow ?

MAT. Nay, indeed, he said cudgell me ; I term'd it so, for my more
565 grace.

BOB. That may bee : For I was sure, it was none of his word. But,
when ? when said he so ?

MAT. Faith, yesterday, they say : a young gallant, a friend of mine
told me so.

570 BOB. By the foot of PHARAOH, and't were my case now, I should
send him a *chartel*, presently. The *bastinado* ! A most proper, and sufficient
dependance, warranted by the great CARANZA. Come hither. You shall
chartel him. I'll shew you a trick, or two, you shall kill him with, at plea-
sure : the first *stoccata*, if you will, by this ayre.

575 MAT. Indeed, you haue absolute knowledge i' the mysterie, I haue
heard, sir.

BOB. Of whom ? Of whom ha' you heard it, I beseech you ?

MAT. Troth, I haue heard it spoken of diuers, that you haue very
rare, and vn-in-one-breath-vtter-able skill, sir.

580 BOB. By heauen, no, not I ; no skill i' the earth : some small rudi-
ments i' the science, as to know my time, distance, or so. I haue profest it
more for noblemen, and gentlemens vse, then mine owne practise, I assure
you. Hostesse, accommodate vs with another bed-staffe here, quickly :
Lend vs another bed-staffe. The woman do's not vnderstand the wordes
585 of *Action*. Looke you, sir. Exalt not your point aboue this state, at any
hand, and let your poynard maintayne your defence, thus : (giue it the
gentleman, and leaue vs) so, sir. Come on : O, twine your body more
about, that you may fall to a more sweet comely gentleman-like guard.
So, indifferent. Hollow your body more sir, thus. Now, stand fast o'
590 your left leg, note your distance, keepe your due proportion of time—
Oh, you disorder your point, most irregularly !

MAT. How is the bearing of it, now, sir ?

BOB. O, out of measure ill ! A well-experienc'd hand would passe
vpon you, at pleasure.

595 MAT. How meane you, sir, passe vpon me ?

BOB. Why, thus sir (make a thrust at me) come in, vpon the answer, controll your point, and make a full carriere, at the body. The best-practis'd gallants of the time, name it the *passada* : a most desperate thrust, beleene it !

600 MAT. Well, come, sir.

BOB. Why, you doe not manage your weapon with any facilitie , or grace to inuite mee : I haue no spirit to play with you. Your dearth of iudgement renders you tedious.

MAT. But one *venue*, sir.

605 BOB. *Venue* ! Fie. Most grosse denomination, as euer I heard. O, the *stoccata* , while you liue, sir. Note that. Come , put on your cloke , and wee'll goe to some priuate place, where you are acquainted, some tauerne, or so—and haue a bit—Ile send for one of these Fencers, and hee shall breath you, by my direction ; and , then , I will teach you your trickes.

610 You shall kill him with it, at the first, if you please. Why , I will learne you, by the true iudgement of the eye, hand, and foot, to controll any enemies point i' the world. Should your aduersarie confront you with a pistoll, 'twere nothing, by this hand, you should, by the same rule, controll his bullet, in a line : except it were hayle-shot, and spread. What money

615 ha' you about you, Mr. MATTHEW ?

MAT. Faith, I ha' not past a two shillings, or so.

BOB. 'Tis somewhat with the least : but, come. We will haue a bunch of redish, and salt, to tast our wine ; and a pipe of *tabacco*, to close the orifice of the stomach : and then, wee'll call vpon yong WEL-BRED. Perhaps wee shall meet the CORIDON, his brother, there : and put him to the question.

Act II. Scene I.

KITELY, CASH, DOWNE-RIGHT.

625 **T**HOMAS, Come hither,
There lyes a note, within vpon my deske,
Here, take my key : It is no matter, neither.
Where is the Boy ? CAS. Within, sir, i' the ware-house.

KIT. Let him tell ouer, straight, that *Spanish* gold,
And weigh it, with th' pieces of eight. Doe you
630 See the deliuey of those siluer stufes,
To Mr. LVCAR. Tell him, if he will,
He shall ha' the grogan's, at the rate I told him,
And I will meet him, on the *Exchange*, anon.

CAS. Good, sir.

635 KIT. Doe you see that fellow, brother DOWNE-RIGHT ?

DOW. I, what of him ?

KIT. He is a iewell, brother.

I tooke

- I tooke him of a child, vp, at my dore,
And christned him, gaue him mine owne name, THOMAS,
640 Since bred him at the Hospitall; where prouing
A toward impe, I call'd him home, and taught him
So much, as I haue made him my Cashier,
And giu'n him, who had none, a surname, CASH :
And find him, in his place so full of faith,
645 That, I durst trust my life into his hands.
Dow. So, would not I in any bastards, brother,
As, it is like, he is : although I knew
My selfe his father. But you said yo' had somewhat
To tell me, gentle brother, what is't? what is't?
650 KIT. Faith, I am very loath, to vtter it.
As fearing, it may hurt your patience :
But, that I know, your iudgement is of strength,
Against the neerenesse of affection——
Dow. What need this circumstance? pray you be direct.
655 KIT. I will not say, how much I doe ascribe
Vnto your friendship; nor, in what regard
I hold your loue : but, let my past behauiour,
And vsage of your sister, but confirme
How well I'auē beene affected to your——
660 Dow. You are too tedious, come to the matter, the matter.
KIT. Then (without further ceremonie) thus.
My brother WELL-BRED, sir, (I know not how)
Of late, is much declin'd in what he was,
And greatly alter'd in his disposition.
665 When he came first to lodge here in my house,
Ne're trust me, if I were not proud of him :
Me thought he bare himselfe in such a fashion,
So full of man, and sweetnesse in his carriage,
And (what was chiefe) it shew'd not borrowed in him,
670 But all he did, became him as his owne,
And seem'd as perfect, proper, and possest
As breath, with life, or colour, with the bloud.
But, now, his course is so irregular,
So loose, affected, and depriu'd of grace,
675 And he himselfe withall so farre falne off
From that first place, as scarce no note remaines,
To tell mens iudgements where he lately stood.
Hee's growne a stranger to all due respect,
Forgetfull of his friends, and not content
680 To stale himselfe in all societies,
He makes my house here common, as a *Mart*,
A *Theater*, a publike receptacle

For giddie humour, and diseased riot ;
 And here (as in a tauerne, or a stewes)
 685 He, and his wild associates, spend their houres,
 In repetition of lasciuious iests,
 Sweare, leape, drinke, dance, and reuell night by night,
 Controll my seruants : and indeed what not?

Dow. 'Sdeynes, I know not what I should say to him, i' the whole
 690 world ! He values me, at a crackt three-farthings, for ought I see : It will
 neuer out o' the flesh that's bred i' the bone ! I haue told him inough, one
 would thinke, if that would serue : But, counsell to him, is as good, as a
 shoulder of mutton to a sicke horse. Well ! he knowes what to trust to,
 for GEORGE. Let him spend, and spend, and domineere, till his heart
 695 ake ; an' hee thinke to bee relieu'd by me, when he is got into one o' your
 citie pounds, the Counters, he has the wrong sow by the eare, ifaith : and
 claps his dish at the wrong mans dore. I'll lay my hand o' my halfe-peny,
 e're I part with't, to fetch him out, I'll assure him.

KIT. Nay, good brother, let it not trouble you, thus.

700 Dow. 'Sdeath, he mads me, I could eate my very spur-lethers, for an-
 ger ! But, why are you so tame ? Why doe not you speake to him, and tell
 him how he disquiets your house ?

KIT. O, there are diuers reasons to dissuade, brother.

But, would your selfe vouchsafe to trauaile in it,
 705 (Though but with plaine, and easie circumstance)
 It would, both come much better to his sense,
 And saour lesse of stomack, or of passion.
 You are his elder brother, and that title
 Both giues, and warrants you authoritie ;
 710 Which (by your presence seconded) must breed
 A kinde of dutie in him, and regard :
 Whereas, if I should intimate the least,
 It would but adde contempt, to his neglect,
 Heape worse on ill, make vp a pile of hatred
 715 That, in the rearing, would come tottring downe,
 And, in the ruine, burie all our loue.
 Nay, more then this, brother, if I should speake
 He would be readie from his heate of humor,
 And ouer-flowing of the vapour, in him,
 720 To blow the eares of his familiars,
 With the false breath, of telling, what disgraces,
 And low disparadgments, I had put vpon him.
 Whilst they, sir, to relieue him, in the fable,
 Make their loose comments, vpon euery word,
 725 Gesture, or looke, I vse ; mocke me all ouer,
 From my flat cap, vnto my shining shooes :
 And, out of their impetuous rioting phant'sies,

Beget some slander, that shall dwell with me.
And what would that be, thinke you? mary, this.

- 730 They would giue out (because my wife is faire,
My selfe but lately married, and my sister
Here sojourning a virgin in my house)
That I were iealous! nay, as sure as death,
That they would say. And how that I had quarrell'd
735 My brother purposely, thereby to finde
An apt pretext, to banish them my house.

Dow. Masse perhaps so: They're like enough to doe it.

KIT. Brother, they would, beleue it: so should I
(Like one of these penurious quack-saluers)

- 740 But set the bills vp, to mine owne disgrace,
And trie experiments vpon my selfe:
Lend scorne and enuie, oportunitie,
To stab my reputation, and good name——

Act II. Scene II.

- 745 MATTHEW, BOBADIL, DOWNER-RIGHT,
KITELY.

I Will speake to him——

- BOB. Speake to him? away, by the foot of PHARAOH, you shall
not, you shall not doe him that grace. The time of day, to you,
750 Gentleman o'the house. Is Mr. WELL-BRED stirring?

Dow. How then? what should he doe?

BOB. Gentleman of the house, it is to you: is he within, sir?

KIT. He came not to his lodging to night sir, I assure you.

Dow. Why, doe you heare? you.

- 755 BOB. The gentleman-citizen hath satisfied mee, Ile talke to no scauenger.

Dow. How, scauenger? stay sir, stay?

KIT. Nay, brother DOWNER-RIGHT.

Dow. 'Heart! stand you away, and you loue me.

- 760 KIT. You shall not follow him now, I pray you, brother,
Good faith you shall not: I will ouer-rule you.

Dow. Ha? scauenger? well, goe to, I say little: but, by this good day
(god forgiue me I should sweare) if I put it vp so, say, I am the rankest
cow, that euer pist. 'Sdeynes, and I swallow this, Ile ne're draw my sword
765 in the sight of *Fleet-street* againe, while I liue; Ile sit in a barne, with
Madge-howlet, and catch mice first. Scauenger? 'Heart, and Ile goe neere
to fill that huge tumbrell-slop of yours, with somewhat, and I haue good
lucke: your GARAGANTVA breech cannot carry it away so.

KIT. Oh doe not fret your selfe thus, neuer thinke on't.

Dow.

770 Dow. These are my brothers consorts, these ! these are his *Cam'rades*,
his walking mates ! hee's a gallant, a *Cavaliero* too, right hang-man cut!
Let me not live, and I could not finde in my heart to swinge the whole
ging of 'hem, one after another, and begin with him first. I am grieu'd, it
should be said he is my brother, and take these courses. Wel, as he brewes,
775 so he shall drinke, for GEORGE, againe. Yet, he shall heare on't, and that
tightly too, and I live, Haith.

KIT. But, brother, let your reprehension (then)
Runne in an easie current, not ore-high
Carried with rashnesse, or deuouring choller ;
780 But rather vse the soft perswading way,
Whose powers will worke more gently, and compose
Th'imperfect thoughts you labour to reclaime :
More winning, then enforcing the consent.

Bell rings. Dow. I, I, let me alone for that, I warrant you.

785 KIT. How now ? oh, the bell rings to breakefast.
Brother, I pray you goe in, and beare my wife
Companie, till I come ; He but giue order
For some dispatch of businesse, to my seruants——

To them.

Act II. Scene III.

790 K I T E L Y, C O B, D A M E K I T E L Y.

WHat, COB ? our maides will haue you by the back (Ifaith)
For comming so late this morning.

COB. Perhaps so, sir, take heed some body haue not them
by the belly, for walking so late in the euening.

*He passes by
with his tan-
nard.*

KIT. Well, yet my troubled spirit's somewhat eas'd,
Though not repos'd in that securitie,
As I could wish : But, I must be content.
How e're I set a face on't to the world,
Would I had lost this finger, at a venter,
800 So WELL-BRED had ne're lodg'd within my house.
Why't cannot be, where there is such resort
Of wanton gallants, and yong reuellers,
That any woman should be honest long.
I'st like, that factious beautie will preserue
805 The publike weale of chastitie, vn-shaken,
When such strong motiues muster, and make head
Against her single peace ? no, no. Beware,
When mutuall appetite doth meet to treat,
And spirits of one kinde, and qualitie,
810 Come once to parlee, in the pride of bluod :
It is no slow conspiracie, that followes.

Well

Well (to be plaine) if I but thought, the time
Had answer'd their affections : all the world
Should not perswade me, but I were a cuckold.

815 Mary, I hope, they ha' not got that start :
For oportunitie hath balkt 'hem yet,
And shall doe still, while I haue eyes, and eares
To attend the impositions of my heart.
My presence shall be as an iron barre,
820 'Twixt the conspiring motions of desire:
Yea, euery looke, or glance, mine eye eiects,
Shall checke occasion, as one doth his slaue,
When he forgets the limits of prescription.

DAME. Sister BRIDGET, pray you fetch downe the rose-water aboue
825 in the closet. Sweet heart, will you come in, to breakefast.

KITE. An'shee haue ouer-heard me now?

DAME. I pray thee (good MVSSE) we stay for you.

KITE. By heauen I would not for a thousand angells.

DAME. What aile you sweet heart, are you not well, speake good
830 MVSSE.

KITE. Troth my head akes extremely, on a sudden.

DAME. Oh, the lord!

KITE. How now? what?

DAME. Alas, how it burnes? MVSSE, keepe you warme, good truth
835 it is this new disease! there's a number are troubled withall! for loues
sake, sweet heart, come in, out of the aire.

KITE. How simple, and how subtill are her answeres?

A new disease, and many troubled with it!

Why, true: shee heard me, all the world to nothing.

840 DAME. I pray thee, good sweet heart, come in; the aire will doe you
harme in, troth.

KITE. The aire! shee has me i'the wind! sweet heart!

Ile come to you presently: 't will away, I hope.

DOW. Pray heauen it doe.

845 KITE. A new disease? I know not, new, or old,
But it may well be call'd poore mortalls plague :
For, like a pestilence, it doth infect
The houses of the braine. First, it begins
Solely to worke vpon the phantasie,
850 Filling her seat with such pestiferous aire,
As soone corrupts the iudgement; and from thence,
Sends like contagion to the memorie :
Still each to other giuing the infection.
Which, as a subtle vapor, spreads it selfe,
855 Confusedly, through euery sensiuie part,
Till not a thought, or motion, in the mind,

Be

Be free from the blacke poyson of suspect.
 Ah, but what miserie' is it, to know this?
 Or, knowing it, to want the mindes erection,
 860 In such extremes? Well, I will once more striue,
 (In spight of this black cloud) my selfe to be,
 And shake the feauer off, that thus shakes me.

Act II. Scene IIII.

BRAYNE-WORME, ED. KNOWELL,

865

Mr. STEPHEN.

S'Lid, I cannot choose but laugh, to see my selfe translated thus, from
 a poore creature to a creator; for now must I create an intolerable
 sort of lyes, or my present profession looses the grace: and yet the
 lye to a man of my coat, is as ominous a fruit, as the *Pico*. Osir, it holds for
 870 good politie euer, to haue that outwardly in vilest estimation, that inward-
 ly is most deare to vs. So much, for my borrowed shape. Well, the troth is,
 my old master intends to follow my yong, drie foot, ouer *More-fields*, to
London, this morning: now I, knowing, of this hunting-match, or rather
 conspiracie, and to insinuate with my yong master (for so must we that are
 875 blew-waiters, and men of hope and seruice doe, or perhaps wee may
 weare motley at the yeeres end, and who weares motley, you know) haue
 got me afore, in this disguise, determining here to lye in *ambuscado*, and in-
 tercept him, in the mid-way. If I can but get his cloke, his purse, his hat,
 nay, any thing, to cut him off, that is, to stay his iourney, *Veni, vidi, vici*, I
 880 may say with Captayne CAESAR, I am made for euer, ifaith. Well, now
 must I practice to get the true garb of one of these *Lance-knights*, my arme
 here, and my--yong master! and his cousin, Mr. STEPHEN, as I am true
 counterfeit man of warre, and no souldier!

E. KN. So sir, and how then, couss?

885 STEP. 'Sfoot, I haue lost my purse, I thinke.

E. KN. How? lost your purse? where? when had you it?

STEP. I cannot tell, stay.

BRAY. 'Slid, I am afeard, they will know mee, would I could get
 by them.

890 E. KN. What? ha' you it?

STEP. No, I thinke I was bewicht, I——

E. KN. Nay, doe not weepe the losse, hang it, let it goe.

STEP. Oh, it's here: no, and it had beene lost, I had not car'd, but
 for a iet ring mistris MARY sent me.

895 E. KN. A iet ring? oh, the *poesie*, the *poesie*?

STEP. Fine, ifaith! *Though fancie sleep, my loue is deepe*. Meaning that
 though I did not fancie her, yet shee loued me dearely.

E. KN. Most excellent!

STEP.

STEP. And then, I sent her another, and my *poesie* was: *The deeper, the*
900 *sweeter, Ile be iudg'd by* St. PETER.

E. KN. How, by St. PETER? I doe not conceiue that!

STEP. Mary, St. PETER, to make vp the meeter.

E. KN. Well, there the Saint was your good patron, hee help't you at
your need: thanke him, thanke him.

905 BRAY. I cannot take leaue on 'hem, so: I will venture, come what will.
Gentlemen, please you change a few crownes, for a very excellent good
blade, here? I am a poore gentleman, a souldier, one that (in the better
state of my fortunes) scorn'd so meane a refuge, but now it is the humour
of necessitie, to haue it so. You seeme to be gentlemen, well affected to
910 martiall men, else I should rather die with silence, then liue with shame:
how euer, vouchsafe to remember, it is my want speakes, not my selfe. This
condition agrees not with my spirit——

E. KN. Where hast thou seru'd?

BRAY. May it please you, sir, in all the late warres of *Bohemia*, *Hunga-*
915 *ria*, *Dalmatia*, *Poland*, where not, sir? I haue beene a poore seruitor, by sea
and land, any time this fourteene yeeres, and follow'd the fortunes of the
best Commanders in *christendome*. I was twice shot at the taking of *Alcþo*,
once at the reliefe of *Vienna*; I haue beene at *Marscilles*, *Naples*, and the
Adriatique gulfe, a gentleman-slaue in the galleys, thrice, where I was most
920 dangerously shot in the head, through both the thighs, and yet, being thus
mayn'd, I am void of maintenance, nothing left me but my scarres, the
noted markes of my resolution.

STEP. How will you sell this rapier, friend?

BRAY. Generous sir, I referre it to your owne iudgement; you are a
925 gentleman, giue me what you please.

STEP. True, I am a gentleman, I know that friend: but what though?
I pray you say, what would you aske?

BRAY. I assure you, the blade may become the side, or thigh of the
best prince, in *Europe*.

930 E. KN. I, with a veluet scabberd, I thinke.

STEP. Nay, and't be mine, it shall haue a veluet scabberd, Couss,
that's flat: I'de not weare it as'tis, and you would giue me an angell.

BRAY. At your worships pleasure, sir; nay, 'tis a most pure *Toledo*.

STEP. I had rather it were a *Spaniard*! but tell me, what shall I giue
935 you for it? An't had a siluer hilt——

E. KN. Come, come, you shall not buy it; hold, there's a shilling fel-
low, take thy rapier.

STEP. Why, but I will buy it now, because you say so, and there's an-
other shilling, fellow. I scorne to be out-bidden. What, shall I walke
940 with a cudgell, like *Higgin-Bottom*? and may haue a rapier, for money?

E. KN. You may buy one in the citie.

STEP. Tut, Ile buy this i'the field, so I will, I haue a mind to't, be-
cause'tis a field rapier. Tell me your lowest price.

C

E. KN.

E. KN. You shall not buy it, I say.

945 STEP. By this money, but I will, though I giue more then 'tis worth.

E. KN. Come away, you are a foole.

STEP. Friend, I am a foole, that's granted : but Ile haue it, for that words sake. Follow me, for your money.

BRAY. At your seruice, sir.

950

Act II. Scene V.

KNOWELL, BRAYNE-WORME.

I Cannot loose the thought, yet, of this letter,
Sent to my sonne : not leaue t'admire the change
Of manners, and the breeding of our youth,
955 Within the kingdome, since my selfe was one.
When I was yong, he liu'd not in the stewes,
Durst haue conceiu'd a scorne. and vtter'd it,
On a grey head ; age was authoritie
Against a buffon : and a man had, then,
960 A certaine reuerence pai'd vnto his yeeres,
That had none due vnto his life. So much
The sanctitie of some preuail'd, for others.
But, now, we all are fall'n ; youth, from their feare :
And age, from that, which bred it, good example.
965 Nay, would our selues were not the first, euen parents,
That did destroy the hopes, in our owne children :
Or they not learn'd our vices, in their cradles,
And suck'd in our ill customes, with their milke.
Ere all their teeth be borne, or they can speake,
970 We make their palats cunning ! The first wordes,
We forme their tongues with, are licentious iests !
Can it call, whore ? crie, bastard ? ô, then, kisse it.
A wittie child ! Can't sweare ? The fathers dearling !
Giue it two plums. Nay, rather then 't shall learne
975 No bawdie song, the mother'her selfe will teach it !
But, this is in the infancie ; the dayes
Of the long coate : when it puts on the breeches,
It will put off all this. I, it is like :
When it is gone into the bone alreadie.
980 No, no : This die goes deeper then the coate,
Or shirt, or skin. It staines, vnto the liuer,
And heart, in some. And, rather, then it should not,
Note, what we fathers doe ! Looke, how we liue !
What mistresses we keepe ! at what expense,
985 In our sonnes eyes ! where they may handle our gifts,

Heare

Heare our lasciuious courtships, see our dalliance,
Tast of the same prouoking meates, with vs,
To ruine of our states ! Nay, when our owne
Portion is fled, to prey on their remainder,

990 We call them into fellowship of vice !

Baite 'hem with the yong chamber-maid, to seale !
And teach 'hem all bad wayes, to buy affliction !
This is one path ! but there are millions more,
In which we spoile our owne, with leading them.

995 Well, I thanke heauen, I neuer yet was he,

That trauail'd with my sonne, before sixteene,
To shew him, the *Venetian cortezans*.

Nor read the grammar of cheating, I had made
To my sharpe boy, at twelue : repeating still

1000 The rule, *Get money ; still, Get money, Boy ;*

*No matter, by what meanes ; Money will doe
More, Boy, then my Lords letter.* Neither haue I

Drest snailles, or mushromes curiously before him,
Perfum'd my sauces, and taught him to make 'hem ;

1005 Preceding still, with my grey gluttonie,

At all the ordinaries: and only fear'd
His palate should degenerate, not his manners.

These are the trade of fathers, now ! how euer
My sonne, I hope, hath met within my threshold,

1010 None of these household precedents ; which are strong,

And swift, to rape youth, to their precipice.

But, let the house at home be nere so cleane-
Swept, or kept sweet from filth ; nay, dust, and cob-webs :

If he will liue, abroad, with his companions,

1015 In dung, and leystalls ; it is worth a feare.

Nor is the danger of conuersing lesse,
Then all that I haue mention'd of example.

BRAY. My master ? nay, faith haue at you: I am flesht now, I haue sped
so well. Worshipfull sir, I beseech you, respect the estate of a poore soul-
1020 dier ; I am asham'd of this base course of life (god's my comfort) but ex-
tremitie prouokes me to't, what remedie ?

KNO. I haue not for you, now.

BRAY. By the faith I beare vnto truth, gentleman, it is no ordinarie
custome in me, but only to preserue manhood. I protest to you, a man I
1025 haue beene, a man I may be, by your sweet bountie.

KNO. 'Pray thee, good friend, be satisfied.

BRAY. Good sir, by that hand, you may doe the part of a kind gentle-
man, in lending a poore souldier the price of two cannes of beere (a mat-
ter of small value) the king of heauen shall pay you, and I shall rest thank-
1030 full : sweet worship——

KNO. Nay, and you be so importunate——

BRAY. Oh, tender sir, need will haue his course : I was not made to
Hee weepes. this vile vse ! well, the edge of the enemie could not haue abated mee so
 much : It's hard when a man hath seru'd in his Princes cause, and be thus--

1035 Honorable worship, let me deriue a small piece of siluer from you, it shall
 not bee giuen in the course of time, by this good ground, I was faine to
 pawne my rapier last night for a poore supper, I had suck'd the hilts long
 before, I am a pagan else : sweet honor.

KNO. Belecue me, I am taken with some wonder,
 1040 To thinke, a fellow of thy outward presence
 Should (in the frame, and fashion of his mind)
 Be so degenerate, and sordid-base !
 Art thou a man ? and sham'st thou not to beg ?
 To practise such a seruile kind of life ?

1045 Why, were thy education ne're so meane,
 Hauing thy limbs, a thousand fairer courses
 Offer themselves, to thy election.
 Either the warres might still supply thy wants,
 Or seruice of some vertuous gentleman,

1050 Or honest labour : nay, what can I name,
 But would become thee better then to beg ?
 But men of thy condition feed on sloth,
 As doth the beetle, on the dung shee breeds in,
 Not caring how the mettall of your minds

1055 Is eaten with the rust of idlenesse.
 Now, afore me, what e're he be, that should
 Relieue a person of thy qualitie,
 While thou insist's in this loose desperate course,
 I would esteeme the sinne, not thine, but his.

1060 BRAY. Faith sir, I would gladly finde some other course, if so——

KNO. I, you'd gladly finde it, but you will not seeke it.

BRAY. Alas sir, where should a man seeke ? in the warres, there's no
 ascent by desert in these dayes, but—— and for seruice, would it were as
 soone purchast, as wisht for (the ayre's my comfort) I know, what I
 1065 would say——

KNO. What's thy name ?

BRAY. Please you, FITZ-SWORD, sir.

KNO. FITZ-SWORD ?

Say, that a man should entertayne thee now,
 1070 Would'st thou be honest, humble, iust, and true ?

BRAY. Sir, by the place, and honor of a souldier——

KNO. Nay, nay, I like not those affected othes ;
 Speake plainly man : what think'st thou of my wordes ?

BRAY. Nothing, sir, but wish my fortunes were as happy, as my ser-
 1075 uice should be honest.

KNO.

KNO. Well, follow me, Ile proue thee, if thy deedes
Will carry a proportion to thy words.

BRAY. Yes sir, straight, Ile but garter my hose. Oh that my belly
were hoopt now, for I am readie to burst with laughing! neuer was bottle,
1080 or bag-pipe fuller. S'lid, was there euer seene a foxe in yeeres to betray
himselfe thus? now shall I be possest of all his counsell: and, by that con-
duit, my yong master. Well, hee is resolu'd to proue my honestie; faith,
and I am resolu'd to proue his patience: oh I shall abuse him intollerably.
This small piece of seruice, will bring him cleane out of loue with the
1085 souldier, for euer. He will neuer come within the signe of it, the sight of
a cassock, or a musket-rest againe. Hee will hate the musters at Mile-end
for it, to his dying day. It's no matter, let the world thinke me a bad coun-
terfeit, if I cannot giue him the slip, at an instant: why, this is better then
to haue staid his iourney! well, Ile follow him: oh, how I long to bee
1090 imployed.

Act III. Scene I.

MATTHEW, WELL-BRED, BOBADILL, ED.
KNO'WELL, STEPHEN.

1095 **Y**Es faith, sir, we were at your lodging to seeke you, too.
WEL. Oh, I came not there to night.

BOB. Your brother deliuered vs as much.

WEL. Who? my brother DOWNE-RIGHT?

BOB. He. Mr. WELL-BRED, I know not in what kind you hold me,
but let me say to you this: as sure as honor, I esteeme it so much out of the
1100 sunne-shine of reputation, to through the least beame of regard, vpon
such a ———

WEL. Sir, I must heare no ill wordes of my brother.

BOB. I, protest to you, as I haue a thing to be sau'd about me, I neuer
saw any gentleman-like part ———

1105 WEL. Good Captayne, *faces about*, to some other discourse.'

BOB. With your leaue, sir, and there were no more men liuing vpon
the face of the earth, I should not fancie him, by S. GEORGE.

MAT. Troth, nor I, he is of a rusticall cut, I know not how: he doth
not carry himselfe like a gentleman of fashion —

1110 WEL. Oh, Mr. MATTHEW, that's a grace peculiar but to a few; *quos
æquis amauit* IVPITER.

MAT. I vnderstand you sir.

WEL. No question, you doe, or you doe not, sir. NED KNO'WELL! *Yong Kno'well*
by my soule welcome; how doest thou sweet spirit, my *Genius*? S'lid I *enters*.
1115 shall loue APOLLO, and the mad *Thespian* girles the better, while I liue,
for this; my deare *furie*: now, I see there's some loue in thee! Sirra, these
bee the two I writ to thee of (nay, what a drowsie humour is this now?
why doest thou not speake?) C 3 E KN.

E. KN. Oh, you are a fine gallant, you sent me a rare letter !

1120 WEL. Why, was't not rare ?

E. KN. Yes, Ile bee sworne, I was ne're guiltie of reading the like ;
match it in all PLINIE, or SYMMACHVS epistles, and Ile haue my iudge-
ment burn'd in the eare for a rogue : make much of thy vaine, for it is in-
imitable. But I marle what camell it was, that had the carriage of it ? for
1125 doubtlesse, he was no ordinarie beast, that brought it !

WEL. Why ?

E. KN. Why, saiest thou ? why doest thou thinke that any reasonable
creature, especially in the morning (the sober time of the day too) could
haue mis-tane my father for me ?

1130 WEL. S'lid, you iest, I hope ?

E. KN. Indeed, the best vse wee can turne it too, is to make a iest on't,
now : but Ile assure you, my father had the full view o' your flourishing
stile, some houre before I saw it.

WEL. What a dull slaue was this ? But, sirrah, what said hee to it,
1135 Ifaith ?

E. KN. Nay, I know not what he said : but I haue a shrewd gesse what
hee thought.

WEL. What ? what ?

E. KN. Mary, that thou art some strange dissolute yong fellow, and I
1140 a graine or two better, for keeping thee companie.

WEL. Tut, that thought is like the moone in her last quarter, 'twill
change shortly : but, sirrha, I pray thee be acquainted with my two hang-
by's, here ; thou wilt take exceeding pleasure in 'hem if thou hear'st
'hem once goe : my wind-instruments. Ile wind 'hem vp—— but what
1145 strange piece of silence is this ? the signe of the dumbe man ?

E. KN. Oh, sir, a kinsman of mine, one that may make your musique
the fuller, and he please, he has his humour, sir.

WEL. Oh, what ist ? what ist ?

E. KN. Nay, Ile neither doe your iudgement, nor his folly that wrong,
1150 as to prepare your apprehension : Ile leaue him to the mercy o' your
search, if you can take him, so.

*To Master
Stephen.*

WEL. Well, Captaine BOBADILL, M^r. MATTHEW, pray you know
this gentleman here, he is a friend of mine, and one that will deserue your
affection. I know not your name sir, but I shall be glad of any occasion,
to render me more familiar to you

STEP. My name is M^r. STEPHEN, sir, I am this gentlemans owne
cousin, sir, his father is mine vnckle, sir, I am somewhat melancholy, but
you shall command me, sir, in whatsoever is incident to a gentleman.

To Kno'well.

BOB. Sir, I must tell you this, I am no generall man, but for M^r. WEL-
1160 BRED's sake (you may embrace it, at what height of fauour you please)
I doe communicate with you : and conceiue you, to bee a gentleman of
some parts, I loue few wordes.

E. KN. And I fewer, sir. I haue scarce inow, to thanke you.

MAT.

MAT. But are you indeed. Sir? so giuen to it?

To Master
Stephen.

1165 STEP. I, truely, sir, I am mightily giuen to melancholy.

MAT. Oh, it's your only fine humour, sir, your true melancholy, breeds your perfect fine wit, sir: I am melancholy my selfe diuers times, sir, and then doe I no more but take pen, and paper presently, and ouerflow you halfe a score, or a dozen of sonnets, at a sitting.

1170 (E. KN. Sure, he vtters them then, by the grosse.)

STEP. Truely sir, and I loue such things, out of measure.

E. KN. I faith, better then in measure, Ile vnder-take.

MAT. Why, I pray you, sir, make vse of my studie, it's at your seruice.

STEP. I thanke you sir, I shall bee bold, I warrant you; haue you a
1175 stoole there, to be melancholy vpon?

MAT. That I haue, sir, and some papers there of mine owne doing, at idle houres, that you'le say there's some sparkes of wit in 'hem, when you see them.

WEL. Would the sparkes would kindle once, and become a fire a-
1180 mongst 'hem, I might see selfe-loue burn't for her heresie.

STEP. Cousin, is it well? am I melancholy inough?

E. KN. Oh I, excellent!

WEL. Captaine BOBADILL: why muse you so?

E. KN. He is melancholy, too.

1185 BOB. Faith, sir, I was thinking of a most honorable piece of seruice, was perform'd to morrow, being St. MARKES day: shall bee some ten yeeres, now?

E. KN. In what place, Captaine?

BOB. Why, at the beleag'ring of *Strigonium*, where, in lesse then two
1190 houres, seuen hundred resolute gentlemen, as any were in *Europe*, lost their liues vpon the breach. Ile tell you, gentlemen, it was the first, but the best leagure, that euer I beheld, with these eies, except the taking in of—what doe you call it, last yeere, by the *Genowayes*, but that (of all other) was the most fatall, and dangerous exploit, that euer I was rang'd in, since I first
1195 bore armes before the face of the enemie, as I am a gentleman, & souldier.

STEP. 'So, I had as lief, as an anell, I could sweare as well as that gentleman!

E. KN. Then, you were a seruitor, at both it seemes! at *Strigonium*? and what doe you call't?

1200 BOB. Oh lord, sir? by S. GEORGE, I was the first man, that entred the breach: and, had I not effected it with resolution, I had beene slaine, if I had had a million of liues.

E. KN. 'Twas pittie, you had not ten; a cats, and your owne, ifaith. But, was it possible?

1205 (MAT. 'Pray you, marke this discourse, sir.

STEP. So, I doe.)

BOB. I assure you (vpon my reputation), 'tis true, and your selfe shall confesse.

E. KN.

E. KN. You must bring me to the racke, first.

1210 BOB. Obserue me iudicially, sweet sir, they had planted mee three
demi-culuerings, iust in the mouth of the breach ; now, sir (as we were to
giue on) their master gunner (a man of no meane skill , and marke, you
must thinke confronts me with his linstock, readie to giue fire ; I spying
his intendment , discharg'd my petrionel in his bosome , and with these
1215 single armes, my poore rapier, ranne violently, vpon the *Moores*, that guar-
ded the ordinance, and put 'hem pell-mell to the sword.

WEL. To the sword ? to the rapier, Captaine ?

E. KN. Oh, it was a good figure obseru'd, sir ! but did you all this, Cap-
taine, without hurting your blade.

1220 BOB. Without any impeach, o' the earth : you shall perceiue sir. It is
the most fortunate weapon, that euer rid on poore gentlemans thigh : shal
I tell you, sir ? you talke of *Morglay*, *Excalibur*, *Durindana*, or so ? tut, I
lend no credit to that is fabled of 'hem, I know the vertue of mine owne,
and therefore I dare, the boldlier, maintaine it.

1225 STEP. I mar'le whether it be a *Toledo*, or no ?

BOB. A most perfect *Toledo*, I assure you, sir.

STEP. I haue a countriman of his, here.

MAT. Pray you, let's see, sir : yes faith, it is !

BOB. This a *Toledo* ? pish.

1230 STEP. Why doe you pish, Captaine ?

BOB. A *Fleming*, by heauen, Ile buy them for a guilder, a piece, an' I
would haue a thousand of them.

E. KN. How say you, cousin ? I told you thus much ?

WEL. Where bought you it, Mr. STEPHEN ?

1235 STEP. Of a scuruie rogue souldier (a hundred of lice goe with him)
he swore it was a *Toledo*.

BOB. A poore prouant rapier, no better.

MAT. Masse, I thinke it be, indeed ! now I looke on't, better.

E. KN. Nay, the longer you looke on't, the worse. Put it vp, put
1240 it vp.

STEP. Well, I will put it vp, but by— (I ha' forgot the Captaynes
oath, I thought to ha' sworne by it) an' ere I meet him——

WEL. O, it is past helpe now, sir, you must haue patience.

STEP. Horson connie-catching raskall ! I could eate the very hilts
1245 for anger !

E. KN. A signe of good digestion ! you haue an ostrich stomach,
cousin.

STEP. A stomach ? would I had him here, you should see, an' I had
a stomach.

1250 WEL. It's better as 'tis : come, gentlemen, shall we goe ?

Act III. Scene II.

E. KNO'WELL, BRAYNE-WORME, STEPHEN,
WELL-BRED, BOBADILL,
MATTHEW.

- 1255 **A** Miracle, cousin, looke here ! looke here !
STEP. Oh, gods lid, by your leaue, doe you know me, sir ?
BRAY. I sir, I know you, by sight.
STEP. You sold me a rapier, did you not ?
BRAY. Yes, marie, did I sir.
1260 STEP. You said, it was a *Toledo*, ha ?
BRAY. True, I did so.
STEP. But, it is none ?
BRAY. No sir, I confesse it, it is none.
STEP. Doe you confesse it? gentlemen, beare witnesse, he has confest
1265 it. By gods will, and you had not confest it——
E. KN. Oh cousin, forbear, forbear.
STEP. Nay, I haue done, cousin.
WEL. Why you haue done like a gentleman, he ha's confest it, what
would you more ?
1270 STEP. Yet, by his leaue, he is a raskall, vnder his fauour, doe you see?
E. KN. I, by his leaue, he is, and vnder fauour : a prettie piece of ciu-
littie ! Sirra, how doest thou like him ?
WEL. Oh, it's a most pretious foole, make much on him : I can com-
pare him to nothing more happily, then a drumme ; for euery one may
1275 play vpon him.
E. KN. No, no, a childes whistle were farre the fitter.
BRAY. Sir, shall I intreat a word with you ?
E. KN. With me, sir ? you haue not another *Toledo* to sell, ha' you ?
BRAY. You are conceipted, sir, your name is Mr. KNO'WELL, as I
1280 take it ?
E. KN. You are, i' the right ? you meane not to proceede in the cate-
chisme, doe you ?
BRAY. No sir, I am none of that coat.
E. KN. Of as bare a coat, though ? well, say sir.
1285 BRAY. Faith sir, I am but seruant to the drum extraordinarie, and in-
deed (this smokie varnish being washt off, and three or foure patches re-
mou'd) I appeare your worships in reuersion, after the decease of your
good father, BRAYNE-WORME.
E. KN. BRAYNE-WORME ! S'light, what breath of a coniurer, hath
1290 blowne thee hither in this shape.
BRAY. The breath o' your letter, sir, this morning : the same that
blew you to the wind-mill, and your father after you.

E. KN.

E. KN. My father?

BRAY. Nay, neuer start, 'tis true, he has follow'd you ouer the field's,
1295 by the foot, as you would doe a hare i' the snow.

E. KN. Sirra, WEL-BRED, what shall we doe, sirra? my father is come
ouer, after me.

WEL. Thy father? where is he?

BRAY. At Iustice CLEMENTS house here, in *Colman-street*, where he
1300 but staies my returne; and then——

WEL. Who's this? BRAYNE-WORME?

BRAY. The same, sir.

WEL. Why how, i' the name of wit, com'st thou trans-muted, thus?

BRAY. Faith, a deuise, a deuise: nay, for the loue of reason, gentlemen,
1305 and auoiding the danger, stand not here, withdraw, and Ile tell you all.

WEL. But, art thou sure, he will stay thy returne?

BRAY. Doe I liue, sir? what a question is that?

WEL. Wee'lle prorogue his expectation then, a little: BRAYNE-
WORME, thou shalt goe with vs. Come on, gentlemen, nay, I pray thee,
1310 sweet NED, droope not: heart, and our wits be so wretchedly dull, that
one old plodding braine can out-strip vs all, would we were eene prest, to
make porters of; and serue out the remnant of our daies, in *Thames-street*,
or at *Custom-house* key, in a ciuill warre, against the car-men.

BRAY. AMEN, AMEN, AMEN, say I.

1315

Act III. Scene III.

KITELY, CASH.

What saies he, THOMAS? Did you speake with him?

CAS. He will expect you, sir, within this halfe houre.

KIT. Has he the money readie, can you tell?

1320 CAS. Yes, sir, the money was brought in, last night.

KIT. O, that's well: fetch me my cloke, my cloke.

Stay, let me see, an houre, to goe and come;

I, that will be the least: and then'twill be

An houre, before I can dispatch with him;

1325 Or very neere: well, I will say two houres.

Two houres? ha? things, neuer dreamt of yet,

May be contriu'd, I, and effected too,

In two houres absence: well, I will not goe.

Two houres; no, fleeing oportunitie,

1330 I will not giue your subiltie that scope.

Who will not iudge him worthie to be rob'd,

That sets his doores wide open to a thiefe,

And shewes the fellow, where his treasure lies?

Againe, what earthie spirit but will attempt

To

- 1335 To the taste fruit of beauties golden tree,
When leaden sleepe seales vp the Dragons eyes?
I will not goe. Businesse,goe by, for once.
No beantie, no ; you are of too good caract,
To be left so, without a guard, or open !
- 1340 Your lustre too'll enflame, at any distance,
Draw courtship to you, as a iet doth strawes,
Put motion in a stone, strike fire from ice,
Nay, make a porter leape you, with his burden !
You must be then kept vp, close, and well-watch'd,
- 1345 For, giue you oportunitie, no quick-sand
Deuoures, or swallowes swifter ! He that lends
His wife (if shee be faire) or time, or place ;
Compells her to be false. I will not goe.
The dangers are to many. And, then, the dressing
- 1350 Is a most mayne attractiue ! Our great heads,
Within the citie, neuer were in safetie,
Since our wiues wore these little caps : Ile change 'hem,
Ile change 'hem, streight, in mine. Mine shall no more
Weare three-pild akornes, to make my hornes ake.
- 1355 Nor,will I goe. I am resolu'd for that.
Carry'in my cloke againe. Yet, stay. Yet, doe too.
I will deferre going, on all occasions.
CASH. Sir. SNARE, your scriuener, will be there with th'bonds.
KITE. That's true ! foole on me ! I had cleane forgot it,
- 1360 I must goe. What's a clocke ? CASH. *Exchange* time, sir.
KITE. 'Heart, then will WELL-BRED presently be here, too,
With one, or other of his loose consorts.
I am a knaue, if I know what to say,
What course to take, or which way to resolute.
- 1365 My braine (me thinkes) is like an houre-glasse,
Wherein, my' imaginations runne, like sands,
Filling vp time ; but then are turn'd, and turn'd :
So, that I know not what to stay vpon,
And lesse, to put in act. It shall be so.
- 1370 Nay, I dare build vpon his secrecie.
He knowes not to deceiue me. THOMAS ? CASH. Sir.
KITE. Yet now, I haue bethought me, too, I will not.
THOMAS, is COB within ? CASH. I thinke he be, sir.
KITE. But hee'll prate too, there's no speech of him.
- 1375 No, there were no man o'the earth to THOMAS,
If I durst trust him ; there is all the doubt.
But, should he haue a chinke in him, I were gone,
Lost i' my fame for cuer : talke for th'Exchange.
The manner he hath stood with, till this present,

Doth

1380 Doth promise no such change ! what should I feare then ?

Well, come what will, He tempt my fortune, once.

THOMAS —you may deceiue me, but, I hope ———

Your loue, to me, is more ——— CAS. Sir, if a seruants

Duetie, with faith, may be call'd loue, you are

1385 More then in hope, you are possess'd of it.

KIT. I thank you, heartily. THOMAS ; Gi' me your hand :

With all my heart, good THOMAS. I haue. THOMAS,

A secret to impart, vnto you——but

When once you haue it, I must scale your lips vp :

1390 (So farre, I tell you, THOMAS.) CAS. Sir, for that——

KIT. Nay, heare me, out. Thinke, I esteeme you. THOMAS,

When, I will let you in, thus, to my priuate.

It is a thing sits, neerer, to my crest,

Then thou art ware of, THOMAS. If thou should'st

1395 Reueale it, but—— CAS. How ? I reueale it ? KIT. Nay,

I doe not thinke thou would'st ; but if thou should'st :

'Twere a great weakenesse. CAS. A great trecherie.

Giue it no other name. KIT. Thou wilt not do't, then ?

CAS. Sir, if I doe, mankind disclaime me, euer.

1400 KIT. He will not sweare, he has some reseruatiō,

Some conceal'd purpose, and close meaning, sure :

Else (being vrg'd so much) how should he choose,

But lend an oath to all this protestation ?

H'is no precisian, that I am certaine of.

1405 Nor rigid *Roman-catholike*. Hee'll play,

At *Fayles*, and *Tick-tack*, I haue heard him sweare.

What should I thinke of it ? vrge him againe,

And by some other way ? I will doe so.

Well, THOMAS, thou hast sworne not to disclose ;

1410 Yes, you did sweare ? CAS. Not yet, sir, but I will,

Please you—— KIT. No, THOMAS, I dare take thy word.

But ; if thou wilt sweare, doe, as thou think'st good ;

I am resolu'd without it ; at thy pleasure.

CAS. By my soules safetie then, sir, I protest.

1415 My tongue shall ne're take knowledge of a word,

Deliu'er'd me in nature of your trust.

KIT. It's too much, these ceremonies need not,

I know thy faith to be as firme as rock.

THOMAS, come hither, neere: we cannot be

1420 Too priuate, in this businesse. So it is,

(Now, he ha's sworne, I dare the safelier venter)

I haue of late, by diuers obseruations——

(But, whether his oath can bind him, yea, or no',

Being not taken lawfully ? ha ? say you ?

I will

- 1425 I will aske counsell, ere I doe proceed :)
 THOMAS, it will be now too long to stay,
 Ile spie some fitter time soone, or to morrow.
 CAS. Sir, at your pleasure? KIT. I will thinke. And, THOMAS,
 I pray you search the bookes 'gainst my returne,
 1430 For the receipts 'twixt me, and TRAPS. CAS. I will, sir.
 KIT. And, heare you, if your mistris brother, WEL-BRED,
 Chance to bring hither any gentlemen,
 Ere I come backe; let one straight bring me word.
 CAS. Very well, sir. KIT. To the Exchange; doe you heare?
 1435 Or here in *Colman-street*, to Iustice CLEMENTS.
 Forget it not, nor be not out of the way.
 CAS. I will not, sir. KIT. I pray you haue a care on't.
 Or whether he come, or no, if any other,
 Stranger, or else, faile not to send me word.
 1440 CAS. I shall not, sir. KIT. Be't your speciall busnesse
 Now, to remember it. CAS. Sir. I warrant you.
 KIT. But, THOMAS, this is not the secret, THOMAS,
 I told you of. CAS. No, sir. I doe suppose it.
 KIT. Beleeue me, it is not. CAS. Sir. I doe beleeue you.
 1445 KIT. By heauen, it is not, that's enough. But, THOMAS,
 I would not, you should vtter it, doe you see?
 To any creature liuing, yet, I care not.
 Well, I must hence. THOMAS, conceiue thus much.
 It was a tryall of you, when I meant
 1450 So deepe a secret to you, I meane not this,
 But that I haue to tell you, this is nothing, this.
 But, THOMAS, keepe this from my wife, I charge you,
 Lock'd vp in silence, mid-night, buried here.
 No greater hell, then to be slaue to feare.
 1455 CAS. Lock'd vp in silence, mid-night, buried here.
 Whence should this flood of passion (trow) take head? ha?
 Best, dreame no longer of this running humour,
 For feare I sinke! the violence of the streame
 Alreadie hath transported me so farre,
 1460 That I can feele no ground at all! but soft,
 Oh, 'tis our water-bearer: somewhat ha's crost him, now.

Act III Scene IIII.

COB, CASH.

- 1465 **F**asting dayes? what tell you me of fasting dayes? S'lid, would they
 were all on a light fire for me: They say, the whole world shall bee
 consum'd with fire one day, but would I had these ember-weekes,
 and villanous fridayer burnt, in the meane time, and then——

CAS. Why, how now COB, what moues thee to this choller? ha?

D

COB.

COB. Collar, master THOMAS? I scorne your collar, I sir, I am none
 1470 o' your cart-horse, though I carry, and draw water. An' you offer to ride
 me, with your collar, or halter either, I may hap shew you a jades trick, sir.

CAS. O, you'll slip your head out of the collar? why, goodman COB,
 you mistake me.

COB. Nay, I haue my rewme, & I can be angrie as well as another, sir.
 1475 CAS. Thy rewme, COB? thy humour, thy humour? thou mistak'st.

COB. Humour? mack, I thinke it be so, indeed: what is that humour?
 some rare thing, I warrant.

CAS. Mary, Ile tell thee, COB: It is a gentleman-like monster, bred,
 in the speciall gallantrie of our time, by affectation; and fed by folly.

1480 COB. How? must it be fed?

CAS. Oh I. humour is nothing, if it bee not fed. Didst thou neuer
 heare that? it's a common phrase, *Feed my humour*.

COB. Ile none on it: Humour, auant, I know you not, be gone. Let
 who will make hungrie meales for your monster-ship, it shall not bee I.
 1485 Feed you, quoth he? S'lid, I ha' much adoe, to feed my selfe; especially,
 on these leane rascally dayes, too; and't had beene any other day, but a
 fasting-day (a plague on them all for mee) by this light, one might haue
 done the common-wealth good seruice, and haue drown'd them all i' the
 flood, two or three hundred thousand yeeres agoe. O, I doestomack them
 1490 hugely! I haue a maw now, and't were for Sr BEVIS his horse, against 'hem.

CAS. I pray thee, good COB, what makes thee so out of loue with fa-
 sting-dayes?

COB. Mary that, which will make any man out of loue with 'hem, I
 thinke: their bad conditions, and you will needs know. First, they are of
 1495 a *Flemmish* breed, I am sure on't, for they rauen vp more butter, then all
 the dayes of the weeke, beside; next, they stinke of fish, and leeke-por-
 ridge miserably: thirdly, they'le keepe a man deuoutly hungrie, all day,
 and at night send him supperlesse to bed.

CAS. Indeed, these are faults, COB.

1500 COB. Nay, and this were all, 'twere something, but they are the only
 knowne enemies, to my generation. A fasting-day, no sooner comes, but
 my lineage goes to racke, poore cobs they smoke for it, they are made
 martyrs o' the gridiron, they melt in passion: and your maides too know
 this, and yet would haue me turne HANNIBAL, and eate my owne fish,
 and bloud: My princely couz, fear nothing; I haue not the hart to deuoure
 you, & I might be made as rich as King COPHETVA. O, that I had roome
 for my teares, I could weepe salt-water enough, now, to preserue the liues
 of ten thousand of my kin. But, I may curse none but these filthie *Alma-*
nacks, for an't were not for them, these dayes of persecution would ne're
 1510 be knowne. Ile bee hang'd. an' some Fish-mongers sonne doe not make
 of hem; and puts in more fasting-dayes then he should doe, because hee
 would vtter his fathers dried stock-fish, and stinking conger.

CAS. S'light, peace, thou'lt bee beaten like a stock-fish, else: here is
 Mr MATTHEW. Now must I looke out for a messenger to my master.

Act

*He pulls out a
 red herring.*

1515

Act III. Scene V.

WELL-BRED, ED. KNOWELL, BRAYNE-WORME,
BOBADILL, MATTHEW, STEPHEN,
THOMAS, COB.

1520

B Eshrew me, but it was an absolute good iest, and exceedingly well carried !

E. KNO. I, and our ignorance maintain'd it as well, did it not?
WEL. Yes faith, but was't possible thou should'st not know him? I
forgive Mr. STEPHEN, for he is stupiditie it selfe !

1525

E. KN. 'Fore god, not I, and I might haue been ioyn'd patten with one
of the seuen wise masters, for knowing him. He had so writen himselfe,
into the habit of one of your poore *Infanterie*, your decay'd, ruinous,
worme-eaten gentlemen of the round : such as haue vowed to sit on the
skirts of the citie, let your Prouost, and his halfe-dozen of halberdeirs
doe what they can ; and haue translated begging out of the old hackney
pace, to a fine easie amble, and made it runne as smooth, of the tongue, as
a shoue-groat shilling. Into the likenesse of one of these *Reformato's* had
he moulded himselfe so perfectly, obseruing euery tricke of their action,
as varying the accent, swearing with an *emphasis*, indeed all, with so spe-
ciall, and exquisite a grace, that (hadst thou seene him) thou would'st haue
sworne, he might haue beene *Serieant-Maior*, if not *Lieutenant-Coronell*
to the regiment.

WEL. Why, BRAYNE-WORME, who would haue thought thou hadst
beene such an artificer ?

1540

E. KN. An artificer ? An architect ! except a man had studied begging
all his life-time, and beene a weauer of language, from his infancie, for the
clothing of it ! I neuer saw his riual.

WEL. Where got'st thou this coat, I marl'e ?

BRAY. Of a *Hounds-ditch* man, sir. One of the deuil's neere kinsmen,
a broker.

1545

WEL. That cannot be, if the prouerbe hold ; for, a craftie knaue needs
no broker.

BRAY. True sir, but I did need a broker, *Ergo*.

WEL. (Well put off) no craftie knaue, you'll say.

E. KN. Tut, he ha's more of these shifts.

1550

BRAY. And yet where I haue one, the broker ha's ten, sir,

THO. FRANCIS, MARTIN, ne're a one to be found, now ? what a
spite's this ?

WEL. How now, THOMAS ? is my brother KITELY, within ?

THO. No sir, my master went forth eene now : but master DOWNE-
RIGHT is within. COB, what COB ? is he gone too ?

WEL. VVhither went your master ? THOMAS, canst thou tell ?

THO. I know not, to Iustice CLEMENTS, I thinke, sir. COB.

E. KN. Iustice CLEMENT, what's he?

WEL. Why, doest thou not know him? he is a citie-magistrate, a Iu-
1560 stice here, an excellent good Lawyer, and a great scholler: but the onely
mad, merrie, old fellow in *Europe*! I shew'd him you, the other day.

E. KN. Oh, is that he? I remember him now. Good faith, and he ha's
a very strange presence, mee thinkes; it shewes as if hee stood out of the
ranke, from other men: I haue heard many of his iests i' *uniuersitie*. They
1565 say, he will commit a man, for taking the wall, of his horse.

WEL. I, or wearing his cloke of one shoulder, or seruing of god: a-
ny thing indeed, if it come in the way of his humour.

Cash goes in
and out calling.

CAS. GASPER, MARTIN, COB: 'heart, where should they be, trow?

BOB. Master KITELY's man, 'pray thee vouchsafe vs the lighting of
1570 this match.

CAS. Fire on your match, no time but now to vouchsafe? FRAN-
CIS. COB.

BOB. Bodie of me! here's the remainder of seuen pound, since ye-
sterday was seuen-night. 'Tis your right *Trinidado*! did you neuer take a-
1575 ny, master STEPHEN?

STEP. No truely, sir? but Ple learne to take it now, since you com-
mend it, so.

BOB. Sir, belecue mee (vpon my relation) for what I tell you, the
world shal not reprove. I haue been in the *Indies* (where this herb growes)
1580 where neither my selfe, nor a dozen gentlemen more (of my knowledge)
haue receiued the tast of any other nutriment, in the world, for the space
of one and twentie weekes, but the fume of this simple onely. Therefore,
it cannot be, but 'tis most diuine! Further, take it in the nature, in the true
kind so, it makes an *antidote*, that (had you taken the most deadly poyso-
1585 nous plant in all *Italy*, it should expell it, and clarifie you, with as much
ease, as I speake. And, for your greene wound, your *Balsamum*, and your
St. IOHN'S *woort* are all mere gulleries, and trash to it, especially your
Trinidado: your *Nicotian* is good too. I could say what I know of the ver-
tue of it, for the expulsion of rhewmes, raw humours, crudities, obstru-
1590 ctions, with a thousand of this kind; but I professe my selfe no *quack-saluer*.
Only, thus much, by HERCVLES, I doe hold it, and will affirme it (be-
fore any Prince in *Europe*) to be the most soueraigne, and precious weede,
that euer the earth tendred to the vse of man.

E. KN. This speech would ha' done decetly in a *tabacco*-traders mouth!

1595 CAS. At Iustice CLEMENTS, hee is: in the middle of *Colman*-street.

COB. O, oh?

BOB. Where's the match I gaue thee? Master KITELIES man?

CAS. Would his match, and he, and pipe, and all were at SANCTO
DOMINGO! I had forgot it.

1600 COB. By gods mee, I marle, what pleasure, or felicitie they haue in
taking this roguish *tabacco*! it's good for nothing, but to choke a man,
and fill him full of smoke, and embers: there were foure dyed out of one
house,

house, last weeke, with taking of it, and two more the bell went for, yester-night ; one of them (they say) will ne're scape it : he voided a bushell
 1605 of soot yester-day, vpward, and downeward. By the stocks, an' there were no wiser men then I, I'd haue it present whipping, man, or woman, that should but deale with a *tabacco*-pipe ; why, it will stifle them all in the end, as many as vse it ; it's little better then ratsbane, or rosaker.

ALL. Oh, good Captayne, hold, hold.

1610 BOB. You base cullion, you.

Bobadilbeates him with a cud-gell.

CAS. Sir, here's your match : come, thou must needs be talking, too, tho'art well inough seru'd.

COB. Nay, he will not meddle with his match, I warrant you : well it shall be a deare beating, and I liue.

1615 BOB. Doe you prate ? Doe you murmure ?

E. KN. Nay, good Captayne, will you regard the humour of a foole ? away, knaue.

WEL. THOMAS, get him away.

BOB. A horson filthie slaue, a dung-worme, an excrement ! Body o'
 1620 CAESAR, but that I scorne to let forth someane a spirit, I'd ha'stab'd him, to the earth.

WEL. Mary, the law forbid, sir.

BOB. By PHAROAH'S foot, I would haue done it.

STEP. Oh, he sweares admirably ! (by PHAROAH'S foot) (body of
 1625 CAESAR) I shall neuer doe it, sure (vpon mine honor, and by Saint GEORGE) no, I ha' not the right grace.

MAT. Master STEPHEN, will you any ? By this aire, the most diuine *tabacco*, that euer I drunke !

STEP. None, I thanke you, sir. O, this gentleman do's it, rarely too !
 1630 but nothing like the other. By this aire, as I am a gentleman : by——

BRAY. Master, glance, glance ! Master WELL-BRED !

STEP. As I haue somewhat to be sau'd, I protest——

WEL. You are a foole : It needes no *affidauit*.

E. KN. Cousin, will you any *tabacco* ?

1635 STEP. I sir ! vpon my reputation——

E. KN. How now, cousin !

STEP. I protest, as I am a gentleman, but no souldier, indeed——

WEL. No, Master STEPHEN ? as I remember your name is entred in the artillerie garden ?

1640 STEP. I sir, that's true : Cousin, may I swear, as I am a souldier, by that ?

E. KN. Oh yes, that you may. It's all you haue for your money.

STEP. Then, as I am a gentleman, and a souldier, it is diuine *tabacco* !

WEL. But soft, where's Mr. MATTHEW ? gone ?

BRAY. No, sir, they went in here.

1645 WEL. O, let's follow them : master MATTHEW is gone to salute his mistris, in verse. VVee shall ha' the happinesse, to heare some of his poetrie, now. Hee neuer comes vn furnish'd. BRAYNE-WORME ?

Master Stephen is practising, to the post.

STEP. BRAYNE-WORME? Where? Is this BRAYNE-WORME?

E. KN. I, cousin, no wordes of it, vpon your gentilitie.

1650 STEP. Not I, body of me, by this aire, S. GEORGE, and the foot of
PHAROAH.

WEL. Rare! your cousins discourse is simply drawn out with oathes.

E. KN. 'Tis larded with 'hem. A kind of french dressing, if you loue it.

Act III. Scene VI.

1655 KITELY, COB.

HA? how many are there, sayest thou?

COB. Mary sir, your brother, master VVELL-BRED—

KIT. Tut, beside him: what strangers are there, man?

COB. Strangers? let me see, one, two; inasse I know not well, there
1660 are so many.

KIT. How? so many?

COB. I, there's some fīue, or sixe of them, at the most.

KIT. A swarme, a swarme,

Spight of the deuill, how they sting my head

1665 VVith forked stings, thus wide, and large! But, COB,

How long hast thou beene comming hither, COB?

COB. A little while, sir.

KIT. Did'st thou come running?

COB. No, sir.

1670 KIT. Nay, then I am familiar with thy haste!

Bane to my fortunes: what meant I to marry?

I, that before was rankt in such content,

My mind at rest too, in so soft a peace,

Being free master of mine owne free thoughts,

1675 And now become a slaue? VVhat? neuer sigh,

Be of good cheere, man: for thou art a cuckold,

'Tis done, 'tis done! nay, when such flowing store,

Plentie it selfe, falls in my wiues lap,

The *Cornu-copia* will be mine, I know. But, COB,

1680 VVhat entertaynement had they? I am sure

My sister, and my wife, would bid them welcome! ha?

COB. Like inough, sir, yet, I heard not a word of it.

KIT. No: their lips were seal'd with kisses, and the voyce
Drown'd in a flood of ioy, at their arriual,

1685 Had lost her motion, state, and facultie.

COB, which of them was't, that first kist my wife?

(My sister, I should say) my wife, alas,

I feare not her: ha? who was it, say'st thou?

COB. By my troth, sir, will you haue the truth of it?

KIT.

- 1690 KIT. Oh I, good COB : I pray thee, heartily.
 COB. Then, I am a vagabond, and fitter for *Bride-well*, then your worships companie, if I saw any bodie to be kist, vnlesse they would haue kist the post, in the middle of the ware-house ; for there I left them all, at their *tabacco*, with a poxe.
- 1695 KIT. How ? were they not gone in, then, e're thou cam'st ?
 COB. Oh no sir.
 KIT. Spite of the deuill ! what doe I stay here, then ? COB, follow me.
 COB. Nay, soft and faire, I haue egges on the spit ; I cannot goe yet, sir. Now am I for some fiew and fiftie reasons hammering, hammering reuenge : oh, for three or foure gallons of vineger, to sharpen my wits. Reuenge, vineger reuenge : vineger, and mustard reuenge : nay, and hee had not lyen in my house, 't would neuer haue grieu'd me, but being my guest, one, that Ile be sworne, my wife ha's lent him her smock off her back, while his one shirt ha's beene at washing ; pawn'd her neckerchers for cleane
- 1705 bands for him ; sold almost all my platters, to buy him *tabacco* ; and he to turne monster of ingratitude, and strike his lawfull host ! well, I hope to raise vp an host of furie for't : here comes Iustice CLEMENT.

Act III. Scene VII.

CLEMENT, KNOWELL, FOR-

1710 MALL, COB.

What's master KITELY gone ? Roger ?

FOR. I, sir.

CLEM. 'Hart of me ! what made him leaue vs so abruptly ! How now, sirra ? what make you here ? what would you haue, ha ?

1715 COB. And't please your worship, I am a poore neighbour of your worships—

CLEM. A poore neighbour of mine ? why, speake poore neighbour.

COB. I dwell, sir, at the signe of the water-tankerd, hard by the greene lattice : I haue paid scot, and lot there, any time this eighteene yeeres.

1720 CLEM. To the greene lattice ?

COB. No, sir, to the parish : mary, I haue seldome scap't scot-free, at the lattice.

CLEM. O, well ! what businesse ha's my poore neighbour with me ?

COB. And't like your worship, I am come, to craue the peace of your

1725 worship.

CLEM. Of mee knaue ? peace of mee, knaue ? did I e're hurt thee ? or threaten thee ? or wrong thee ? ha ?

COB. No, sir, but your worships warrant, for one that ha's wrong'd me, sir : his armes are at too much libertie, I would faine haue them bound

1730 to a treatie of peace, an' my credit could compasse it, with your worship.

CLEM. Thou goest farre enough about for't, I am sure.

KNOW.

KNO. Why, doest thou goe in danger of thy life for him? friend?

COB. No sir; but I goe in danger of my death, euery houre, by his meanes: an' I die, within a twelue-moneth and a day, I may sweare, by the
1735 law of the land, that he kill'd me.

CLEM. How? how knaue? sweare he kill'd thee? and by the law? what pretence? what colour hast thou for that?

COB. Mary, and't please your worship, both black, and blew; colour inough, I warrant you. I haue it here, to shew your worship.

1740 CLEM. What is he, that gaue you this, sirra?

COB. A gentleman, and a souldier, he saies he is, o' the citie here.

CLEM. A souldier o' the citie? What call you him?

COB. Captayne BOBADIL.

CLEM. BOBADIL? And why did he bob, and beate you, sirrah? How
1745 began the quarrell betwixt you? ha: speake truely knaue, I aduise you.

COB. Mary, indeed, and please your worship, onely because I spake against their vagrant *tabacco*, as I came by 'hem, when they were taking on't, for nothing else.

CLEM. Ha? you speake against *tabacco*? FORMALL, his name.

1750 FORM. What's your name, sirra?

COB. OLIVER, sir, OLIVER COB, sir.

CLEM. Tell OLIVER COB, he shall goe to the iayle, FORMALL.

FORM. OLIVER COB, my master, Iustice CLEMENT, saies, you shall goe to the iayle.

1755 COB. O, I beseech your worship, for gods sake, deare master Iustice.

CLEM. Nay, gods pretious: and such drunkards, and tankards, as you are, come to dispute of *tabacco* once; I haue done! away with him.

COB. O, good master Iustice, sweet old gentleman.

KNO. Sweet OLIVER, would I could doe thee any good: Iustice
1760 CLEMENT, let me intreat you, sir.

CLEM. What? a thred-bare rascall! a begger! a slaue that neuer drunke out of better then pisse-pot mettle in his life! and he to deprauie, and abuse the vertue of an herbe, so generally receiu'd in the courts of princes, the chambers of nobles, the bowers of sweet ladies, the cabbins of souldiers!

1765 ROGER, away with him, by gods pretious—I say, goe too.

COB. Deare master Iustice; Let mee bee beaten againe, I haue deseru'd it: but not the prison, I beseech you.

KNO. Alas, poore OLIVER!

CLEM. ROGER, make him a warrant (hee shall not goe) I but feare
1770 the knaue.

FORM. Doe not stinke, sweet OLIVER, you shall not goe, my master will giue you a warrant.

COB. O, the Lord maintayne his worship, his worthy worship.

CLEM. Away, dispatch him. How now, master KNO'WEL! In dumps?
1775 In dumps? Come, this becomes not.

KNO. Sir, would I could not feelee my cares——

CLEM.

CLEM. Your cares are nothing ! they are like my cap, soone put on, and
 as soone put off. What ? your sonne is old inough, to gouerne himselfe :
 let him runne his course, it's the onely way to make him a stay'd man. If
 1780 he were an vnthrif, a ruffian, a drunkard, or a licentious liuer, then you
 had reason ; you had reason to take care : but, being none of these, mirth's
 my witnesse, an' I had twise so many cares, as you haue, I'd drowne them
 all in a cup of sacke. Come, come, let's trie it : I muse, your parcell of a
 souldier returnes not all this while.

1785 *Act IIII. Scene I.*

DOWNERIGHT, DAME KITELY.

VV Ell sister, I tell you true : and you'll finde it so, in the end.

DAME. Alas brother, what would you haue mee to doe ? I
 cannot helpe it : you see, my brother brings 'hem in, here, they
 1790 are his friends.

DOW. His friends ? his fiends. S'lud, they doe nothing but hant him,
 vp and downe, like a sort of vnluckie sprites, and tempt him to all man-
 ner of villanie, that can be thought of. Well, by this light, a little thing
 would make me play the deuill with some of 'hem ; and 't were not more
 1795 for your husbands sake, then any thing else, I'd make the house too hot
 for the best on hem : they should say, and sweare, hell were broken loose,
 e're they went hence. But, by gods will, 'tis no bodies fault, but yours : for,
 an' you had done, as you might haue done, they should haue beene per-
 boyl'd, and bak'd too, euery mothers sonne, e're they should ha' come in,
 1800 e're a one of 'hem.

DAME. God's my life ! did you euer heare the like ? what a strange
 man is this ! Could I keepe out all them, thinke you ? I should put my
 selfe, against halfe a dozen men ? should I ? Good faith, you'd mad the
 patient'st body in the world, to heare you talke so, without any sense,
 1805 or reason !

Act IIII. Scene II.

M^{rs}. BRIDGET, M^r. MATTHEW, DAME KITE-
 LY, DOWNERIGHT, WELBRED, STE-
 PHEN, ED. KNOWELL, BOBA-

1810 DIL, BRAYNE-WORME,
 CASH.

S Eruant (in troth) you are too prodigall
 Of your wits treasure, thus to powre it forth,
 Vpon so meane a subiect, as my worth ?

1815 MAT. You say well, mistris ; and I meane, as well.

DOWN.

DOWN. Hoy-day, here is stuffe !

WELL. O, now stand close : pray heauen, shee can get him to reade :
He should doe it, of his owne naturall impudencie.

BRID. Seruant, what is this same, I pray you ?

1820 MATT. Mary, an *Elegie*, an *Elegie*, an odde toy——

DOWN. To mock an ape withall. O, I could sow vp his mouth, now.

DAME. Sister, I pray you let's heare it.

DOWN. Are you rime-giuen, too ?

MATT. Mistris, Ile reade it, if you please.

1825 BRID. Pray you doe, seruant.

DOWN. O, here's no fopperie ! Death, I can endure the stocks, better.

E. KN. What ayles thy brother? can he not hold his water, at reading
of a ballad ?

WELL. O, no: a rime to him, is worse then cheese, or a bag-pipe. But,
1830 marke, you loose the protestation.

MATT. Faith, I did it in an humour ; I know not how it is : but,
please you come neere, sir. This gentleman ha's iudgement, hee knowes
how to censure of a—— pray you sir, you can iudge.

STEP. Not I, sir : vpon my reputation, and, by the foot of PHAROAH.

1835 WELL. O, chide your cossen, for swearing.

E. KN. Not I, so long as he do's not forswearc himselfe.

BOB. Master MATTHEW, you abuse the expectation of your deare
mistris, and her faire sister : Fie, while you liue, auoid this prolixitie.

MATT. I shall, sir : well, *Incipere dulce*.

1840 E. KN. How ! *Insipere dulce* ? a sweet thing to be a foole, indeed.

WELL. What, doe you take *Insipere*, in that sense ?

E. KN. You doe not ? you ? This was your villanie, to gull him
with a *motte*.

WELL. O, the Benchers phrase : *paucaverba, pauca verba*.

1845 WMATT. *Rare creature, let me speake without offence,*
ould god my rude wordes had the influence,
To rule thy thoughts, as thy faire lookes doe mine,
Then should'st thou be his prisoner, who is thine.

E. KN. This is in HERO and LEANDER ?

1850 WELL. O, I ! peace, we shall haue more of this.

MATT. *Be not vnkinde, and faire, mishapen stuffe*
Is of behaitiour boysterous, and rough :

Master Stephen
answers with
shaking his
head.

WELL. How like you that, sir ?

E. KN. S'light, he shakes his head like a bottle, to feele and there be a-
ny braine in it !

MATT. But obserue the *catastrophe*, now,
And I in dutie will excede all other,
As you in beautie doe excell loues mother.

E. KN. Well, Ile haue him free of the wit-brokers, for hee vtters no-
1860 thing, but stolne remnants.

WEL.

WEL. O, forgiue it him.

E. KN. A filtching rogue? hang him. And, from the dead? it's worse then sacrilege.

WEL. Sister, what ha' you here? verses? pray you, lets see. Who made
1865 these verses? they are excellent good!

MAT. O, master WEL-BRED, 'tis your disposition to say so, sir. They were good i'the morning, I made 'hem, *extempore*, this morning.

WEL. How? *extempore*?

MAT. I, would I might bee hang'd else: aske Captayne BOBADILL.
1870 He saw me write them, at the—(poxe on it) the starre, yonder.

BRAY. Can he find, in his heart, to curse the starres, so?

E. KN. Faith, his are euen with him: they ha' curst him ynough alreadie.

STEP. Cosen, how doe you like this gentlemans verses?

1875 E. KN. O, admirable! the best that euer I heard, cousse!

STEP. Body o' CAESAR! they are admirable!

The best, that euer I heard, as I am a souldier.

DOW. I am vext, I can hold ne're a bone of mee still! Heart, I thinke, they meane to build, and breed here!

1880 WEL. Sister, you haue a simple seruant, here, that crownes your beautie, with such *encomions*, and deuises: you may see, what it is to be the mistress of a wit! that can make your perfections so transparent, that euery bleare eye may looke through them, and see him drown'd ouer head, and eares, in the deepe well of desire. Sister KITELY, I maruaile, you get
1885 you not a seruant, that can rime, and doe tricks, too.

DOW. Oh monster! impudence it selfe! tricks?

DAME. Tricks, brother? what tricks?

BRID. Nay, speake, I pray you, what tricks?

DAME. I, neuer spare any body here: but say, what tricks?

1890 BRID. Passion of my heart! doe tricks?

WEL. S'light, here's a trick vyed, and reuyed! why, you munkies, you? what a catter-waling doe you keepe? ha's hee not giuen you rimes, and verses, and tricks?

DOW. O, the fiend!

1895 WEL. Nay, you, lampe of virginittie, that take it in snuffe so! come, and cherish this tame *poeticall furie*, in your seruant, you'll be begg'd else, shortly, for a concealement: goe to, reward his muse. You cannot giue him lesse then a shilling, in conscience, for the booke, he had it out of, cost him a teston, at least. How now, gallants? Mr. MATTHEW? Captayne?
1900 What? all sonnes of silence? no spirit?

DOW. Come, you might practise your ruffian-tricks somewhere else, and not here, I wusse: this is no tauerne, nor drinking-schole, to vent your exploits in.

WEL. How now! whose cow ha's calu'd?

Dow.

1905 DOW. Mary, that ha's mine, sir. Nay, Boy, neuer looke askance at me, for the matter ; He tell you of it, I, sir, you, and your companions, mend your selues, when I ha' done ?

WEL. My companions ?

DOW. Yes sir, you companions, so I say, I am not afraid of you, nor
1910 them neither : your hang-byes here. You must haue your Poets, and your potlings, your *soldado's*, and *foolado's*, to follow you vp and downe the citie, and here they must come to domineere, and swagger. Sirrha, you, ballad-singer, and slops, your fellow there, get you out ; get you home : or (by this steele) He cut off your eares, and that, presently.

1915 WEL. S'light, stay, let's see what he dare doe : cut off his eares ? cut a whetstone. You are an asse, doe you see ? touch any man here, and by this hand, He runne my rapier to the hilts in you.

*They all draw,
and they of the
house make out
to part them.*

DOW. Yea, that would I faine see, boy.

DAME. O Iesu ! murder. THOMAS, GASPAS !

BRID. Helpe, helpe, THOMAS.

E. KN. Gentlemen, forbear, I pray you.

1922 BOB. Well, sirrah, you, HOLOFERNES : by my hand, I will pinck your flesh, full of holes, with my rapier for this ; I will, by this good heauen : Nay, let him come, let him come, gentlemen, by the body of Saint
*They offer to
fight againe, and
are parted.* GEORGE, He not kill him.

CASH. Hold, hold, good gentlemen.

DOW. You whorson, bragging coystrell !

Act IIII. Scene III.

K I T E L Y.

To them.

1930 **VV** Hy, how now ? what's the matter ? what's the stirre here ?
Whence springs the quarrell ? THOMAS ! where is he ?
Put vp your weapons, and put off this rage.

My wife and sister, they are cause of this,

What, THOMAS ? where is this knaue ?

1935 CASH. Here, sir.

WEL. Come, let's goe : this is one of my brothers ancient humours, this.

STEP. I am glad, no body was hurt by his ancient humour.

KITE. Why, how now, brother, who enforst this brawle ?

1940 DOW. A sort of lewd rake-hells, that care neither for god, nor the deuill ! And, they must come here to reade ballads, and rogerie, and trash ! He marre the knot of 'hem ere I sleepe, perhaps : especially BOB, there : he that's all manner of shapes ! and *Songs, and sonnets*, his fellow.

BRID. Brother, indeed, you are too violent,

1945 To sudden, in your humour : and, you know

My

My brother WEL-BREDS temper will not beare
Anie reproofe, chiefly in such a presence,
Where euery slight disgrace, he should receiue,
Might wound him in opinion, and respect.

1950 DOWN. Respect? what talke you of respect 'mong such,
As ha' nor sparke of manhood, nor good manners?
'Sdeynes I am asham'd, to heare you! respect?

BRID. Yes, there was one a ciuill gentleman,
And very worthily demean'd himselfe!

1955 KITE. O, that was some loue of yours, sister!

BRID. A loue of mine? I would it were no worse, brother!
You'lld pay my portion sooner, then you thinke for.

DAME. Indeed, he seem'd to be a gentleman of an exceeding faire dis-
position, and of verie excellent good parts!

1960 KITE. Her loue, by heauen! my wifes minion!
Faire disposition? excellent good parts?
Death, these phrases are intollerable!
Good parts? how should shee know his parts?
His parts? Well, well, well, well, well, well!

1965 It is too plaine, too cleere: THOMAS, come hither.
What, are they gone? CASH. I, sir, they went in.
My mistris, and your sister——

KITE. Are any of the gallants within!

CASH. No, sir, they are all gone.

1970 KITE. Art thou sure of it?

CASH. I can assure you, sir.

KITE. What gentleman was that they prais'd so, THOMAS?

CASH. One, they call him master KNO'WELL, a handsome yong
gentleman, sir.

1975 KITE. I, I thought so: my mind gaue me as much.
Ile die, but they haue hid him i' the house,
Somewhere; Ile goe and search: goe with me, THOMAS.
Be true to me, and thou shalt find me a master.

Act IIII Scene IIII.

1980 COB, TIB.

VVHAT TIB, TIB, I say.

TIB. How now, what cuckold is that knocks so hard? O,
husband, ist you? what's the newes?

COB. Nay, you haue stonn'd me, Ifaith! you ha' giu'n me a knock o'
1985 the forehead, will stick by me! cuckold? 'Slid, cuckold?

TIB. Away, you foole, did I know it was you, that knockt?

E

Come,

Come, come, you may call me as bad, when you list.

COB. May I? TIB, you are a whore.

TIB. You lye in your throte, husband.

1990 COB. How, the lye? and in my throte too? doe you long to bee stab'd, ha?

TIB. Why, you are no souldier, I hope?

COB. O, must you be stab'd by a souldier? Masse, that's true! when was BOBADILL here? your Captayne? that rogue, that foist, that fencing
1995 *Burgullian*? He tickle him, ifaith.

TIB. Why, what's the matter? trow!

COB. O, he has basted me, rarely, sumptiously! but I haue it here in black and white; for his black, and blew: shall pay him. O, the Iustice! the honestest old braue *Troian* in *London*! I doe honour the very flea of his
2000 dog. A plague on him though, he put me once in a villanous filthy feare; mary, it vanisht away, like the smoke of *tabacco*: but I was smok't soundly first. I thanke the deuill, and his good angell, my guest. Well, wife, or TIB (which you will) get you in, and lock the doore, I charge you, let no body in to you; wife, no body in, to you: those are my wordes. Not
2005 Captayne BOB himselfe, nor the fiend, in his likenesse; you are a woman; you haue flesh and bloud enough in you, to be tempted: therefore, keepe the doore, shut, vpon all commers.

TIB. I warrant you, there shall no body enter here, without my consent.

2010 COB. Nor, with your consent, sweet TIB, and so I leaue you.

TIB. It's more, then you know, whether you leaue me so.

COB. How?

TIB. Why, sweet.

COB. Tut, sweet, or sowre, thou art a flowre,
2015 Keepe close thy dore, I aske no more.

Act IIII. Scene v.

ED. KNO'WELL, WELL-BRED, STEPHEN,
BRAYNE-WORME.

2020 **W**ELL BRAYNE-WORME, performe this businesse, happily,
And thou makest a purchase of my loue, for-euer,
WEL. Ifaith, now let thy spirits vse their best faculties.
but, at any hand, remember the message, to my brother: for, there's no
other meanes, to start him.

BRAY. I warrant you, sir, feare nothing: I haue a nimble soule ha's
2025 wakt all forces of my phant'sie, by this time, and put 'hem in true motion.
What you haue possest mee withall, Ile discharge it amply, sir. Make it
no question.

WEL.

WEL. Forth, and prosper, BRAYNE-WORME. Faith, NED, how dost thou approue of my abilities in this deuise?

2030 E. KN. Troth, well, howsoeuer: but, it will come excellent, if it take.

WEL. Take, man? why, it cannot choose but take, if the circumstances miscarrie not: but, tell me, ingenuously, dost thou affect my sister BRIDGET, as thou pretend'st?

E. KN. Friend, am I worth beliefe?

2035 WEL. Come, doe not protest. In faith, shee is a maid of good ornament, and much modestie: and, except I conceiu'd very worthily of her, thou shouldest not haue her.

E. KN. Nay, that I am afraid will bee a question yet, whether I shall haue her. or no?

2040 WEL. Slid, thou shalt haue her; by this light, thou shalt.

E. KN. Nay, doe not sweare.

WEL. By this hand, thou shalt haue her: Ile goe fetch her, presently. Point, but where to meet, and as I am an honest man, I'll bring her.

E. KN. Hold, hold, be temperate.

2045 WEL. Why, by——what shall I sweare by? thou shalt haue her, as I am——

E. KN. 'Pray thee, be at peace, I am satisfied: and doe belecue, thou wilt omit no offered occasion, to make my desires compleat.

WEL. Thou shalt see, and know, I will not.

2050 *Act IIII. Scene VI.*

FORMALL, KNO'WELL, BRAYNE-WORME.

VV As your man a souldier, sir?

KNO. I, a knaue, I tooke him begging o'the way,
This morning, as I came ouer *More*-fields!

2055 O, here he is! yo'haue made faire speed, belecue me:
Where, i'the name of sloth, could you be thus——

BRAY. Mary, peace be my comfort, where I thought I should haue had little comfort of your worships seruice.

KNO. How so?

2060 BRAY. O, sir! your comming to the citie, your entertainment of me, and your sending me to watch——indeed, all the circumstances either of your charge, or my imployment, are as open to your sonne, as to your selfe!

KNO. How should that be! vnlesse that villaine, BRAYNE-WORME,
2065 Haue told him of the letter, and discouer'd
All that I strictly charg'd him to conceale? 'tis so!

BRAY. I am, partly, o'the faith, 'tis so indeed.

KNO. But, how should he know thee to be my man?

E 2

BRAY.

BRAY. Nay, sir, I cannot tell ; vnlesse it bee by the black art ! Is not
2070 your sonne a scholler, sir ?

KNO. Yes, but I hope his soule is not allied
Vnto such hellish practise : if it were,
I had iust cause to weepe my part in him,
And curse the time of his creation.

2075 But, where didst thou find them, FITZ-SWORD ?

BRAY. You should rather aske, where they found me, sir, for, Ile bee
sworne I was going along in the street, thinking nothing, when (of a sud-
dain) a voice calls, Mr. KNO-WEL's man; another cries, souldier : and thus,
halfe a dosen of 'hem, till they had cal'd me within a house where I no soo-
2080 ner came, but thy seem'd men, and out flue al their rapiers at my bosome,
with some three or foure score oathes to accompanie 'hem, & al to tel me,
I was but a dead man, if I did not confesse where you were, and how I was
imployed, and about what ; which, when they could not get out of me (as
I protest, they must ha' dissected, and made an *Anatomie* o' me, first, and so
2085 I told 'hem) they lockt mee vp into a roome i' the top of a high house,
whence, by great miracle (hauing a light heart) I slid downe, by a bottom
of pack-thred, into the street, and so scapt. But, sir, thus much I can as-
sure you, for I heard it, while I was lockt vp, there were a great many rich
merchants, and braue citizens wiues with 'hem at a feast, and your sonne,
2090 Mr. EDWARD, with-drew with one of 'hem, and has pointed to meet her
anon, at one COBS house, a water-bearer, that dwells by the wall. Now,
there, your worship shall be sure to take him, for there he preyes, and faile
he will not.

KNO. Nor, will I faile, to breake his match, I doubt not.
2095 Goe thou, along with Iustice CLEMENT's man,
And stay there for me. At one COBS house, sai'st thou ?

BRAY. I sir, there you shall haue him. Yes? Inuisible? Much wench,
or much sonne ! 'Slight, when hee has staid there, three or foure houres,
trauelling with the expectation of wonders, and at length be deliuer'd of
2100 aire : ô, the sport, that I should then take, to looke on him, if I durst ! But,
now, I meane to appeare no more afore him in this shape. I haue another
trick, to act, yet. O, that I were so happy, as to light on a nupson, now,
of this Iustices nouice. Sir, I make you stay somewhat long.

FORM. Not a whit, sir. 'Pray you, what doe you meane ? sir ?

2105 BRAY. I was putting vp some papers——

FORM. You ha' beene lately in the warres, sir, it seemes.

BRAY. Mary haue I, sir ; to my losse : and expence of all, almost——

FORM. Troth sir, I would be glad to bestow a pottle of wine o' you,
if it please you to accept it——

2110 BRAY. O, sir——

FORM. But, to heare the manner of your seruices, and your deuices in
the warres, they say they be very strange, and not like those a man reades
in the *Romane* histories, or sees, at *Mile-end*.

BRAY

BRAY. No, I assure you, sir, why, at any time when it please you, I shall
2115 be readie to discourse to you, all I know : and more too, somewhat.

FORM. No better time, then now, sir ; wee'll goe to the wind-mill :
there we shall haue a cup of neate grist, wee call it. I pray you, sir, let mee
request you, to the wind-mill.

BRAY. Ile follow you, sir, and make grist o' you, if I haue good lucke.

2120 *Act IIII. Scene VII.*

MATTHEW, ED. KNO'WELL, BOBADILL, *To them.*
STEPHEN, DOWNERIGHT.

Sir, did your eyes euer tast the like clowne of him, where we were to
day, Mr. WEL-BRED'S halfe brother ? I thinke, the whole earth
2125 cannot shew his paralell, by this day-light.

E. KN. We were now speaking of him : Captayne BOBADILL tells me,
he is fall'n foule o' you, too.

MAT. O, I, sir, he threatned me, with the bastinado.

BOB. I, but I thinke, I taught you preuention, this morning, for that—
2130 You shall kill him, beyond question : if you be so generously minded.

MAT. Indeed, it is a most excellent trick !

BOB. O, you doe not giue spirit enough, to your motion, you are too
tardie, too heauie ! ô, it must be done like lightning, hay ? *He practises at a post.*

MAT. Rare Captaine !

2135 BOB. Tut, 'tis nothing, and 't be not done in a—*punto* !

E. KN. Captaine, did you euer proue your selfe, vpon any of our ma-
sters of defence, here ?

MAT. O, good sir ! yes, I hope, he has.

BOB. I will tell you, sir. Vpon my first comming to the citie, after
2140 my long trauaile, for knowledge (in that mysterie only) there came three,
or foure of 'hem to me, at a gentlemans house, where it was my chance to
be resident, at that time, to intreat my presence at their scholes, and with-
all so much importun'd me, that (I protest to you as I am a gentleman) I
was asham'd of their rude demeanor, out of all measure : well, I told 'hem,
2145 that to come to a publike schoole, they should pardon me, it was opposite
(in *diameter*) to my humour, but, if so they would giue their attendance
at my lodging, I protested to doe them what right or fauour I could, as I
was a gentleman, and so forth.

E. KN. So, sir, then you tried their skill ?

2150 BOB. Alas, soone tried ! you shall heare sir. Within two or three
daies after, they came ; and, by honestie, faire sir, beleue mee, I grac't
them exceedingly, shew'd them some two or three tricks of preuention,
haue purchas'd 'hem, since, a credit, to admiration ! they cannot denie this:
and yet now, they hate mee, and why ? because I am excellent, and for no
2155 other vile reason on the earth.

E. K. N. This is strange, and barbarous ! as euer I heard !

BOB. Nay, for a more instance of their preposterous natures , but note, sir. They haue assaulted me some three, foure, fiae , sixe of them together, as I haue walkt alone, in diuers skirts i' the towne , as *Turne-*
 2160 *bull*, *White-chappell*, *Shore-ditch*, which were then my quarters, and since vpon the *Exchange* , at my lodging, and at my ordinarie : where I haue driuen them afore me, the whole length of a street, in the open view of all our gallants, pittying to hurt them, beleeeue me. Yet, all this lenitie will not ore-come their spleene : they will be doing with the pismier, raysing
 2165 a hill, a man may spurne abroad, with his foot, at pleasure. By my selfe, I could haue slaine them all, but I delight not in murder. I am loth to beare any other then this bastinado for 'hem : yet, I hold it good politie, not to goe disarm'd, for though I bee skilfull, I may bee oppress'd with multitudes.

2170 E. K. N. I, beleeeue me, may you sir : and (in my conceit) our whole nation should sustaine the losse by it, if it were so.

BOB. Alas, no : what's a peculiar man, to a nation ? not seene.

E. K. N. O, but your skill, sir !

BOB. Indeed, that might be some losse ; but, who respects it ? I will
 2175 tell you, sir, by the way of priuate, and vnder seale ; I am a gentleman, and liue here obscure, and to my selfe : but, were I knowne to her Maiestie, and the Lords (obserue mee) I would vnder-take (vpon this poore head, and life) for the publike benefit of the state, not only to spare the intire liues of her subiects in generall, but to saue the one halfe, nay, three parts of her
 2180 yeerely charge, in holding warre, and against what enemie soeuer. And, how would I doe it, thinke you ?

E. K. N. Nay, I know not, nor can I conceiue.

BOB. Why thus, sir. I would select nineteene, more , to my selfe, throughout the land ; gentlemen they should bee of good spirit , strong,
 2185 and able constitution, I would choose them by an instinct, a character, that I haue : and I would teach these nineteene, the speciall rules, as your *Punto*, your *Reuerso*, your *Stoccata*, your *Imbroccata*, your *Passada*, your *Montanto* : till they could all play very neare, or altogether as well as my selfe. This done, say the enemie were fortie thousand strong, we twentie would come
 2190 into the field, the tenth of *March*, or thereabouts ; and wee would challenge twentie of the enemie ; they could not, in their honour , refuse vs, well, wee would kill them : challenge twentie more , kill them ; twentie more, kill them ; twentie more, kill them too ; and thus, would wee kill, euery man, his twentie a day, that's twentie score ; twentie score, that's
 2195 two hundreth ; two hundreth a day, fiae dayes a thousand ; fortie thousand ; fortie times fiae, fiae times fortie , two hundreth dayes kills them all vp, by computation. And this, will I venture my poore gentleman-like carcasse, to performe (prouided, there bee no treason practis'd vpon vs) by faire, and discreet manhood, that is, ciuilly by the sword.

E. K. N.

2200 E. KN. Why, are you so sure of your hand, Captaine, at all times ?

BOB. Tut, neuer misse thrust, vpon my reputation with you.

E. KN. I would not stand in DOWNE-RIGHTS state, then, an' you meet him, for the wealth of any one street in *London*.

BOB. Why, sir, you mistake me ! if he were here now, by this wel-
2205 kin, I would not draw my weapon on him ! let this gentleman doe his mind : but, I will bastinado him (by the bright sunne) where-euer I meet him.

MAT. Faith, and Ile haue a fling at him, at my distance.

E. KN. Gods so', looke, where he is : yonder he goes.

2210 DOW. What peeuish luck haue I, I cannot meet with these bragging raskalls ?

BOB. It's not he ? is it ?

E. KN. Yes faith, it is he ?

MAT. Ile be hang'd, then, if that were he.

2215 E. KN. Sir, keepe your hanging good, for some greater matter, for I assure you, that was he.

STEP. Vpon my reputation, it was hee.

BOB. Had I thought it had beene he, he must not haue gone so : but I can hardly be induc'd, to beleuee, it was he, yet.

2220 E. KN. That I thinke, sir. But see, he is come againe !

DOW. O, PHAROAHS foot, haue I found you ? Come, draw, to your tooles : draw, gipsie, or Ile thresh you.

BOB. Gentleman of valour, I doe beleuee in thee, heare me——

DOW. Draw your weapon, then.

2225 BOB. Tall man, I neuer thought on it, till now (body of me) I had a warrant of the peace, serued on me, euen now, as I came along, by a water-bearer ; this gentleman saw it, Mr. MATTHEW.

DOW. 'Sdeath, you will not draw, then ?

BOB. Hold, hold, vnder thy fauour, forbear.

2230 DOW. Prate againe, as you like this, you whoreson foist, you. You'll controll the point, you ? Your consort is gone ? had he staid, he had shar'd with you, sir.

*He beates him,
and disarms
him : Matthew
runnes away.*

BOB. Well, gentlemen, beare witnesse, I was bound to the peace, by this good day.

2235 E. KN. No faith, it's an ill day, Captaine, neuer reckon it other : but, say you were bound to the peace, the law allowes you, to defend your selfe : that'll prone but a poore excuse.

BOB. I cannot tell, sir. I desire good construction, in faire sort. I neuer sustain'd the like disgrace (by heauen) sure I was strooke with a plan-
2240 net thence, for I had no power to touch my weapon.

E. KN. I, like inough, I haue heard of many that haue beene beaten vnder a plannet : goe, get you to a surgean. 'Slid, an' these be your tricks, your *passada's*, and your *mountanto's*, Ile none of them. O, manners ! that
this

this age should bring forth such creatures ! that Nature should bee at lei-
 2245 sure to make hem ! Come, cousse.

STEP. Masse, Ile ha' this cloke.

E. KN. Gods will, 'tis DOWNER-RIGHT'S.

STEP. Nay, it's mine now, another might haue tane vp, aswell as I :
 Ile weare it, so I will.

2250 E. KN. How, an' he see it ? hee'll challenge it, assure your selfe.

STEP. I, but he shall not ha' it ; Ile say, I bought it.

E. KN. Take heed, you buy it not, too deare, cousse.

Act IIII. Scene VIII.

KITELY, WEL-BRED, DAME KIT. BRID-
 2255 GET, BRAYNE-WORME,
 CASH.

NOw, trust me brother, you were much to blame,
 T'incense his anger, and disturbe the peace,
 Of my poore house, where there are sentinells,
 2260 That euery minute watch, to giue alarmes,
 Of ciuill warre, without adiection
 Of your assistance, or occasion.

WELL. No harme done , brother , I warrant you : since there is no
 harme done. Anger costs a man nothing : and a tall man is neuer his owne
 2265 man, till he be angrie. To keepe his valure in obscuritie, is to keepe him-
 selfe, as it were, in a cloke-bag. What's a musitian, vnlesse he play? what's
 a tall man, vnlesse he fight? For, indeed, all this, my wise brother stands
 vpon, absolutely : and, that made me fall in with him, so resolutely.

DAME. I, but what harme might haue come of it, brother ?

2270 WELL. Might, sister? so, might the good warme clothes, your husband
 weares, be poyson'd, for any thing he knowes : or the wholesome wine he
 drunke, euen now, at the table——

KITE. Now, god forbid : O me. Now, I remember,
 My wife drunke to me, last ; and chang'd the cup :
 2275 And bade me weare this cursed sute to day.

See, if heau'n suffer murder vndiscour'd !

I feele me ill ; giue me some *mithridate*,

Some *mithridate* and oile, good sister, fetch me ;

O, I am sicke at heart ! I burne, I burne.

2280 If you will saue my life, goe, fetch it me.

WELL. O, strange humour ! my verie breath ha's poyson'd him.

BRID. Good brother, be content, what doe you meane ?
 The strength of these extreme conceits, will kill you.

DAME. Beshrew your heart-bloud, brother WELL-BRED, now ;
 for

2285 for putting such a toy into his head.

WELL. Is a fit *simile*, a toy? will he be poyson'd with a *simile*? Brother KITELY, what a strange, and idle imagination is this? For shame, bee wiser. O' my soule, there's no such matter.

KITE. Am I not sicke? how am I, then, not poyson'd?

2290 Am I not poyson'd? how am I, then, so sicke?

DAME. If you be sicke, your owne thoughts make you sicke.

WELL. His iealousie is the poyson, he ha's taken.

BRAY. Mr. KITELY, my master, Iustice CLEMENT, salutes you; *He comes disguis'd like Iustice Clements man.* and desires to speake with you, with all possible speed.

2295 KITE. No time, but now? when, I thinke, I am sicke? very sicke! well, I will wait vpon his worship. THOMAS, COB, I must seeke them out, and set 'hem sentinells, till I returne. THOMAS, COB, THOMAS.

WELL. This is perfectly rare, BRAYNE-WORME! but how got'st thou this apparell, of the Iustices man?

2300 BRAY. Mary sir, my proper fine pen-man, would needs bestow the grist o'me, at the wind-mil, to hear some martial discourse; where so I marshal'd him, that I made him drunke, with admiration! & because, too much heat was the cause of his distemper, I stript him starke naked, as he lay along a sleepe, and borrowed his sute, to deliuer this counterfeit message in, lea-
2305 uing a rustie armor, and an old browne bill to watch him, till my returne: which shall be, when I ha' pawn'd his apparell, and spent the better part o' the money, perhaps.

WELL. Well, thou art a successefull merry knaue, BRAYNE-WORME, his absence will be a good subiect for more mirth. I pray thee, returne to
2310 thy yong master, and will him to meet me, and my sister BRIDGET, at the tower instantly: for, here, tell him, the house is so stor'd with iealousie, there is no roome for loue, to stand vpright in. We must get our fortunes committed to some larger prison, say; and, then the tower, I know no better aire: nor where the libertie of the house may doe vs more present
2315 seruice. Away.

KITE. Come hether, THOMAS. Now, my secret's ripe, And thou shalt haue it: lay to both thine eares.

Harke, what I say to thee. I must goe forth, THOMAS.

Be carefull of thy promise, keepe good watch,

2320 Note euery gallant, and obserue him well, That enters in my absence, to thy mistris: If shee would shew him roomes, the iest is stale, Follow 'hem, THOMAS, or else hang on him, And let him not goe after; marke their lookes;

2325 Note, if shee offer but to see his band, Or any other amorous toy, about him; But praise his legge; or foot; or if shee say, The day is hot, and bid him feele her hand,

How

How hot it is ; ô, that's a monstrous thing !

2330 Note me all this, good THOMAS, marke their sighes,

And, if they doe but whisper, breake 'hem off :

Ile beare thee out in it. Wilt thou doe this ?

Wilt thou be true, my THOMAS ? CAS. As truth's selfe, sir.

KITE. Why, I beleeeue thee : where is COB, now ? COB ?

2335 DAME. Hee's euer calling for COB ! I wonder , how hee imployes
COB, so !

WELL. Indeed, sister, to aske how hee imployes COB, is a necessarie
question for you, that are his wife, and a thing not very easie for you to be
satisfied in : but this Ile assure you, COB's wife is an excellent bawd, sister,
2340 and, often-times, your husband hants her house, mary, to what end, I can-
not altogether accuse him, imagine you what you thinke conuenient. But,
I haue knowne, faire hides haue foule hearts, e're now, sister.

DAME. Neuer said you truer then that, brother , so much I can tell
you for your learning. THOMAS, fetch your cloke, and goe with me, Ile
2345 after him presently : I would to fortune, I could take him there, ifaith. Il'd
returne him his owne, I warrant him.

WELL. So, let 'hem goe : this may make sport anon. Now , my faire
sister in-law, that you knew, but how happie a thing it were to be faire, and
beautiful ?

2350 BRID. That touches not me, brother.

WELL. That's true ; that's euen the fault of it : for, indeede, beautie
stands a woman in no stead, vnlesse it procure her touching. But, sister,
whether it touch you, or no, it touches your beauties ; and, I am sure, they
will abide the touch ; an' they doe not, a plague of all ceruse, say I : and, it
2355 touches mee to in part , though not in the——Well, there's a deare and
respected friend of mine, sister, stands very strongly, and worthily affected
toward you, and hath vow'd to inflame whole bone-fires of zeale , at his
heart, in honor of your perfections. I haue alreadie engag'd my promise
to bring you , where you shall heare him confirme much more. NED
2360 KNO'WELL is the man, sister. There's no exception against the partie.
You are ripe for a husband ; and a minutes losse to such an occasion, is a
great trespasse in a wise beautie. What say you, sister ? On my soule hee
loues you. Will you giue him the meeting ?

BRID. Faith, I had very little confidence in mine owne constancie,
2365 brother, if I durst not meet a man : but this motion of yours , sauours of
an old knight-aduenturers seruant, a little too much, me thinkes.

WELL. What's that, sister ?

BRID. Mary, of the squire.

WELL. No matter if it did, I would be such an one for my friend, but
2370 see ! who is return'd to hinder vs ?

KITE. What villanie is this ? call'd out on a false message ?

This was some plot ! I was not sent for. BRIDGET,

Where's

Where's your sister? BRID. I thinke shee be gone forth, sir.

KITE. How! is my wife gone forth? whether for gods sake?

2375 BRID. Shee's gone abroad with THOMAS.

KITE. Abroad with THOMAS? oh, that villaine dors me.

He hath discouer'd all vnto my wife!

Beast that I was, to trust him: whither, I pray you, went shee?

BRID. I know not, sir.

2380 WELL. Ile tell you, brother, whither I suspect shee's gone.

KITE. Whither, good brother?

WELL. To COBS house, I beleue: but, keepe my counsaile.

KITE. I will, I will: to COBS house? doth shee hant COBS?

Shee's gone a' purpose, now, to cuckold me,

2385 With that lewd raskall, who, to win her fauour,

Hath told her all. WEL. Come, hee's once more gone.

Sister, let's loose no time; th'affaire is worth it.

Act IIII. Scene IX.

MATTHEW, BOBADIL, BRAYNE-WORME,

To them.

2390

DOWNE-RIGHT.

I Wonder, Captayne, what they will say of my going away? ha?

BOB. Why, what should they say? but as of a discreet gentleman?

quick, warie, respectfull of natures faire lineaments: and that's all?

MAT. Why, so! but what can they say of your beating?

2395 BOB. A rude part, a touch with soft wood, a kind of grosse batterie vs'd, laid on strongly, borne most patiently: and that's all.

MAT. I, but, would any man haue offered it in *Venice*? as you say?

BOB. Tut, I assure you, no: you shall haue there your *Nobilis*, your *Gentilezza*, come in brauely vpon your *reuerse*, stand you close, stand you
2400 firme, stand you faire, saue your *retricato* with his left legge, come to the *assalto* with the right, thrust with braue steele, defie your base wood! But, wherefore doe I awake this remembrance? I was fascinated, by IVPITER: fascinated: but I will be vn-witch'd, and reueng'd, by law.

MAT. Doe you heare? ist not best to get a warrant, and haue him ar-
2405 rested, and brought before Iustice CLEMENT?

BOB. It were not amisse, would we had it.

MAT. Why, here comes his man, let's speake to him.

BOB. Agreed, doe you speake.

MAT. Saue you, sir.

2410 BRAY. With all my heart, sir?

MAT. Sir, there is one DOWNE-RIGHT, hath abus'd this gentleman, and my selfe, and we determine to make our amends by law; now, if you would doe vs the fauour, to procure a warrant, to bring him afore your master,

master, you shall bee well considered, I assure you, sir.

2415 BRAY. Sir, you know my service is my living, such favours as these, gotten of my master, is his only preferment, and therefore, you must consider me, as I may make benefit of my place.

MAT. How is that? sir.

BRAY. Faith sir, the thing is extraordinarie, and the gentleman may
2420 be, of great accompt: yet, bee what hee will, if you will lay mee downe a brace of angells, in my hand, you shall haue it, otherwise not.

MAT. How shall we doe, Captayne? he askes a brace of angells, you haue no monie?

BOB. Not a crosse, by fortune.

2425 MAT. Nor I, as I am a gentleman, but two pence, left of my two shillings in the morning for wine, and redish: let's find him some pawne.

BOB. Pawne? we haue none to the value of his demand.

MAT. O, yes. I'll pawne this iewell in my eare, and you may pawne your silke stockings, and pull vp your bootes, they will ne're be mist: It
2430 must be done, now.

BOB. Well, an' there be no remedie: Ile step aside, and pull 'hem off.

MAT. Doe you heare, sir? wee haue no store of monie at this time, but you shall haue good pawnes: looke you, sir, this iewell, and that gentlemen's silke stockings, because we would haue it dispatcht, e're we went
2435 to our chambers.

BRAY. I am content, sir; I will get you the warrant presently, what's his name, say you? DOWNE-RIGHT?

MAT. I, I, GEORGE DOWNE-RIGHT.

BRAY. What manner of man is he?

2440 MAT. A tall bigge man, sir; hee goes in a cloke, most commonly, of silke russet, laid about with russet lace.

BRAY. 'Tis very good, sir.

MAT. Here sir, here's my iewell?

BOB. And, here, are stockings.

2445 BRAY. Well, gentlemen, Ile procure you this warrant presently, but, who will you haue to serue it?

MAT. That's true, Captaine: that must be consider'd.

BOB. Bodie o' me, I know not! 'tis service of danger?

BRAY. Why, you were best get one o' the varlets o' the citie, a serieant.
2450 Ile appoint you one, if you please.

MAT. Will you, sir? why, we can wish no better.

BOB. Wee'll leaue it to you, sir.

BRAY. This is rare! now, will I goe pawne this cloke of the Iustice's mans, at the brokers, for a varlets sute, and be the varlet my selfe; and get
2455 either more pawnes, or more monie of DOWNE-RIGHT, for the arrest.

Act IIII. Scene X.

KNO'WEL, TIB, CASH, DAME KITELY,
KITELY, COB.

- 2460 **O**H, here it is, I am glad : I haue found it now.
Ho ? who is within, here ?
TIB. I am within, sir, what's your pleasure !
KNO. To know, who is within, besides your selfe.
TIB. Why, sir, you are no constable, I hope ?
KNO. O ! feare you the constable ? then, I doubt not.
2465 You haue some guests within, deserue that feare.
Ile fetch him straight. TIB. O' gods name, sir.
KNO. Goe to. Come, tell me, Is not yong KNO'WEL, here ?
TIB. Yong KNO-WEL ? I know none such, sir, o' mine honestie !
KNO. Your honestie ? dame, it flies too lightly from you :
2470 There is no way, but, fetch the constable.
TIB. The constable ? the man is mad, I thinke.
CAS. Ho, who keepe house, here ?
KNO. O, this is the female copes-mate of my sonne ?
Now shall I meet him straight. DAME. Knock, THOMAS, hard.
2475 CAS. Ho, good wife ? TIB. Why, what's the matter with you ?
DAME. Why, woman, grieues it you to ope' your doore ?
Belike, you get something, to keepe it shut.
TIB. What meane these questions, 'pray yee ?
DAME. So strange you make it ? is not my husband, here ?
2480 KNO. Her husband !
DAME. My tryed husband, master KITELY.
TIB. I hope, he needes not to be tryed, here.
DAME. No, dame : he do's it not for need, but pleasure.
TIB. Neither for need, nor pleasure, is he here.
2485 KNO. This is but a deuice, to balke me withall.
Soft, who is this ? 'Tis not my sonne, disguisd ?
DAME. O, sir, haue I fore-stald your honest market ?
Found your close walkes ? you stand amaz'd, now, doe you ?
I faith (I am glad) I haue smokt you yet at last !
2490 What is your iewell trow ? In : come, lets see her ;
(Fetch forth your huswife, dame) if shee be fairer,
In any honest iudgement, then my selfe,
Ile be content with it : but, shee is change,
Shee feedes you fat, shee soothes your appetite,

*Shee spies her
husband come:
and runnes to
him.*

F

And

2495 And you are well? your wife, an honest woman,
Is meat twice sod to you, sir? O, you trecher!

KNO. Shee cannot counterfeit thus palpably.

KITE. Out on thy more then strumpets impudence!

Steal'st thou thus to thy haunts? and, haue I taken

2500 Thy bawd, and thee, and thy companion,

Pointing to old This horie-headed lecher, this old goat,

Kno'well. Close at your villanie, and would'st thou 'scuse it,

With this stale harlots iest, accusing me?

To him. O, old incontinent, do'st not thou shame,

2505 When all thy powers in chastitie is spent,

To haue a mind so hot? and to entice,

And feede th'enticements of a lustfull woman?

DAME. Out, I defie thee, I, dissembling wretch.

By Thomas. KITE. Defie me, strumpet? aske thy pandar, here,

2510 Can he denie it? or that wicked elder?

KNO. Why, heare you, sir. KITE. Tut, tut, tut: neuer speake.

Thy guiltie conscience will discouer thee.

KNO. What lunacie is this, that hants this man?

KITE. Well, good-wife BA'D, COBS wife; and you,

2515 That make your husband such a hoddie-doddie;

And you, yong apple-squire; and old cuckold-maker;

Ile ha' you euery one before a Iustice:

Nay, you shall answere it, I charge you goe.

KNO. Marie, with all my heart, sir: I goe willingly.

2520 Though I doe tast this as a trick, put on me,

To punish my impertinent search; and iustly:

And halfe forgiue my sonne, for the deuice.

KITE. Come, will you goe? DAME. Goe? to thy shame, belecue it.

COB. Why, what's the matter, here? What's here to doe?

2525 KITE. O, COB, art thou come? I haue beene abus'd,

And i' thy house. Neuer was man so, wrong'd!

COB. Slid, in my house? my master KITELY? Who wrongs you in
my house?

KITE. Marie, yong lust in old; and old in yong, here:

2530 Thy wife's their bawd, here haue I taken 'hem.

He falls vpon COB. How? bawd? Is my house come to that? Am I prefer'd the-
his wife and ther? Did I charge you to keepe your dores shut, IS'BEL? and doe you
beates her. let 'hem lie open for all commers?

KNO. Friend, know some cause, before thou beat'st thy wife,

2535 This's madnesse, in thee. COB. Why? is there no cause?

KITE. Yes, Ile shew cause before the Iustice, COB:

Come,

Come, let her goe with me. COB. Nay, shee shall goe.

TIB. Nay, I will goe. Ile see, an' you may bee allow'd to make a bundle o'hempe, o' your right and lawfull wife thus, at euery cuckoldly
2540 knaues pleasure. Why doe you not goe?

KITE. A bitter queane. Come, wee'll ha' you tam'd.

Act IIII. Scene XI.

BRAYNE-WORME, MATTHEW, BOBA-
DIL, STEPHEN, DOWNE-

2545

RIGHT.

WELL, of all my disguises, yet, now am I most like my selfe: being in this Serjeants gowne. A man of my present profession, neuer counterfeits, till hee layes hold vpon a debter, and sayes, he rests him, for then hee brings him to all manner of vnrest. A kinde of
2550 little kings wee are, bearing the diminutue of a mace, made like a yong artichocke, that alwayes carries pepper and salt, in it selfe. Well, I know not what danger I vnder-goe, by this exploit, pray heauen, I come well of.

MAT. See, I thinke, yonder is the varlet, by his gowne.

2555 BOB. Let's goe, in quest of him.

MAT. 'Saue you, friend, are not you here, by appointment of Iustice CLEMENTS man.

BRAY. Yes, an't please you, sir: he told me two gentlemen had will'd him to procure a warrant from his master (which I haue about me) to be
2560 seru'd on one DOWNE-RIGHT.

MAT. It is honestly done of you both; and see, where the partie comes, you must arrest: serue it vpon him, quickly, afore hee bee aware—

BOB. Beare backe, master MATTHEW.

2565 BRAY. Master DOWNE-RIGHT, I arrest you, i'the queenes name, and must carry you afore a Iustice, by vertue of this warrant.

STEP. Mee, friend? I am no DOWNE-RIGHT, I. I am master STEPHEN, you doe not well, to arrest me, I tell you, truely: I am in nobodies bonds, nor bookes, I, would you should know it. A plague on
2570 you heartily, for making mee thus afraid afore my time.

BRAY. Why, now are you deceiued, gentlemen?

BOB. He weares such a cloke, and that deceiued vs: But see, here a comes, indeed! this is he, officer.

DOWNE. Why, how now, signior gull! are you turn'd fitcher of late?
2575 come, deliuer my cloke.

F 2

STEP.

STEP. Your cloke, sir? I bought it, euen now, in open market.

BRAY. Master DOVVNE-RIGHT, I haue a warrant I must serue vpon you, procur'd by these two gentlemen.

DOWN. Thesè gentlemen? these rascals?

2580 BRAY. Keepe the peace, I charge you, in her Maiesties name.

DOWN. I obey thee. What must I doe, officer?

BRAY. Goe before, master Iustice CLEMENT, to answere what they can object against you, sir. I will vse you kindly, sir.

MATT. Come, let's before, and make the Iustice, Captaine——

2585 BOB. The varlet's a tall man! afore heauen!

DOWN. Gull, you'll gi'me my cloke?

STEP. Sir, I bought it, and I'le keepe it.

DOWN. You will. STEP. I, that I will.

DOWN. Officer, there's thy fee, arrest him.

2590 BRAY. Master STEPHEN, I must arrest you.

STEP. Arrest mee, I scorne it. There, take your cloke, I'le none on't.

DOWN. Nay, that shall not serue your turne, now, sir. Officer, I'le goe with thee, to the Iustices: bring him along.

2595 STEP. Why, is not here your cloke? what would you haue?

DOWN. I'le ha'you answere it, sir.

BRAY. Sir, I'le take your word; and this gentlemans, too: for his aparance.

DOWN. I'le ha'no words taken. Bring him along.

2600 BRAY. Sir, I may choose, to doe that: I may take bayle.

DOWN. 'Tis true, you may take baile, and choose; at another time: but you shall not, now, varlet. Bring him along, or I'le swinge you.

BRAY. Sir, I pittie the gentlemans case. Here's your money againe.

DOW. 'Sdeynes, tell not me of my money, bring him away, I say.

2605 BRAY. I warrant you he will goe with you of himselfe, sir.

DOW. Yet more adoe?

BRAY. I haue made a faire mash on't.

STEP. Must I goe?

BRAY. I know no remedie, master STEPHEN.

2610 DOWN. Come along, afore mee, here. I doe not loue your hanging looke behind.

STEP. Why, sir. I hope you cannot hang mee for it. Can hee, fellow?

BRAY. I thinke not, sir. It is but a whipping matter, sure!

2615 STEP. Why, then, let him doe his worst, I am resolute.

Act V. Scene I.

CLEMENT, KNO'WEL, KITELY, DAME
KITELY, TIB, CASH, COB,
SERVANTS.

2620 **N** Ay, but stay, stay, giue me leaue : my chaire, sirrha. You, master
KNO'WELL, say you went thither to meet your sonne.

KNO. I, sir.

CLEM. But, who directed you, thither?

KNO. That did mine owne man, sir.

2625 CLEM. Where is he?

KNO. Nay, I know not, now ; I left him with your clarke :
And appointed him, to stay here for me.

CLEM. My clarke? about what time, was this?

KNO. Mary, betweene one and two, as I take it.

2630 CLEM. And, what time came my man with the false message to you,
master KITELY?

KITE. After two, sir.

CLEM. Very good : but, mistris KITELY, how that you were at
COBS? ha?

2635 DAME. An' please you, sir, Ile tell you : my brother, WEL-BRED, told
me, that COBS house, was a suspected place——

CLEM. So it appeares, me thinkes: but, on.

DAME. And that my husband vs'd thither, daily.

CLEM. No matter, so he vs'd himselfe well, mistris.

2640 DAME. True sir, but you know, what growes, by such hants, of-
ten-times.

CLEM. I see, ranke fruits of a iealous braine, mistris KITELY : but, did
you find your husband there, in that case, as you suspected?

KITE. I found her there, sir.

2645 CLEM. Did you so? that alters the case. Who gaue you knowledge,
of your wiues being there?

KITE. Marie, that did my brother WEL-BRED.

CLEM. How? WEL-BRED first tell her? then tell you, after? where is
WEL-BRED?

2650 KITE. Gone with my sister, sir, I know not whither.

CLEM. Why, this is a meere trick, a deuice ; you are gull'd in this
most grosly, all ! alas, poore wench, wert thou beaten for this?

TIB. Yes, most pittifully, and 't please you.

COB. And worthily, I hope : if it shall proue so.

2655 CLEM. I, that's like, and a piece of a sentence. How now, sir? what's
the matter?

SER. Sir, there's a gentleman, i' the court without, desires to speake
with your worship.

CLEM. A gentleman? what's he?

2660 SER. A souldier, sir, he saies.

CLEM. A souldier? take downe my armor, my sword, quickly: a soul-
Hearmes him- dier speake with me! why, when knaues? come on, come on, hold my
selfe. cap there, so; giue me my gorget, my sword: stand by, I will end your
 matters, anon—Let the souldier enter, now, sir, what ha' you to say to me?

2665

Act V. Scene II.

BOBADILL, MATTHEW.

BY your worships fauour——

CLEM. Nay, keepe out, sir, I know not your pretence, you send
 me word, sir, you are a souldier: why, sir, you shall bee answer'd,
 2670 here, here be them haue beene amongst souldiers. Sir, your pleasure.

BOB. Faith, sir, so it is, this gentleman, and my selfe, haue beene most
 vnciuilly wrong'd, and beaten, by one DOWNE-RIGHT, a course fellow,
 about the towne, here, and for mine owne part, I protest, being a man, in
 no sort, giuen to this filthie humour of quarrelling, he hath assaulted mee
 2675 in the way of my peace; dispoil'd mee of mine honor; dis-arm'd mee of
 my weapons; and rudely, laid me along, in the open streets: when, I not
 so much as once offer'd to resist him.

CLEM. O, gods precious! is this the souldier? here, take my armour
 of quickly, 'twill make him swoone, I feare; hee is not fit to looke on't,
 2680 that will put vp a blow.

MATT. An't please your worship, he was bound to the peace.

CLEM. Why, and he were, sir, his hands were not bound, were they?

SER. There's one of the varlets of the citie, sir, ha's brought two
 gentlemen, here, one, vpon your worships warrant.

2685 CLEM. My warrant!

SER. Yes, sir. The officer say's, procur'd by these two.

CLEM. Bid him, come in. Set by this picture. What, Mr. DOWNE-
 RIGHT! are you brought at Mr. FRESH-WATERS suite, here!

Act V. Scene III.

2690

DOWNE-RIGHT, STEPHEN, BRAYNE-
 WORME.

IFaith, sir. And here's another brought at my suite.

CLEM. What are you, sir?

STEP. A gentleman, sir? ô, vncle!

2695 CLEM. Vncle? who? master KNO'WELL?

KNO. I, sir! this is a wise kinsman of mine.

STEP.

STEP. God's my witsse, vncle, I am wrong'd here monstrously, hee charges me with stealing of his cloke, and would I might neuer stirre, if I did not find it in the street, by chance.

2700 DOW. O, did you find it, now? you said, you bought it, ere-while.

STEP. And, you said, I stole it; nay, now my vncle is here, I'll doe well inough, with you.

CLEM. Well, let this breath a while; you, that haue cause to complaine, there, stand forth: had you my warrant for this gentlemans
2705 apprehension?

BOB. I, an't please your worship.

CLEM. Nay, doe not speake in passion so: where had you it?

BOB. Of your clarke, sir?

CLEM. That's well! an' my clarke can make warrants, and my hand
2710 not at 'hem! Where is the warrant? Officer, haue you it?

BRAY. No, sir, your worship's man, master FORMAL, bid mee doe it, for these gentlemen, and he would be my discharge.

CLEM. Why, master DOWNE-RIGHT, are you such a nouice, to bee seru'd, and neuer see the warrant?

2715 DOW. Sir. He did not serue it on me.

CLEM. No? how then?

DOW. Mary, sir, hee came to mee, and said, hee must serue it, and hee would vse me kindly, and so——

CLEM. O, gods pittie, was it so, sir? he must serue it? giue me my long-
2720 sword there, and helpe me of; so. Come on, sir varlet, I must cut off your legs, sirrha: nay, stand vp, Ile vse you kindly; I must cut off your legs, I say. *He flourishes ouer him with his long-sword.*

BRAY. O, good sir, I heseech you; nay, good master Iustice.

CLEM. I must doe it; there is no remedie. I must cut off your legs,
2725 sirrha, I must cut off your eares, you rascall, I must doe it; I must cut off your nose, I must cut off your head.

BRAY. O, good your worship.

CLEM. Well, rise, how doest thou doe, now? doest thou feele thy selfe well? hast thou no harme?

2730 BRAY. No, I thanke your good worship, sir.

CLEM. Why, so! I said, I must cut off thy legs, and I must cut off thy armes, and I must cut off thy head; but, I did not doe it: so, you said, you must serue this gentleman, with my warrant, but, you did not serue him. You knaue, you slaue, you rogue, doe you say you must? sirrha, a-
2735 way with him, to the iayle, Ile teach you a trick, for your *must*, sir.

BRAY. Good, sir, I beseech you, be good to me.

CLEM. Tell him he shall to the iayle, away with him, I say.

BRAY. Nay, sir, if you will commit mee, it shall bee for committing more then this: I will not loose, by my trauaile, any graine of my fame
2740 certaine.

CLEM. How is this!

KNO.

KNO. My man, BRAYNE-WORME!

STEP. O yes, vncle. BRAYNE-WORME ha's beene with my cossen EDWARD, and I, all this day.

2745 CLEM. I told you all, there was some deuce!

BRAY. Nay, excellent Iustice, since I haue laid my selfe thus open to you; now, stand strong for mee: both with your sword, and your ballance.

CLEM. Bodie o' me, a merry knaue! Giue me a bowle of sack: If hee 2750 belong to you, master KNO'WELL, I bespeake your patience.

BRAY. That is it, I haue most need of. Sir, if you'll pardon me, only; I'll glorie in all the rest, of my exploits.

KNO. Sir, you know, I loue not to haue my fauours come hard, from me. You haue your pardon: though I suspect you shrewdly for being of 2755 counsell with my sonne, against me.

BRAY. Yes, faith, I haue, sir; though you retain'd me doubly this morning, for your selfe: first, as BRAYNE-WORME; after, as FITZ-SWORD. I was your reform'd souldier, sir. 'Twas I sent you to COBS, vpon the errand, without end.

2760 KNO. Is it possible! or that thou should'st disguise thy language so, as I should not know thee?

BRAY. O, sir, this ha's beene the day of my metamorphosis! It is not that shape alone, that I haue runne through, to day. I brought this gentleman, master KITELY, a message too, in the forme of master Iustices man, 2765 here, to draw him out o' the way, as well as your worship: while master WELL-BRED might make a conueiance of mistris BRIDGET, to my yong master.

KITE. How! my sister stolne away?

KNO. My sonne is not married, I hope!

2770 BRAY. Faith, sir, they are both as sure as loue, a priest, and three thousand pound (which is her portion) can make 'hem: and by this time are readie to bespeake their wedding supper at the wind-mill, except some friend, here, preuent 'hem, and inuite 'hem home.

CLEM. Marie, that will I (I thanke thee, for putting me in mind on't.) 2775 Sirrah, goe you, and fetch 'hem hither, vpon my warrant. Neithers friends haue cause to be sorrie, if I know the yong couple, aright. Here, I drinke to thee, for thy good newes. But, I pray thee, what hast thou done with my man FORMALL.

BRAY. Faith, sir, after some ceremonie past, as making him drunke, first 2780 with storie, and then with wine (but all in kindnesse) and stripping him to his shirt: I left him in that coole vaine, departed, sold your worships warrant to these two, pawn'd his liuerie for that varlets gowne, to serue it in; and thus haue brought my selfe, by my actiuitie, to your worships consideration.

2785 CLEM. And I will consider thee, in another cup of sack. Here's to thee, which hauing drunke of, this is my sentence. Pledge me. Thou hast done,

or

or assisted to nothing, in my iudgement, but deserues to bee pardon'd for the wit o' the offence. If thy master, or anie man, here, be angrie with thee, I shall suspect his ingine, while I know him for't. How now? what noise
2790 is that!

SER. Sir, it is ROGER is come home.

CLEM. Bring him in, bring him in. What! drunke in armes, against me? Your reason, your reason for this.

Act v. Scene IIII.

2795

F O R M A L L.

To them.

I Beseech your worship to pardon me; I happen'd into ill companie by chance, that cast me into a sleepe, and stript me of all my clothes—

CLEM. Well, tell him, I am Iustice CLEMENT, and doe pardon him: but, what is this to your armour! what may that signifie?

2800 FORM. And't please you, sir, it hung vp'i the roome, where I was stript; and I borrow'd it of one o' the drawers, to come home in, because I was loth, to doe penance through the street, i' my shirt.

CLEM. Well, stand by a while. Who be these? O, the yong companie, welcome, welcome. Gi' you ioy. Nay, mistris BRIDGET, blush not;
2805 you are not so fresh a bride, but the newes of it is come hither afore you. Master Bridegroom, I ha' made your peace, giue mee your hand: so will I for all the rest, ere you forsake my rooffe.

Act v. Scene v.

ED. KNOWEL, WEL-BRED,
BRIDGET.

2810

To them.

WE are the more bound to your humanitie, sir.

CLEM. Only these two, haue so little of man in 'hem, they are no part of my care.

WELL. Yes, sir, let mee pray you for this gentleman, hee belongs, to
2815 my sister, the bride.

CLEM. In what place, sir?

WELL. Of her delight, sir, below the staires, and in publike: her
poet, sir.

CLEM. A *poet*? I will challenge him my selfe, presently, at *extempore*.
2820 Mount vp thy Phlegon muse, and testifie,
How SATVRNE, sitting in an ebon cloud,
Disrob'd his *podex* white as iuorie,
And, through the welkin, thundred all aloud.

WELL. Hee is not for *extempore*, sir. Hee is all for the pocket-muse,
2825 please you command a sight of it.

CLEM.

CLEM. Yes, yes, search him for a tast of his veine.

WELL. You must not denie the Queenes Iustice, Sir, vnder a writ o' rebellion.

CLEM. What ! all this verse ? Bodie o' me, he carries a whole realme,
2830 a common-wealth of paper, in's hose ! let's see some of his subiects !

Vnto the boundlesse Ocean of thy face,

Runnes this poore riuer charg'd with streames of eyes.

How ? this is stolne !

E. KN. A *Parodie* ! a *parodie* ! with a kind of miraculous gift, to make
2835 it absurder then it was.

CLEM. Is all the rest, of this batch ? Bring me a torch ; lay it together, and giue fire. Clense the aire. Here was enough to haue infected, the whole citie, if it had not beene taken in time ! See, see, how our *Poets* glorie shines ! brighter, and brighter ! still it increases ! Ô, now, it's at the
2840 highest : and, now, it declines as fast. You may see. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

KN. There's an *emblem* for you, sonne, and your studies !

CLEM. Nay, no speech, or act of mine be drawne against such, as professe it worthily. They are not borne euerie yeere, as an Alderman. There goes more to the making of a good *Poet*, then a Sheriffe, Mr. KITELY.
2845 You looke vpon me ! though, I liue i' the citie here, amongst you, I will doe more reuerence, to him, when I meet him, then I will to the Major, out of his yeere. But, these paper-pedlers ! these inke-dablers ! They cannot expect reprehension, or reproch. They haue it with the fact.

E. KN. Sir, you haue sau'd me the labour of a defence.

2850 CLEM. It shall be discourse for supper ; betweene your father and me, if he dare vnder-take me. But, to dispatch away these, you signe o' the Souldier, and picture o' the *Poet* (but, both so false, I will not ha' you hang'd out at my dore till midnight) while we are at supper, you two shal penitently fast it out in my court, without ; and, if you will, you may pray
2855 there, that we may be so merrie within, as to forgiue, or forget you, when we come out. Here's a third, because, we tender your safetie, shall watch you, he is prouided for the purpose. Looke to your charge, sir.

STEP. And what shall I doe ?

CLEM. O ! I had lost a sheepe, an he had not bleated ! Why, sir, you
2860 shall giue Mr. DOWNER-RIGHT his cloke : and I will intreat him to take it. A trencher, and a napkin, you shall haue, i' the buttrie, and keepe COB, and his wife companie, here ; whom, I will intreat first to bee reconcil'd : and you to endeouour with your wit, to keepe 'hem so.

STEP. Ile doe my best.

2865 COB. Why, now I see thou art honest, TIB, I receiue thee as my deare, and mortall wife, againe.

TIB. And, I you, as my louing, and obedient husband.

CLEM. Good complement ! It will bee their bridale night too. They
are

are married anew. Come, I coniure the rest, to put of all discontent. You,
2870 Mr. DOWNE-RIGHT, your anger; you, master KNO'WELL, your cares;
master KITELY, and his wife, their iealousie.
For, I must tell you both, while that is fed,
Hornes i' the mind are worse then o' the head.

KITE. Sir, thus they goe from me, kisse me, sweetheart.
2875 *See, what a droue of hornes flye, in the ayre,
Wing'd with my clenched, and my credulous breath!
Watch 'hem, suspicious eyes, watch, where they fall.
See, see! on heads, that thinke th'haue none at all!
O, what a plenteous world of this, will come!*
2880 *When ayre raynes hornes, all may be sure of fame.*

I ha' learnd so much verse out of a iealous mans part, in a play.

CLEM. 'Tis well, 'tis well! This night wee'll dedicate to friendship,
loue, and laughter. Master bride-groome, take your bride, and leade : e-
uery one, a fellow. Here is my mistris. BRAYNE-WORME! to whom all
2885 my addresses of courtship shall haue their reference. Whose aduentures,
this day, when our grand-children shall heare to be made a fable, I doubt
not, but it shall find both spectators, and applause.

THE END.

2890

This Comoedie was first
Acted, in the yeere
1598.

By the then L. CHAMBERLAYNE
his Scrnants.

The principall Comœdians were.

2895

WILL SHAKESPEARE.	RIC. BVRBADGE.	
AVG. PHILIPS.	} IOH. HEMINGS.	
HEN. CONDEL.		
WILL. SLYE.		} THO. POPE.
WILL. KEMPE.		} CHR. BEESTON.
	} IOH. DVKE.	

2900

With the allowance of the Master of REVELLS.

Euery
MAN OVT
OF HIS
HVMOVR.

A Comickall Satyre.

Acted in the yeere 1599. By the then
Lord Chamberlaine his
Seruants.

The Author B. I.

*Non aliena meo pressis pede | * si propius stes,
Te capient magis | * & decies repetita placebant.*

LONDON,
Printed by WILLIAM STANSBY
for Iohn Smithwicke.

M. DC. XVI.

TO THE NOBLEST NOVRCERIES OF HVMA-

NITY, AND LIBERTY,
IN THE KINGDOME:

5 The Innes of Court.



*Vnderstand you, Gentlemen, not
your houses: and a worthy suc-
cession of you, to all time, as be-
ing borne the Iudges of these
studies. When I wrote this
Poeme, I had friendship with
diuers in your societies; who, as
they were great Names in learning, so they were no
lesse Examples of liuing. Of them, and then (that I
15 say no more) it was not despis'd. Now that the
Printer, by a doubled charge, thinkes it worthy a lon-
ger life, then commonly the ayre of such things doth
promise; I am carefull to put it a seruant to their plea-
sures, who are the inheriters of the first fauour borne it.
20 Yet, I command, it lye not in the way of your more
noble, and vse-full studies to the publike. For so I shall
suffer for it: But, when the gowne and cap is off, and
the Lord of liberty raignes; then, to take it in your
hands, perhaps may make some Benchers, tinted with
25 humanity, reade: and not repent him.*

By your true Honorer,

BEN. IONSON.

G 2

The

The Names of the Actors.

ASPER, The Presenter.

30 MACILENTE.

PVNTERVOLO. { His Lady.
Waiting-Gent.
Huntsman.
Servingmen 2.
Dog and Cat.

CARLO BVFFONE.

FASTID. BRISKE. { *Cinedo*
his
Page.

DELIRO. { *Fido* their Seruant.

35 FALLACE. { Musicians.

SAVIOLINA.

SORDIDO. His Hinde.

FVNGOSO. { Taylor.
Haberdasher.
Shomaker.

SOGLIARDO.

SHIFT. { *Rustici.*
A Groome.

CLOVE. { Drawers.
Constable, and
Officers.

ORENGE.

GREX.

CORDATVS.

MITIS.

ASPER



ASPER his Character.

40 **H**E is of an ingenious and free spirit, eager and constant in reproofe, without feare controuling the worlds abuses. One, whom no seruile hope of gaine, or frosty apprehension of danger, can make to be a Parasite, either to time, place, or opinion.

MACILENTE.

45 **A** Man well parted, a sufficient Scholler, and trauail'd; who (wanting that place in the worlds account, which he thinks his merit capable of) falls into such an enuious apoplexie, with which his iudgement is so dazeled, and distasted, that he growes violently impatient of any opposite happinesse in another.

PVNTARVOLO.

50 **A** Vaine-glorious Knight, ouer-Englishing his trauels, and wholly consecrated to singularity; the very Iacobs staffe of complement: a Sir, that hath liu'd to see the reuolution of time in most of his apparell. Of presence good ynough, but so palpably affected to his owne praise, that (for want of flatterers) he commends himselfe, to
55 the floutage of his owne family. He deales vpon returnes, and strange performances, resolving (in despite of publike derision) to sticke to his owne particuler fashion, phrase, and gesture.

CARLO BVFFONE.

60 **A** Publike, scurrilous, and prophane Iester; that (more swift then Circe) with absurd simile's will transforme any person into deformity. A good Feast-hound, or Banket-beagell, that will sent you out a supper some three mile off, and sweare to his Patrons (Dare him) hee came in Oures, when hee was but wafted ouer in a Sculler. A slaue, that hath an extraordinary gift in pleasing his palat,

65 *and will scill up more sacke at a sitting, then would make all the
Guard a posset. His religion is rayling, and his discourse ribaldry.
They stand highest in his respect, whom he studies most to reproch.*

FASTIDIVS BRISKE.

70 *A Neat, spruce, affecting Courtier, one that weares clothes well,
and in fashion; practiseth by his glasse how to salute; speakes
good remnants (notwithstanding the Base-cioll and Tabacco :)
sweares tersely, and with variety; cares not what Ladies fauour he
belyes, or great Mans familiarity: a good property to perfume the boot
of a coach. Hee will borrow another mans horse to praise, and
75 backs him as his owne. Or, for a neede, on foot can post himselfe into
credit with his marchant, only with the gingle of his spurre, and the
jerke of his wand.*

DELIRO.

80 *A Good doting Citizen, who (it is thought) might be of the com-
mon Councell for his wealth; a fellow sincerely besotted on his
owne wife, and so rapt with a conceit of her perfections, that he sim-
ply holds himselfe vncorthy of her. And in that hood-winkt hu-
mour, liues more like a suter then a husband; standing in as true
dread of her displeasure, as when he first made loue to her. He doth
85 sacrifice two-pence in iuniper to her, euery morning, before shee rises,
and wakes her, with villanous-out-of-tune musick, which shee out of
her contempt (though not out of her iudgement) is sure to dislike.*

FALLACE.

90 *Deliro's wife, and Idoll: a proud mincing Peat, and as peruerse
as he is officious. Shee dotes as perfectly vpon the Courtier, as her
husband doth on her, and only wants the face to be dishonest.*

SAVIOLINA.

*A Court Lady, whose weightiest praise is a light wit, admir'd by
her selfe, and one more, her seruant Briske.*

SOR-

95

SORDIDO.

A *Wretched hob-nail'd Chuffe, whose recreation, is reading of Almanacks ; and felicity, foule weather. One that neuer pray'd, but for a leane dearth, and euer wept in a fat haruest.*

FVNGOSO.

100 T *He sonne of Sordido, and a student : one that has reuel'd in his time, and followes the fashion a farre off, like a spie. He makes it the whole bent of his endeouours, to wring sufficient meanes from his wretched father, to put him in the Courtiers cut : at which he earnestly aimes, but so vnluckily, that he still lights short a sute.*

105

SOGLIARDO.

A *N essentiall Clowne, brother to Sordido, yet so enamour'd of the name of a Gentleman, that he will haue it, though he buyes it. He comes vp euery Terme to learne to take Tabacco, and see new Motions. He is in his kingdome when he can get himselfe into company, where he may be well laught at.*

SHIFT.

A *Thred-bare Sharke. One that neuer was Souldier, yet liues vpon lendings. His profession is skeldring and odling, his banke Poules, and his ware-house Piet-hatch. Takes vp single testons*
115 *vpon othes, till Doomes day. Falls vnder executions of three shillings, and enters into five-groat bonds. He way-layes the reports of seruices, and connes them without booke, damming himselfe he came new from them, when all the while he was taking the dyet in a bardy house, or lay paicn'd in his chamber for rent, and victuals. He is of*
120 *that admirable and happy memory, that he will salute one for an old acquaintance, that he neuer saw in his life before. He vsurps vpon cheats, quarrels, and robberies, which he neuer did, only to get him a name. His chiefe exercises are, taking the Whiffe, squiring a Cockatrice, and making priuy searches for Imparters.*

CLOVE

125

CLOVE and ORANGE.

A *N* inseparable case of Coarcombs, City-borne ; The Gemini or
 Twins of foppery ; that like a paire of wooden foyles, are fit for
 nothing, but to be practis'd vpon. Being well flutter'd, they'll lend
 money, and repent when they ha' done. Their glory is to invite Plaiers,
 130 and make suppers. And in company of better ranke (to auoide the su-
 spect of insufficiency) will inforce their ignorance, most desperately,
 to set vpon the cnderstanding of any thing. Orange is the more
 humorous of the two (whose small portion of iuyce being squeez'd out)
 Cloue serues to sticke him, with commendations.

135

CORDATVS.

The Authors friend ; A man inly acquainted with the scope and
 drift of his Plot : Of a discreet, and vnderstanding iudgement ;
 and has the place of a Moderator.

MITIS.

140 **I**s a person of no action, and therefore we haue reason to affoord
 him no Character.



EVERY



EVERY MAN OVT OF HIS HVMOVR.

After the second Sounding.

145

G R E X.

C O R D A T V S, A S P E R, M I T I S,



150

155

Ay, my deare ASPER,

M I T. Stay your mind :

A S P. Away.

Who is so patient of this impious world,
That he can checke his spirit, or reine his
tongue ?

Or who hath such a dead vnfeeling sense,
That heauens horrid thunders cānot wake?
To see the earth, crackt with the weight of
sinne,

Hell gaping vnder vs, and o're our heads
Blacke rau'nous ruine, with her saile-stretcht wings,
Ready to sinke vs downe, and couer vs.

160 Who can behold such prodigies as these,
And haue his lips seal'd vp ? not I : my soule
Was neuer ground into such oyly colours,
To flatter vice and daube iniquitie :
But (with an armed, and resolu'd hand)

165 Ile strip the ragged follies of the time,

Naked,

Naked, as at their birth : COR. (Be not too bold.

ASP. You trouble me) and with a whip of steele,
Print wounding lashes in their yron ribs.

I feare no mood stamp't in a priuate brow,

170 When I am pleas'd t'vnmaske a publicke vice.

I feare no strumpets drugs, nor ruffians stab,

Should I detect their hatefull luxuries ;

No brokers, vsurers, or lawyers gripe,

Were I dispos'd to say, they're all corrupt.

175 I feare no courtiers frowne, should I applaud

The easie flexure of his supple hammes.

Tut, these are so innate, and popular,

That drunken custome would not shame to laugh

(In scorne) at him, that should but dare to taxe'hem.

180 And yet, not one of these but knowes his workes,

Knowes what damnation is, the deuill, and hell,

Yet, howlerly they persist, grow ranke in sinne,

Puffing their soules away in perj'rous aire,

To cherish their extortion, pride, or lusts.

185 MIT. Forbeare, good ASPER, be not like your name.

ASP. O, but to such, whose faces are all zeale,

And (with the words of HERCVLES) invade

Such crimes as these ! that will not smell of sinne,

But seeme as they were made of Sanctitie !

190 Religion in their garments, and their haire

Cut shorter than their eye-browes ! when the conscience

Is vaster than the Ocean, and deuoures

More wretches than the Counters. MIT. Gentle ASPER,

Containe your spirit in more stricter bounds,

195 And be not thus transported with the violence

Of your strong thoughts. COR. Vnlesse your breath had power

To melt the world, and mould it new againe,

It is in vaine, to spend it in these moods.

Here hee makes adresse to the People.

200 ASP. I not obseru'd this thronged round till now.

Gracious, and kind spectators, you are welcome,

APOLLO, and the MVSES feast your eyes

With gracefull obiects, and may our MINERVA

Answer your hopes, vnto their largest straine.

205 Yet here, mistake me not, iudicious friends.

I doe not this, to begge your patience,

Or seruilely to fawne on your applause,

Like some drie braine, despairing in his merit :

Let me be censur'd, by th'austerest brow,

Where

- 210 Where I want arte, or iudgement, taxe me freely :
 Let envious Censors with their broadest eyes
 Looke through and through me ; I pursue no fauour.
 Onely vouchsafe me your attentions,
 And I will giue you musicke worth your eares.
- 215 O, how I hate the monstrosnesse of time,
 Where euery seruile imitating spirit,
 (Plagu'd with an itching leprosie of wit)
 In a meere halting fury, striues to fling
 His vlc'rous body in the *Thespian* spring,
- 220 And streight leap's forth a Poet ! but as lame
 As VULCAN, or the founder of Cripple-gate.
 MIT. In faith, this Humour will come ill to some,
 You will be thought to be too peremptory.
 ASP. This Humour ? good ; and why this Humour, MITIS ?
- 225 Nay doe not turne, but answere.
 MIT. Answere ? what ?
 ASP. I will not stirre your patience, pardon me,
 I vrg'd it for some reasons, and the rather
 To giue these ignorant well-spoken dayes,
- 230 Some taste of their abuse of this word Humour.
 COR. O doe not let your purpose fall, good ASPER,
 It cannot but arriue most acceptable,
 Chiefly to such, as haue the happinesse,
 Daily to see how the poore innocent word
- 235 Is rackt, and tortur'd. MIT. I ; I pray you proceede.
 ASP. Ha ? what ? what is't ?
 COR. For the abuse of Humour.
 ASP. O, I craue pardon, I had lost my thoughts.
 Why Humour (as 'tis *ens*) we thus define it
- 240 To be a quality of aire or water,
 And in it selfe holds these two properties,
 Moisture and fluxure : As, for demonstration,
 Powre water on this floore, 'twill wet and runne :
 Likewise the aire (forc't through a horne or trumpet)
- 245 Flowes instantly away, and leaues behind
 A kind of dew ; and hence we doe conclude,
 That what soe're hath fluxure, and humiditie,
 As wanting power to containe it selfe,
 Is Humour : so in euery humane body
- 250 The choller, melancholy, flegme, and bloud,
 By reason that they flow continually
 In some one part, and are not continent,
 Receiue the name of Humours. Now thus farre

- It may, by Metaphore, apply it selfe
 255 Vnto the generall disposition :
 As when some one peculiar quality
 Doth so possesse a man, that it doth draw
 All his affects, his spirits, and his powers,
 In their confluents, all to runne one way,
 260 This may be truly said to be a Humour.
 But that a Rooke, in wearing a pyed feather,
 The cable hat-band, or the three-pild ruffe,
 A yard of shoe-tie, or the *Switzers* knot
 On his *French* garters, should affect a Humour !
 265 O, 'tis more then most ridiculous.
 CORD. He speakes pure truth : now if an Idiot
 Haue but an apish, or phantasticke straine,
 It is his Humour. ASP. Well I will scourge those Apes ;
 And to these courteous eyes oppose a mirrour,
 270 As large as is the stage, whereon we act :
 Where they shall see the times deformity
 Anatomiz'd in euery nerue, and sinnew,
 With constant courage, and contempt of feare.
 MIT. ASPER (I vrge it as your friend) take heed,
 275 The dayes are dangerous, full of exception,
 And men are growne impatient of reproofe. ASP. Ha, ha :
 You might as well haue told me, yond' is heauen,
 This earth, these men ; and all had mou'd alike.
 Doe not I know the times condition ?
 280 Yes MITIS, and their soules, and who they be
 That either will, or can except against me.
 None, but a sort of fooles, so sicke in taste,
 That they contemne all phisicke of the mind,
 And like gald camels kicke at euery touch.
 285 Good men, and vertuous spirits, that lothe their vices,
 Will cherish my free labours, loue my lines,
 And with the feruour of their shining grace,
 Make my braine fruitfull to bring forth more obiects,
 Worthy their serious, and intentiue eyes.
 290 But why enforce I this, as fainting ? no.
 If any here chance to behold himselfe,
 Let him not dare to challenge me of wrong,
 For if he shame to haue his follies knowne,
 First he should shame to act'hem : my strict hand
 295 Was made to ceaze on vice, and with a gripe
 Crush out the humour of such spongie soules,
 As licke vp euery idle vanitie.

- CORD. Why this is right *Furor Poeticus* !
Kind gentlemen, we hope your patience
300 Will yet conceiue the best, or entertaine
This supposition, that a mad-man speakes.
ASP. What? are you ready there? MITIS sit downe :
And my CORDATVS. Sound hough, and begin.
I leaue you two, as censors, to sit here :
305 Obserue what I present, and liberally
Speake your opinions, vpon euery *Scene*,
As it shall passe the view of these spectators.
Nay, now, y'are tedious Sirs, for shame begin.
And MITIS, note me, if in all this front,
310 You can espy a gallant of this marke,
Who (to be thought one of the iudicious)
Sits with his armes thus wreath'd, his hat pull'd here,
Cryes meaw, and nods, then shakes his empty head,
Will shew more seuerall motions in his face,
315 Then the new *London, Rome, or Niniueh*,
And (now and then) breakes a drie bisquet iest,
Which that it may more easily be chew'd,
He steeps in his owne laughter. CORD. Why? will that
Make it be sooner swallow'd? ASP. O, assure you.
320 Or if it did not, yet as HORACE sings,
“ *Ieiunus raro stomachus vulgaria temnit*,
“ Meane cates are welcome still to hungry guests.
CORD. 'Tis true, but why should we obserue 'hem, ASPER?
ASP. O I would know 'hem, for in such assemblies,
325 Th'are more infectious then the pestilence :
And therefore I would giue them pills to purge,
And make 'hem fit for faire societies.
How monstrous, and detested is't, to see
A fellow, that has neither arte, nor braine,
330 Sit like an ARISTARCHVS, or starke-asse,
Taking mens lines, with a tabacco face,
In snuffe, still spitting, vsing his wryed lookes
(In nature of a vice) to wrest, and turne
The good aspect of those that shall sit neere him,
335 From what they doe behold ! O, 'tis most vile.
MIT. Nay, ASPER.
ASP. Peace, MITIS, I doe know your thought.
You'le say, your guests here will except at this :
Pish, you are too timorous, and full of doubt.
340 Then, he, a patient, shall reiect all physicke,
'Cause the physicion tels him, you are sicke :

- Or, if I say, That he is vicious,
 You will not heare of vertue. Come, y'are fond.
 Shall I be so extrauagant to thinke,
 345 That happy iudgements, and composed spirits,
 Will challenge me for taxing such as these?
 I am asham'd. CORD. Nay, but good pardon vs :
 We must not beare this peremptorie saile,
 But vse our best endeouours how to please.
- 350 ASP. Why, therein I commend your carefull thoughts,
 And I will mixe with you in industrie
 To please, but whom? attentue auditors,
 Such as will ioine their profit with their pleasure,
 And come to feed their vnderstanding parts :
 355 For these, Ile prodigally spend my selfe,
 And speake away my spirit into ayre ;
 For these, Ile melt my braine into inuention,
 Coine new conceits, and hang my richest words
 As polisht jewels in their bounteous eares.
- 360 But stay, I loose my selfe, and wrong their patience ;
 If I dwell here, they'le not begin, I see :
 Friends sit you still, and entertaine this troupe
 With some familiar, and by-conference,
 Ile haste them sound. Now gentlemen, I goe
- 365 To turne an actor, and a Humorist,
 Where (ere I doe resume my present person)
 We hope to make the circles of your eyes
 Flow with distilled laughter : if we faile,
 We must impute it to this onely chance,
- 370 " *Arte* hath an enemy cal'd *Ignorance*.
 CORD. How doe you like his spirit, MITIS?
 MIT. I should like it much better, if he were lesse confident.
 CORD. Why, doe you suspect his merit?
 MIT. No, but I feare this will procure him much enuie.
- 375 CORD. O, that sets the stronger seale on his desert, if he had no enemies,
 I should esteeme his fortunes most wretched at this instant.
 MIT. You haue seene his play, CORDATVS? pray you, how is't?
 CORD. Faith sir, I must refraine to iudge, only this I can say of it, 'tis
 strange, and of a particular kind by it selfe, somewhat like *Vetus Comædia*:
 380 a worke that hath bounteously pleased me, how it will answere the generall
 expectation, I know not.
- MIT. Does he obserue all the lawes of *Comedie* in it?
 CORD. What lawes meane you?
 MIT. Why, the equall diuision of it into *Acts*, and *Scenes*, according
 385 to the *Terentian* manner, his true number of Actors ; the furnishing of the
Scene

Scene with GREX, or CHORVS, and that the whole Argument fall within compasse of a dayes busnesse.

CORD. O no, these are too nice obseruations.

MIT. They are such as must be receiued, by your fauour, or it cannot
390 be authentique.

CORD. Troth, I can discerne no such necessity.

MIT. No?

CORD. No, I assure you, Signior. If those lawes you speake of, had
beene deliuered vs, *ab initio*, and in their present vertue and perfection,
395 there had beene some reason of obeying their powers: but 'tis extant, that
that which we call *Comædia*, was at first nothing but a simple, and continued
Song, sung by one only person, till SVSARIO inuented a second,
after him EPICHARMVS a third; PHORMVS, and CHIONIDES de-
uis'd to haue foure Actors, with a *Prologue* and *Chorus*; to which CRA-
400 TIVS (long after) added a fift, and sixt; EVPOLIS more; ARISTO-
PHANES more then they: euery man in the dignitie of his spirit and
iudgement, supply'd some-thing. And (though that in him this kinde of
Poeme appeared absolute, and fully perfected) yet how is the face of it
chang'd since, in MENANDER, PHILEMON, CECILIUS, PLAVTVS,
405 and the rest; who haue vtterly excluded the *Chorus*, altered the property
of the persons, their names, and natures, and augmented it with all liber-
ty, according to the eleganciè and disposition of those times, wherein they
wrote? I see not then, but we should enioy the same licence, or free power,
to illustrate and heighten our inuention as they did; and not bee tyed to
410 those strict and regular formes, which the nicenesse of a few (who are no-
thing but forme) would thrust vpon vs.

MIT. Well, we will not dispute of this now: but what's his *Scene*?

COR. Marry, *Insula Fortunata*, Sir.

MIT. O, the fortunate Iland? masse, he has bound himselfe to a strict
415 law there.

COR. Why so?

MIT. He cannot lightly alter the *Scene*, without crossing the seas.

COR. He needs not, hauing a whole Iland to run through, I thinke.

MIT. No? how comes it then, that in some one Play we see so many
420 seas, countries, and kingdomes, past ouer with such admirable dexteritie?

COR. O, that but shewes how well the Authors can trauaile in their
vocation, and out-run the apprehension of their auditorie. But leauing
this, I would they would begin once: this protraction is able to sowre the
best-settled patience in the Theatre.

425 MIT. They haue answered your wish Sir: they sound.

CORD. O, here comes the *Prologue*: Now sir! if you had staid a little
longer, I meant to haue spoke your prologue for you, I faith.

*The third sounding.**P R O L O G U E.*

- 430 PROL. Mary, with all my heart, Sir, you shall doe it yet, and I thanke
you.
CORD. Nay, nay, stay, stay, heare you?
PROL. You could not haue studied to ha' done me a greater benefit
at the instant, for I protest to you, I am vnperfect, and (had I spoke it) I
435 must of necessity haue beene out.
CORD. Why, but doe you speake this seriously?
PROL. Seriously! I (wit's my helpe doe I) and esteeme my selfe in-
debted to your kindnesse for it.
CORD. For what?
440 PROL. Why, for vndertaking the prologue for me.
CORD. How? did I vndertake it for you?
PROL. Did you! I appeale to all these gentlemen, whether you did or
no? Come, it pleases you to cast a strange looke on't now; but 'twill not
serue.
445 CORD. 'Fore me, but it must serue: and therefore speake your pro-
logue.
PROL. And I doe, let me die poyson'd with some venemous hisse, and
neuer liue to looke as high as the two-penny roome againe.
MIT. He has put you to it, sir.
450 COR. Sdeath, what a humorous fellow is this? Gentlemen, good
faith I can speake no prologue, howsoeuer his weake wit has had the for-
tune to make this strong vse of me, here before you: but I protest——

C A R L O B V F F O N E.

*He enters with
a boy, and wine.*

- CARL. Come, come, leaue these fustian protestations: away, come, I
cannot abide these gray-headed ceremonies. Boy, fetch me a glasse, quick-
ly, I may bid these gentlemen welcome; giue 'hem a health here: I marl'e
whose wit 'twas to put a prologue in yon'd sack-butts mouth: they might
well thinke hee'd be out of tune, and yet you'd play vpon him too.
CORD. Hang him, dull blocke.
460 CARL. O good words, good words, a well-timberd fellow, he would
ha' made a good columne, and he had beene thought on, when the house
was a building. O, art thou come? well said; giue mee boy,
fill, so. Here's a cup of wine sparkles like a diamond. Gentle-
women (I am sworne to put them in first) and Gentlemen, a round,
465 in place of a bad prologue, I drinke this good draught to your
health here, *Canarie*, the very *Elixir* and spirit of wine. This
is that our *Poet* calls *Castalian* liquor, when hee comes abroad (now
and

and then) once in a fortnight, and makes a good meale among Players,
 where he has *Caninum appetitum*: mary, at home he keepes a good philo-
 470 sophicall diet, beanes and butter milke: an honest pure Rogue, hee will
 take you off three, foure, fve of these, one after another, and looke vilo-
 nously when he has done,like a one-headed CERBERVS (he do' not heare
 me I hope) and then (when his belly is well ballac't, and his braine rigg'd
 a little) he sailes away withall, as though he would worke wonders when
 475 he comes home. He has made a Play here, and he calls it, *Euery Man out of*
his humour: Sbloud, and he get me out of the humour hee has put mee in,
 Ile trust none of his Tribe againe, while I liue. Gentles, all I can say
 for him, is, you are welcome. I could wish my bottle here amongst you:
 but there's an old rule, *No pledging your owne health*. Mary, if any here be
 480 thirsty for it, their best way (that I know) is, sit still, seale vp their lips, and
 drinke so much of the play, in at their eares. *Exit.*

G R E X.

MIT. What may this fellow be, CORDATVS?

COR. Faith, if the time will suffer his description, Ile giue it you. He
 485 is one, the Author calls him CARLO BVFFONE, an impudent common
 iester, a violent rayler, and an incomprehensible *Epicure*; one, whose com-
 pany is desir'd of all men, but belou'd of none; hee will sooner lose his
 soule then a iest, and prophane euen the most holy things, to excite laugh-
 ter: no honorable or reuerend personage whatsoeuer, can come within
 490 the reach of his eye, but is turn'd into all manner of varietie, by his adul-
 t'rate *simile's*.

MIT. You paint forth a monster.

COR. He will preferre all Countries before his natiue, and thinkes he
 can neuer sufficiently, or with admiration enough, deliuer his affectionate
 495 conceit of forraine Atheistical policies: but stay--Obserue these, hee'le ap-
 peare himselfe anon.

MIT. O, this is your enuious man (MACILENTE) I thinke.

COR. The same, sir.

Act I. Scene I.

500 MACILENTE.

V *Iri est, fortunæ cæcitatem faciliè ferre.*
 Tis true; but, Stoique, where (in the vast world)
 Doth that man breathe, that can so much command
 His bloud, and his affection? well: I see,
 505 I striue in vaine to cure my wounded soule;
 For euery cordiall that my thoughts apply,
 Turnes to a cor'siue, and doth eate it farder.
 There is no taste in this Philosophie,
 Tis like a potion that a man should drinke,

- 510 But turnes his stomacke with the sight of it.
 I am no such pild *Cinique*, to belecue
 That beggery is the onely happinesse ;
 Or (with a number of these patient fooles)
 To sing : *My minde to me a kingdome is*,
 515 When the lanke hungrie belly barks for foode.
 I looke into the world, and there I meet
 With obiects, that doe strike my bloud-shot eyes
 Into my braine : where, when I view my selfe ;
 Hauing before obseru'd, this man is great,
 520 Mighty, and fear'd : that, lou'd and highly fauour'd :
 A third, thought wise and learned : a fourth, rich,
 And therefore honor'd : a fifth, rarely featur'd :
 A sixth, admir'd for his nuptiall fortunes :
 When I see these (I say) and view my selfe,
 525 I wish the organs of my sight were crackt ;
 And that the engine of my grieve could cast
 Mine eye-balls, like two globes of wild-fire forth,
 To melt this vnproportion'd frame of nature.
 Oh, they are thoughts that haue transfixt my heart,
 530 And often (i' the strength of apprehension)
 Made my cold passion stand vpon my face,
 Like drops of dew on a stiffe cake of yce.

G R E X.

- COR. This alludes well to that of the Poet,
 535 *Inuidus suspirat, gemit, incutitq̃, dentes,*
Sudat frigidus, intuens quod odit.

MIT. O peace, you breake the *Scene*.

MACI. Soft, who be these ?

I'le lay me downe a while till they be past.

540 *G R E X.*

COR. Signior, note this gallant, I pray you.

MIT. What is he ?

COR. A tame Rooke, youle take him presently : List.

Act I. Scene II.

- 545 SOGLIARDO, CARLO BUFFONE,
 MACILENTE.

N Ay looke you CARLO: this is my Humour now ! I haue land and
 money, my friends left me well, and I will be a Gentleman what-
 soeuer it cost me.

CAR

550 SOG. Tut, and I take an humour of a thing once, I am like your taylors needle, I goe through : but, for my name, Signior, how thinke you ? will it not serue for a gentlemans name, when the Signior is put to it ? Ha ?

CAR. Let me heare : how is't ?

SOG. *Signior Insulso Sogliardo* : me thinkes it sounds well.

555 CAR. O excellent ! tut, and all fitted to your name, you might very well stand for a gentleman : I know many *Sogliardos* gentlemen.

SOG. Why, and for my wealth I might be a Iustice of Peace.

CAR. I, and a Constable for your wit.

SOG. All this is my Lordship you see here, and those Farmes you
560 came by.

CAR. Good steps to gentility too, mary : but SOGLIARDO, if you affect to be a gentleman indeede, you must obserue all the rare qualities, humours, and complements of a gentleman.

SOG. I know it, signior, and if you please to instruct, I am not too
565 good to learne, Ile assure you.

CAR. Inough sir : Ile make admirable vse i'the proiection of my medicine vpon this lump of copper here. Ile bethinke me, for you sir.

SOG. Signior, I will both pay you, and pray you, and thanke you, and thinke on you.

570 *G R E X.*

CORD. Is not this purely good ?

MACIL. Sbloud, why should such a prick-card hine as this,
Be rich ? Ha ? a foole ? such a transparent gull
That may be seene through ? wherefore should he haue land,

575 Houses, and lordships ? O, I could eate my entrailes,
And sinke my soule into the earth with sorrow.

CAR. First (to be an accomplit gentleman, that is, a gentleman of the time) you must giue o're house-keeping in the countrey, and liue altogether in the city amongst gallants ; where, at your first apparance,
580 'twere good you turn'd foure or fiue hundred acres of your best land into two or three trunks of apparel (you may doe it without going to a coniu-
rer) and be sure, you mixe your selfe stil, with such as flourish in the spring of the fashion, and are least popular ; studie their carriage, and behaiour in all : learne to play at *Primero* and *Passage*, and (euer when you lose)
585 ha'two or three peculiar othes to sweare by, that no man else sweares : but about all, protest in your play, and affirme, *Vpon your credit ; As you are a true gentleman* (at euery cast) you may doe it with a safe conscience, I warrant you.

SOG. O admirable rare ! he cannot choose but be a gentleman, that
590 ha's these excellent gifts : more, more, I beseech you.

CAR. You must endeouour to feede cleanly at your Ordinarie, sit melancholy, and picke your teeth when you cannot speake : and when you come to Playes, be humorous, looke with a good startch't face, and ruffle
your

your brow like a new boot; laugh at nothing but your owne iests, or else
505 as the Noblemen laugh. That's a speciall grace you must obserue.

SOG. I warrant you, sir.

CAR. I, and sit o'the stage, and flout: provided, you haue a good suit.

SOG. O, I'll haue a suit only for that, sir.

CAR. You must talke much of your kinred, and allies.

600 SOG. Lies! no Signior, I shall not neede to doe so, I haue kinred i'the city to talke of: I haue a neece is a marchants wife; and a nephew, my brother SORDIDOS sonne, of the Innes of Court.

CAR. O, but you must pretend alliance with Courtiers and great persons: and euer when you are to dine or suppe in any strange presence, hire
605 a fellow with a great chaine (though it be copper it's no matter) to bring you letters, feign'd from such a Nobleman, or such a Knight, or such a Ladie, *To their worshipfull, right rare, and noble qualified friend or kinsman, Signior Insulso Sogliardo*, giue your selfe stile enough. And there (while you intend circumstances of newes, or enquiry of their health, or
610 so) one of your familiars (whom you must carry about you still) breakes it vp (as 'twere in a iest) and reades it publikey at the table: at which, you must seeme to take as vnpardonable offence, as if he had torne your Mistris colours, or breath'd vpon her picture; and pursue it with that hot grace, as if you would aduance a challenge vpon it presently.

615 SOG. Stay, I doe not like that humour of challenge, it may be accepted; but I'll tell you what's my humour now: I will doe this. I will take occasion of sending one of my suites to the Taylors to haue the pocket repaired, or so; and there such a letter, as you talke of (broke open and all) shall be left: O, the Taylor vvill presently giue out what I am, vpon
620 the reading of it, vvorth twentie of your Gallants.

CAR. But then you must put on an extreme face of discontentment at your mans negligence.

SOG. O, so I vvill, and beat him too: I'll haue a man for the purpose.

MACIL. You may; you haue land and crownes: O partiall fate!

625 CARL. Masse well remembred, you must keepe your men gallant, at the first, fine pyed lueries, laid vvith good gold lace, there's no losse in it, they may rip't off and pawne it, vvhen they lacke victuals.

SOG. By'r Ladie, that is chargeable Signior, 'twill bring a man in debt.

CAR. Debt? why, that's the more for your credit sir: it's an excellent
630 policy to owe much in these daies, if you note it.

SOG. As how good Signior? I would faine be a Polititian.

CAR. O! looke where you are indebted any great summe, your creditor obserues you with no lesse regard, then if hee were bound to you for some huge benefit, and will quake to giue you the least cause of offence,
635 lest he loose his money. I assure you (in these times) no man has his seruant more obsequious and pliant, then gentlemen their creditors: to whom (if at any time) you pay but a moitie, or a fourth part, it comes more acceptedly, then if you gaue hem a new-yeares gift.

SOG.

SOG. I perceiue you, sir: I will take vp, and bring my selfe in credit
640 sure.

CAR. Mary this, alwaies beware you commerce not with bankrupts,
or poore needie *Ludgathians*: they are impudent creatures, turbulent spi-
rits, they care not what violent tragedies they stirre, nor how they play
fast and loose with a poore gentlemans fortunes, to get their owne. Mary,
645 these rich fellowes (that ha' the vworld, or the better part of it, sleeping in
their counting-houses) they are ten times more placable, they; either feare,
hope, or modestie, restraines them from offering any outrages: but this is
nothing to your followers, you shall not run a penny more in arrerage for
them, and you list your selfe.

650 SOG. No? how should I keepe 'hem then?

CAR. Keepe 'hem? Sbloud let them keepe themselues, they are no
sheepe, are they? What? you shall come in houses, where plate, apparrell,
jewels, and diuers other pretie commodities lye negligently scattered, and
I would ha' those *Mercuries* follow me (I trow) should remember they had
655 not their fingers for nothing.

SOG. That's not so good, me thinkes.

CAR. Why, after you haue kept 'hem a fortnight, or so, and shew'd
'hem ynough to the world, you may turne 'hem away, and keepe no more
but a boy, it's ynough.

660 SOG. Nay, my humour is not for boyes, Ile keepe men, and I keepe a-
ny; and Ile giue coats, that's my humour: but I lacke a cullisen.

CAR. Why, now you ride to the citie, you may buy one, Ile bring
you where you shall ha' your choise for money.

SOG. Can you, sir?

665 CAR. O, I: you shall haue one take measure of you, and make you a
Coat of armes, to fit you of vvhath fashion you vwill.

SOG. By word of mouth, I thanke you, Signior; Ile be once a little
prodigall in a humour, i' faith, and haue a most prodigious coat.

MACI. Torment and death! breake head and braine at once,
670 To be deliuer'd of your fighting issue.

Who can endure to see blinde *Fortune* dote thus?

To be enamour'd on this dustie turfe?

This clod? a whorson puck-fist? O god, god, god, &c.

I could runne wild vwith grieve now, to behold

675 The ranknesse of her bounties, that doth breed
Such bull-rushes; these mushrompe gentlemen,
That shoot vp in a night to place, and vvorship.

CAR. Let him alone, some stray, some stray.

SOG. Nay, I will examine him before I goe, sure.

680 CAR. The Lord of the soile ha's al vvests, and straies here? ha's he not?

SOG. Yes, sir.

CAR. Faith, then I pittie the poore fellow, he's falne into a fooles
hands.

SOG.

- SOG. Sirrah, who gaue you commission to lye in my lordship?
- 685 MACI. Your lordship?
- SOG. How? my lordship? doe you know me, sir?
- MACI. I doe know you, sir.
- CAR. S'heart, he answeres him like an *eccho*.
- SOG. Why, who am I, Sir?
- 690 MACI. One of those that fortune fauours.
- CAR. The *Periphrasis* of a foole; Ile obserue this better.
- SOG. That fortune fauours? how meane you that, friend?
- MACI. I meane simply. That you are one that liues not by your wits.
- 695 SOG. By my wits? No sir, I scorne to liue by my wits, I. I haue better meanes, I tell thee, then to take such base courses, as to liue by my wits. Sbloud, doest thou thinke I liue by my wits?
- MACI. Me thinkes, Iester, you should not relish this well.
- CAR. Ha? does he know me?
- 700 MACI. Though yours bee the worst vse a man can put his wit to, of thousands, to prostitute it at euery tauerne and ordinarie; yet (mee thinkes) you should haue turn'd your broad side at this, and haue bene readie with an *Apologie*, able to sinke this hulke of ignorance into the bottome, and depth of his contempt.
- 705 CAR. Sbloud 'tis MACILENTE! Signior, you are well encountred, how is't? O, we must not regard what hee saies man, a trout, a shallow foole, he ha's no more braine then a butter-flie, a meere stuf suit, he looks like a mustie bottle, new vvickerd, his head's the corke, light, light. I am glad to see you so well return'd, Signior.
- 710 MACI. You are? Gramercie, good IANVS.
- SOG. Is he one of your acquaintance? I loue him the better for that.
- CAR. Gods precious, come away man, what doe you meane? and you knew him as I doe, you'd shun him, as you'd doe the plague?
- SOG. Why, sir?
- 715 CAR. O, hee's a blacke fellow, take heed on him.
- SOG. Is he a Scholler, or a Souldier?
- CAR. Both, both; a leane mungrell, he lookes as if he were chafalne, with barking at other mens good fortunes: 'ware how you offend him, he carries oile and fire in his pen, vvill scald vvhere it drops: his spirit's like powder, quick, violent: hee'le blow a man vp with a jest: I feare him vvorse then a rotten wall do's the cannon, shake an houre after, at the report. Away, come not neere him.
- SOG. For Gods sake let's be gone, and he be a Scholler, you know I cannot abide him, I had as leeuie see a Cockatrice, specially as cockatrices
- 725 goe now.
- CAR. What, you'le stay, signior? this gentleman SOGLIARDO, and I, are to visit the knight PVNTARVOLO, and from thence to the citie, wee shall meet there.

MACI.

- MACI. I, vwhen I cannot shun you, vve will meet.
 730 'Tis strange ! of all the creatures I haue seene,
 I enuie not this BVFFOX, for indeede
 Neither his fortunes, nor his parts deserue it :
 But I doe hate him, as I hate the deuill,
 Or that brasse-visag'd monster *Barbarisme*.
 735 O, 'tis an open-throated, black-mouth'd curre,
 That bites at all, but eates on those that feed him.
 A slaue, that to your face will (serpent-like)
 Creepe on the ground, as he would eate the dust ;
 And to your backe will turne the taile, and sting
 740 More deadly then a scorpion : Stay, who's this ?
 Now for my soule, another minion
 Of the old lady *Chance's* : I'le obserue him.

Act I. Scene III.

SORDIDO, MACILENTE, HINE.

- 745 **O** Rare ! good, good, good, good, good ! I thanke my Starres, I
 thanke my Starres for it.
 MACI. Said I not true ? doth not his passion speake
 Out of my diuination ? O my senses,
 Why loose you not your powers, and become
 750 Dull'd, if not deadded vvith this spectacle ?
 I know him, 'tis SORDIDO, the farmer,
 A Boore, and brother to that swine vvas here.
 SORD. Excellent, excellent, excellent ! as I vvould wish, as I vvould
 vvish.
 755 MACI. See how the strumpet *Fortune* tickles him,
 And makes him swoune vvith laughter, ô, ô, ô.
 SORD. Ha, ha, ha, I vvill not sow my grounds this yeere. Let mee see,
 vvhat haruest shall vve haue ? *Iune, Iuly, August* ?
 MACI. What is't, a Prognostication rap's him so ?
 760 SORD. The xx, xxi, xxij, daies, raine and vvinde, O good, good ! the
 xxij, and xxiiij, raine and some winde, good ! the xxv, raine, good still !
 xxvi, xxvij, xxviiij, winde and some raine ; vvould it had beene raine and
 some vvinde : vvell 'tis good (when it can be no better) xxix, inclining to
 raine : inclining to raine ? that's not so good now. xxx, and xxxi, vvinde
 765 and no raine : no raine ? S'lid stay ; this is vvorse and vvorse : what saies
 he of *S. Swithins* ? turne back, looke, *S. Swithins* : no raine ?
 MACI. O, here's a precious durty damned rogue,
 That fats himselfe vvith expectation
 Of rotten weather, and vnseason'd howers ;
 770 And he is rich for it, an elder brother !

His

His barnes are full ! his reekes, and mowes vvell trod !
 His garners cracke vvith store ! O, tis vvell ; ha, ha, ha :
 A plague consume thee, and thy house.

SORD. O here, *S. Swilkins*, the xv day, variable vveather, for the most
 775 part raine, good ; for the most part raine : Why, it should raine fortie daies
 after, now, more or lesse, it vvas a rule held, afore I vvas able to hold a
 plough, and yet here are two daies, no raine ; ha ? it makes me muse. Weele
 see how the next moneth begins, if that bee better. *September*, first, se-
 cond, third, and fourth daies, rainy, and blustering ; this is vvell now :
 780 fift, sixt, seuenth, eight, and ninth, rainy, vvith some thunder ; I mary,
 this is excellent ; the other was false printed sure : the tenth, and eleuenth,
 great store of raine ; O good, good, good, good, good ! the twelth, thir-
 teenth, and fourteenth daies, raine ; good still : fifteenth, and sixteenth,
 raine ; good still : seuenteenth, and eighteenth, raine, good still ; nineteenth,
 785 and twentieth, good still, good still, good still, good still, good still ! one
 and twentieth, some raine ; some raine ? vvell, vve must be patient, and at-
 tend the heauens pleasure, vvould it vvere more though : the one and
 tvventieth, tvvo and tvventieth, three and tvventieth, great tempest of
 raine, thunder, and lightning.

790 O good againe, past expectation good !
 I thanke my blessed angell ; neuer, neuer,
 Laid I penny better out, then this,
 To purchase this deare booke : not deare for price,
 And yet of me as dearely priz'd as life,
 795 Since in it, is contain'd the very life,
 Bloud, strength, and sinnewes of my happinesse.
 Blest be the houre, vvherein I bought this booke,
 His studies happy, that compos'd the booke,
 And the man fortunate, that sold the booke.
 800 Sleepe vvith this charme, and be as true to me,
 As I am ioy'd, and confident in thee.

*The Hine enters
 with a paper.*

MACI. Ha, ha, ha ? I' not this good ? Is't not pleasing this ?
 Ha, ha, ha ! God pardon me ! ha, ha !
 Is't possible that such a spacious villaine
 805 Should liue, and not be plagu'd ? or lies he hid
 Within the vvrinckled bosome of the vvorld,
 Where heauen cannot see him ? Sbloud (me thinkes)
 'Tis rare, and strange, that he should breathe, and vvalke,
 Feede vvith digestion, sleepe, enjoy his health,
 810 And (like a boist'rous vvhale, svvalloving the poore)
 Still swimme in vvealth, and pleasure ! is't not strange ?
 Vnlesse his house, and skin were thunder-prooffe,
 I vvonder at it ! Me thinkes, novv, the hecticke,
 Gout, leprosie, or some such loth'd disease
 815 Might light vpon him ; or that fire (from heauen)

Might

- Might fall vpon his barnes ; or mice, and rats
 Eate vp his graine ; or else that it might rot
 Within the hoary reekes, e'ne as it stands :
 Me thinkes this might be well ; and after all
 820 The deuill might come and fetch him. I, 'tis true !
 Meane time he surfets in prosperitie,
 And thou (in enuie of him) gnaw'st thy selfe,
 Peace, foole, get hence, and tell thy vexed spirit,
 " Wealth in this age will scarcely looke on merit.
 825 SORD. Who brought this same, sirha ?
 HINE. Mary, sir, one of the Iustices men, he saies'tis a precept, and all
 their hands be at it :
 SORD. I, and the prints of them sticke in my flesh,
 Deeper then i'th letters : They haue sent me
 830 Pils wrapt in paper here, that should I take 'hem,
 Would poison all the sweetnesse of my booke,
 And turne my honey into hemlocke iuyce.
 But I am wiser then to serue their precepts,
 Or follow their prescriptions. Here's a deuice,
 835 To charge me bring my graine vnto the markets :
 I, much, when I haue neither barne nor garner,
 Nor earth to hide it in, I'll bring it ; till then,
 Ech corne I send shall be as big as *Paules*.
 O, but (say some) the poore are like to starue.
 840 Why let 'hem starue, what's that to me ? are bees
 Bound to keepe life in drones, and idle moths ? no :
 Why such are these (that terme themselues the poore,
 Only because they would be pittied,
 But are indeed a sort of lazie beggers)
 845 Licencious rogues, and sturdie vagabonds,
 Bred (by the sloth of a fat plentious yeere)
 Like snakes, in heat of summer, out of dung,
 And this is all that these cheape times are good for :
 Whereas a holosome, and penurious dearth
 850 Purges the soile of such vile excrements,
 And kils the vipers vp. HINE. O, but master,
 Take heed they heare you not. SORD. Why so ?
 HINE. They will exclaime against you. SORD. I, their exclames
 Moue me as much, as thy breath moues a mountaine !
 855 Poore wormes, they hisse at me, whilst I at home
 Can be contented to applaud my selfe,
 To sit and clap my hands, and laugh, and leape,
 Knocking my head against my roofe, with ioy
 To see how plumpe my bags are, and my barnes.
 860 Sirrah, goe, hie you home, and bid your fellowes,

Get all their flailles readie, again' I come. HINE. I will, Sir.

- SORD. I'll instantly set all my hines to thrashing
Of a whole reeke of corne, which I will hide
Vnder the ground ; and with the straw thereof
865 I'll stuffe the out-sides of my other mowes :
That done, I'll haue 'hem emptie all my garneres,
And i' the friendly earth bury my store,
That, when the searchers come, they may suppose
All's spent, and that my fortunes were belied.
870 And, to lend more opinion to my want,
And stop that many-mouthed vulgar dog,
(Which else would still be baying at my dore)
Each market day, I will be seene to buy
Part of the purest wheat, as for my household :
875 Where when it comes, it shall encrease my heapes,
Twill yeeld me treble gaine, at this deare time,
Promisd in this deare booke : I haue cast all.
Till then I will not sell an eare, I'll hang first.
O, I shall make my prizes as I list,
880 My house and I can feed on pease, and barley,
What though a world of wretches starue the while?
" He that will thrue, must thinke no courses vile.

G R E X.

- COR. Now, Signior, how approue you this? haue the Humorists ex-
885 prest themselues truly or no?

MIT. Yes (if it be well prosecuted) 'tis hitherto happy ynough : but
me thinks, MACILENTE went hence too soone, hee might haue beene
made to stay, and speake somewhat in reproofe of SORDIDO'S wretched-
nesse, now at the last.

- 890 COR. O, no, that had beene extremely improper, besides, he had con-
tinued the *Scene* too long with him, as't was, being in no more action.

MIT. You may enforce the length, as a necessary reason ; but for pro-
priety, the *Scene* would very well haue borne it, in my iudgement.

COR. O, worst of both : why, you mistake his Humour vtterly then.

- 895 MIT. How? doe I mistake it? is't not enuie?

COR. Yes, but you must vnderstand, Signior, he enuies him not as he
is a villaine, a wolfe i' the common-wealth, but as he is rich, and fortunate;
for the true condition of enuie, is, *Dolor alienæ felicitatis*, to haue our eyes
continually fixt vpon another mans prosperitie, that is, his chiefe happi-
900 nesse, and to grieue at that. Whereas, if we make his monstrous, and ab-
hord actions our obiect, the grieue (we take then) comes neerer the na-
ture of hate, then enuie, as being bred out of a kinde of contempt and
lothing, in our selues.

MIT. So you'll infer it had beene hate, not enuie in him, to repre-
hend

905 hend the humour of SORDIDO?

COR. Right, for what a man truly enuies in another, he could alwaies loue, and cherish in himselfe: but no man truly reprehends in another, what he loues in himselfe; therefore reprehension is out of his hate. And this distinction hath he himselfe made in a speech there (if you markt

910 it) where he saies, *I enuie not this BVFFON, but I hate him.*

MIT. Stay, sir: *I enuie not this BVFFON, but I hate him*: why might he not as well haue hated SORDIDO, as him?

COR. No, sir, there was subiect for his enuie in SORDIDO; his wealth: So was there not in the other. He stood possest of no one eminent gift, but
915 a most odious, and fiend-like disposition, that would turne charitie it selfe into hate, much more enuie, for the present.

MIT. You haue satisfied mee, sir; O, here comes the Foole and the Iester, againe, methinkes.

COR. 'Twere pittie they should be parted, sir.

920 MIT. What bright-shining gallant's that with them? the knight they went to?

COR. No, sir, this is one Monsieur FASTIDIVS BRISKE, otherwise cal'd the fresh Frencheified courtier.

MIT. A humorist too?

925 COR. As humorous as quick-siluer, doe but obserue him, the *Scene* is the country still, remember.

Act II. Scene I.

FAST. BRISKE, CINEDO, CARLO BVFFONE,
SOGLIARDO.

930 CINEDO, watch when the knight comes, and giue vs word.

CINE. I will, sir.

FAST. How lik'st thou my boy, CARLO?

CAR. O, well, well. He lookes like a colonell of the *Pigmies* horse, or one of these motions, in a great antique clock: he would shew well vp-
935 on a habberdashers stall, at a corner shop, rarely.

FAST. S'heart, what a damn'd witty rogue's this? how he confounds with his *simile's*?

CARL. Better with *simile's*, then smiles: and whither were you riding now, Signior?

940 FAST. Who, I? what a silly iest's that? whither should I ride, but to the court?

CARL. O, pardon me, sir, twentie places more: your hot-house, or your whore-house——

FAST. By the vertue of my soule, this knight dwels in *Elizium*, here.

945 CARL. Hee's gone now, I thought he would flie out presently. These be our nimble-spirited *Catso's*, that ha' their euasions at pleasure, will run

ouer a bog like your wild *Irish* : no sooner started, but they'le leape from one thing to another, like a squirrell, heigh : dance ! and doe tricks i' their discourse, from fire to water, from water to aire, from aire to earth, as if
 950 their tongues did but e'en licke the foure elements ouer, and away.

FAST. Sirrha, CARLO, thou neuer saw'st my grey-hobbie yet, didst thou ?

CARL. No : ha'you such a one ?

FAST. The best in *Europe* (my good villaine) thoul't say, when thou
 955 seest him.

CARL. But when shall I see him ?

FAST. There was a noble man i' the court offered me 100. pound for him, by this light : a fine little fiery slaue, he runs like a (oh) excellent, excellent ! with the very sound of the spurre.

960 CARL. How ? the sound of the spurre ?

FAST. O, it's your only humour now extant, sir : a good gingle, a good gingle.

CARL. Sbloud, you shall see him turne morris-dancer, he ha's got him bels, a good sute, and a hobby-horse.

965 SOGL. Signior, now you talke of a hobby-horse, I know where one is, will not be giuen for a brace of angels.

FAST. How is that, Sir ?

SOGL. Mary, sir, I am telling this gentleman of a hobby-horse, it was my fathers indeed, and (though I say it——

970 CARL. That should not say it) on, on.

SOGL. He did dance in it, with as good humour, and as good regard, as any man of his degree whatsoeuer, being no gentleman : I haue danc't in it my selfe too.

CARL. Not since the humour of gentilitie was vpon you ? did you ?

975 SOGL. Yes, once ; mary, that was but to shew what a gentleman might doe, in a humour.

CARL. O, very good.

G R E X.

MIT. Why, this fellowes discourse were nothing, but for the word
 980 Humour.

COR. O, beare with him, and he should lacke matter, and words too, 'twere pittifull.

SOG. Nay, looke you, sir, there's ne're a gentleman i' the countrey has the like humours, for the hobby-horse, as I haue ; I haue the method
 985 for the threeding of the needle and all, the——

CAR. How, the method.

SOG. I, the leigeritie for that, and the wigh-hie, and the daggers in the nose, and the trauels of the egge from finger to finger, all the humours incident to the quality. The horse hangs at home in my parlor. I'le keepe
 990 it for a monument, as long as I liue, sure.

CAR.

CAR. Doe so ; and when you die, 'twill be an excellent trophée, to hang ouer your tombe.

SOG. Masse, and I'll haue a tombe (now I thinke on't) 'tis but so much charges.

995 CAR. Best build it in your life time then, your heires may hap to forget it else.

SOG. Nay, I meane so, Ile not trust to them.

CAR. No, for heires, and executors, are growne damnably carelesse, specially, since the ghosts of testators left walking : how like you him,
1000 Signior ?

FAST. 'Fore heauens, his humour arrides me exceedingly.

CAR. Arrides you ?

FAST. I, pleases me (a pox on't) I am so haunted at the court, and at my lodging, with your refin'd choise spirits, that it makes me cleane of an-
1005 other garbe, another sheafe, I know not how ! I cannot frame me to your harsh vulgar phrase, 'tis against my *genius*.

SOG. Signior CARLO.

G R E X.

COR. This is right to that of HORACE, *Dum vitant stulti vitia, in contraria currunt*: so this gallant, labouring to auoid popularitie, fals into a habit of affectation, ten thousand times hatefuller then the former.

CAR. Who, hee ? a gull, a foole, no salt in him i' the earth, man : hee looks like a fresh salmon kept in a tub, hee'll be spent shortly. His braine's lighter then his feather already, and his tongue more subiect to lie, then
1015 that's to wag : he sleepes with a muske-cat euery night, and walkes all day hang'd in pomander chaines for penance : he ha's his skin tan'd in ciuet, to make his complexion strong, and the sweetnesse of his youth lasting in the sense of his sweet lady. A good emptie puffe, he loues you well, Signior.

SOGL. There shall be no loue lost, sir, I'll assure you.

1020 FAST. Nay, CARLO, I am not happy i' thy loue, I see : pr'y thee suffer me to enioy thy company a little (sweet *mischiefe*) by this aire, I shall enuy this gentlemans place in thy affections, if you be thus priuate, yfaith. How now ? is the knight arriu'd ?

C I N E D O.

1025 CINE. No, sir, but 'tis guest he will arriue presently, by his fore-runners.

FAST. His hounds ! by MINERVA an excellent figure ; a good boy.

CARL. You should giue him a french crowne for it : the boy would finde two better figures i' that, and a good figure of your bounty beside.

1030 FAST. Tut, the boy wants no crownes.

CARL. No crowne : speake i' the singular number, and wee'll beleue you.

FAST. Nay, thou art so capriciously conceited now. Sirra (*damnation*) I haue heard this knight PVNTARVOLO, reported to bee a gentleman of

1035 exceeding good humour ; thou know'st him : pr'ythee, how is his disposition ? I ne're was so fauour'd of my starres, as to see him yet. Boy, doe you looke to the hobby ?

CINE. I, sir, the groome has set him vp.

FAST. 'Tis well : I rid out of my way of intent to visit him, and take
1040 knowledge of his-- Nay, good *wickednesse*, his humour, his humour.

CARL. Why, he loues dogs, and hawkes, and his wife, well : he has a good riding face, and he can sit a great horse ; hee will taint a staffe well at tilt : when he is mounted, he looks like the signe of the *George*, that's all I know ; saue, that in stead of a dragon, he will brandish against a tree, and
1045 breake his sword as confidently vpon the knottie barke, as the other did vpon the skales of the beast.

FAST. O, but this is nothing to that's deliuerd of him. They say hee has dialogues, and discourses betweene his horse, himselfe, and his dogge : and that he will court his owne lady, as shee were a stranger neuer encounter'd before.
1050

CARL. I, that he will, and make fresh loue to her euery morning : this gentleman has beene a spectator of it, *Signior Insulso*.

*Hee leapes from
whispring with
the boy.*

SOGL. I am resolute to keepe a page : say you sir ?

CARL. You haue seene *Signior Puntaruolo* accost his lady ?

1055 SOGL. O, I sir.

FAST. And how is the manner of it, pr'ythee, good Signior ?

SOGL. Faith sir, in very good sort, he has his humours for it, sir : as first, (suppose he were now to come from riding, or hunting, or so) he has his trumpet to sound, and then the waiting gentlewoman, shee looks out,
1060 and then hee speakes, and then shee speakes--very pretty yfaith, gentlemen.

FAST. Why, but doe you remember no particulars, Signior ?

SOGL. O, yes sir : first, the gentlewoman, shee looks out at the window.

1065 CARL. After the trumpet has summon'd a parle ? not before ?

SOGL. No, sir, not before : and then saies he--ha, ha, ha, ha, &c.

CARL. What saies he ? be not rapt so.

SOGL. Saies he--ha, ha, ha, ha, &c.

FAST. Nay, speake, speake.

1070 SOGL. Ha, ha, ha, saies he : God saue you, saies he : ha, ha, &c.

CARL. Was this the ridiculous motiue to all this passion ?

SOGL. Nay, that, that comes after, is--ha, ha, ha, ha, &c.

CARL. Doubtlesse, he apprehends more then he vtters, this fellow : or else.

*A cry of hounds
within.*

SOGL. List, list, they are come from hunting : stand by, close vnder this tarras, and you shall see it done, better then I can shew it.

CARL. So it had need, 'twill scarce poize the obseruation else.

SOGL. Faith I remember all, but the manner of it is quite out of my head.

FAST.

1080 FAST. O, with-draw. with-draw, it cannot bee but a most pleasing
object.

Act II. Scene II.

PVNTARVOLO, HVNTSMAN, GENTLE-
WOMAN.

To the rest.

1085 **F**Orrester, giue winde to thy horne. Inough, by this, the sound hath
toucht the eares of the enclosed : Depart, leaue the dogge, and take
with thee what thou hast deseru'd, the horne, and thanks.

CARL. I, mary, there's some taste in this.

FAST. Is't not good ?

1090 SOGL. Ah, peace, now aboue, now aboue !

PVNT. Stay : mine eye hath (on the instant) through the bountie of
the window, receiu'd the forme of a *Nymph*. I will step forward three pa-
ses : of the which, I will barely retire one ; and (after some little flexure
of the knee) with an erected grace salute her (one, two, and three.) Sweet

*The gentlewo-
man appears at
the window.*

1095 lady, God saue you.

GENT. No, forsooth : I am but the waiting gentlewoman.

CARL. He knew that before.

PVNT. Pardon me : *Humanum est errare*.

CARL. He learn'd that of his chaplaine.

1100 PVNT. To the perfection of complement (which is the Diall of the
thought, and guided by the Sunne of your beauties) are requir'd these
threespecials : the *gnomon*, the *puntilio's*, and the *superficies* : the *superficies*, is
that we call, place ; the *puntilio's*, circumstance ; and the *gnomon*, ceremo-
ny : in either of which, for a stranger to erre, 'tis easie and facile, and such
1105 am I.

CARL. True, not knowing her *horizon*, he must needes erre : which I
feare, he knowes too well.

PVNT. What call you the lord of the castle ? sweet face.

GENT. The lord of the castle is a knight, sir ; Signior PVNTAR-
1110 VOLO.

PVNT. PVNTARVOLO ? O.

CARL. Now must he ruminare.

FAST. Does the wench know him all this while, then ?

CARL. O, doe you know me, man ? why, therein lies the sirrup of the
1115 iest ; it's a proiect, a designement of his owne, a thing studied, and re-
hears't as ordinarily at his comming from hawking, or hunting, as a jigge
after a play.

SOGL. I, e'en like your jigge, sir.

PVNT. 'Tis a most sumptuous and stately edifice ! of what yeeres is
1120 the knight, faire damsell ?

GENT. Faith, much about your yeeres, sir.

PVNT.

PVNT. What complexion, or what stature beares he?

GENT. Of your stature, and very neere vpon your complexion.

PVNT. Mine is melancholy :

1125 CARL. So is the dogges, iust.

PVNT. And doth argue constancie, chiefly in loue. What are his endowments? Is he courteous?

GENT. O, the most courteous knight in Christian land, sir.

PVNT. Is he magnanimous?

1130 GENT. As the skin betweene your browes, sir.

PVNT. Is he bountifull?

CARL. 'Slud, he takes an inuentory of his owne good parts.

GENT. Bountifull? I, sir, I would you should know it; the poore are seru'd at his gate, early, and late, sir.

1135 PVNT. Is he learned?

GENT. O, I sir, he can speake the *French*, and *Italian*.

PVNT. Then he is trauail'd?

GENT. I, forsooth, he hath beene beyond-sea, once, or twice.

CARL. As far as *Paris*, to fetch ouer a fashion, and come back againe.

1140 PVNT. Is he religious?

GENT. Religious? I know not what you call religious, but hee goes to church, I am sure.

FAST. S'lid, me thinkes, these answeres should offend him.

CARL. Tut, no; he knowes they are excellent, and to her capacity, 1145 that speakes 'hem.

PVNT. Would I might see his face.

CARL. Shee should let down a glasse from the window at that word, and request him to looke in't.

PVNT. Doubtlesse, the gentleman is most exact, and absolutely qua- 1150 lified? doth the castle containe him?

GENT. No, sir, he is from home, but his lady is within.

PVNT. His lady? what, is shee faire? splendidious? and amiable?

GENT. O, Lord, sir!

PVNT. Pr'y thee, deare *Nymph*, intreat her beauties to shine on this 1155 side of the building.

Gent. leaues the window. CARL. That he may erect a new dyall of complement, with his *gnomons*, and his *puntilio's*.

FAST. Nay, thou art such another *Cinique* now, a man had need walke vprightly before thee.

1160 CARL. Heart, can any man walke more vpright then hee does? Looke, looke; as if he went in a frame, or had a sute of wanescot on: and the dogge watching him, lest he should leape out on't.

FAST. O, villaine!

CARL. Well, and e'er I meet him in the city, I'll ha' him ioynted, I'll 1165 pawne him in east-cheape, among the butchers else.

FAST. Peace, who be these, CARLO?

Act

Act II. Scene III.

SORDIDO, FVNGOSO, LADY.

To the rest.

1170 **Y** Onder's your god-father ; doe your duty to him, sonne.
SOG. This, sir ? a poore elder brother of mine, sir, a yeoman,
 may dispend some seuen or eight hundred a yeere : that's his son,
 my nephew, there.

PVNT. You are not ill-come, neighbour SORDIDO, though I haue
 not yet said, well-come : what, my god-sonne is growne a great *proficient*
 1175 by this ?

SORD. I hope he will grow great one day, sir.

FAST. What does he studie ? the law ?

SOGL. I sir, he is a gentleman, though his father be but a yeoman.

CARL. What call you your nephew, signior ?

1180 **SOGL.** Mary, his name is FVNGOSO.

CARL. FVNGOSO ? O, he lookt somewhat like a sponge in that pinckt
 yellow doublet, me thought : well, make much of him ; I see he was ne-
 uer borne to ride vpon a moile.

GENT. My lady will come presently, sir.

Returnd aboue.

1185 **SOGL.** O, now, now.

PVNT. Stand by, retire your selues a space : nay, pray you, forget not
 the vse of your hat ; the aire is piercing.

FAST. What ? will not their presence preuaile against the current of
 his humour ?

1190 **CARL.** O, no : it's a meere flood, a torrent, carries all afore it.

PVNT. *What more then heauenly pulchritude is this ?*

What magazine, or treasure of blisse ?

Dazle, you organs to my optique sense,

To view a creature of such eminence :

1195 *O, I am planet-strooke, and in yond sphere,*

A brighter starre then VENVS doth appeare !

FAST. How ? in verse !

CARL. An extasie, an extasie, man.

LADY. Is your desire to speake with me, sir knight ?

1200 **CARL.** He will tell you that anon ; neither his braine, nor his body,
 are yet moulded for an answeare.

PVNT. Most debonaire, and lulent lady, I decline mee low, as the
basis of your altitude.

G R E X.

1205 **CORD.** He makes congies to his wife in geometricall proportions.

MIT. Is't possible there should be any such Humorist ?

CORD. Very easily possible, Sir, you see there is.

PVNT. I haue scarce collected my spirits, but lately scatter'd in the ad-
 miration

miration of your forme ; to which (if the bounties of your minde be any
 1210 way responsible) I doubt not, but my desires shall finde a smooth, and se-
 cure passage. I am a poore knight errant (lady) that hunting in the adja-
 cent Forrest, was by aduventure in the pursuit of a hart, brought to this
 place ; which hart (deare Madame) escaped by enchantment : the eue-
 ning approaching (my selfe, and seruant wearied) my suit is, to enter your
 1215 faire castle, and refresh me.

LADY. Sir knight, albeit it be not vsuall with me (chiefly in the absence
 of a husband) to admit any entrance to strangers, yet in the true regard
 of those innated vertues, and faire parts, which so striue to expresse them-
 selues, in you ; I am resolu'd to entertaine you to the best of my vnworthy
 1220 power : which I acknowledge to bee nothing, valew'd with what so wor-
 thy a person may deserue. Please you but stay, while I descend.

Shee departs :

*Puntaruolo falls
 in with Sordido,
 and his sonne.*

PVNT. Most admir'd lady, you astonish me !

CARL. What ? with speaking a speech of your owne penning ?

FAST. Nay, looke ; pr'y thee peace.

1225 CARL. Pox on't : I am impatient of such fopperie.

FAST. O, let's heare the rest.

CARL. What ? a tedious chapter of courtship, after sir LANCELOT,
 and queene GVEVENER ? away. I mar'le in what dull cold nooke he found
 this lady out ? that (being a woman) shee was blest with no more copie of
 1230 wit, but to serue his humour thus. 'Slud, I thinke he feeds her with por-
 ridge, I : shee could ne're haue such a thick braine else.

SOGL. Why, is porridge so hurtfull, signior ?

CARL. O, nothing vnder heauen more preiudiciall to those ascending
 subtile powers, or doth sooner abate that which we call, *acumen ingenij*,
 1235 then your grosse fare : why, I'll make you an instance : your city wiues,
 but obserue 'hem, you ha' not more perfect true fooles i' the world bred,
 then they are generally ; and yet you see (by the finenesse and delicacy of
 their diet, diuing into the fat capons, drinking your rich wines, feeding on
 larkes, sparrowes, potato-pies, and such good vnctuous meats) how their
 1240 wits are refin'd, and rarefi'd ! and sometimes a very *quintessence* of conceit
 flowes from 'hem, able to drowne a weake apprehension.

FAST. Peace, here comes the lady.

*Lady with her
 gent. descended,
 seeing them,
 turnes in againe.*

LADY. Gods me, here's company : turne in againe.

FAST. S'light, our presence has cut off the conuoy of the iest.

CARL. All the better ; I am glad on't : for the issue was very perspicu-
 ous. Come, let's discouer, and salute the knight.

*Carlo, and the o-
 ther two, step
 forth.*

PVNT. Stay : who be these that addresse themselues towards vs ? what,
 CARLO ? now, by the sincerity of my soule, welcome ; welcome gentle-
 men : and how doest thou, thou grand scourge ; or, second *vntrusse* of the
 1250 time ?

CARL. Faith, spending my mettall, in this reeling world (here and
 there) as the sway of my affection carries me, and perhaps stumble vpon
 a yeoman pheuterer, as I doe now ; or one of *Fortunes* moiles, laden with
 treasure,

treasure, and an empty cloke-bagge following him, gaping when a bagge
1255 will vntie.

PVNT. Peace, you, ban-dogge, peace : what briske *Nimfadoro* is that
in the white virgin boot there ?

CARL. Mary, sir, one, that I must entreat you take a very particular
knowledge of, and with more then ordinary respect : Monsieur FASTI-
1260 DIVS.

PVNT. Sir, I could wish that for the time of your vouchsaft abiding
here, and more reall entertainment, this my house stood on the *Muses* hill ;
and these my orchards were those of the *Hesperide's*.

FAST. I possesse as much in your wish, sir, as if I were made lord of
1265 the *Indies* ; and I pray you, beleuee it.

CARL. I haue a better opinion of his faith, then to thinke it will be so
corrupted.

SOGL. Come, brother, I'll bring you acquainted with gentlemen, and
good fellowes, such as shall doe you more grace, then ———

1270 SORD. Brother, I hunger not for such acquaintance :
Doe you take heede, lest ———

*Carlo is cōming
toward them.*

SOGL. Husht : my brother, sir, for want of education, sir, somewhat
nodding to the boore, the clowne : but I request you in priuate, sir.

FVNG. By heauen, it's a very fine sute of clothes !

1275 *G R E X.*

COR. Doe you obserue that, signior ? there's another humour has
new crackt the shell.

MIT. What ? he is enamour'd of the fashion, is he ?

COR. O, you forestall the iest.

1280 FVN. I mar'le what it might stand him in !

SOG. Nephew ?

FVN. 'Fore mee, it's an excellent sute, and as neatly becomes him.
What said you, vncle ?

SOG. When saw you my neece ?

1285 FVN. Mary, yester-night I supt there. That kinde of boot does very
rare too !

SOG. And what newes heare you ?

FVN. The guilt spurre and all ! would I were hang'd, but 'tis exceeding
good. Say you, vncle ?

1290 SOG. Your minde is carried away with somewhat else : I aske what
newes you heare ?

FVN. Troth, we heare none. In good faith, I was neuer so pleas'd with
a fashion, daies of my life ! O (and I might haue but my wish) I'd aske no
more of god now, but such a suit, such a hat, such a band, such a doublet,
1295 such a hose, such a boot, and such a ———

SOG. They say, there's a new Motion of the city of *Niniueh*, with
IONAS,

IONAS, and the whale, to be scene at Fleet-bridge? you can tell, cousin?

FVN. Here's such a world of question with him, now : Yes, I thinke there be such a thing, I saw the picture : would he would once be satisf'd.

1300 Let me see, the doublet, say fifty shillings the doublet, and betweene three or foure pound the hose; then bootes, hat, and band : some ten or eleuen pound would doe it all, and suit me *for the heauens*.

SOG. I'll see all those deuices, and I come to *London* once.

FVN. Godss'lid, and I could compasse it, 'twere rare : harke you, vncl.

1305 SOG. What saies my nephew?

FVN. Faith vncl, I'd ha' desir'd you to haue made a motion for me to my father in a thing, that---walke aside and I'll tell you, sir, no more but this : there's a parcell of law---bookes, (some twenty pounds worth) that lie in a place for little more then halfe the money they cost ; and I thinke
1310 for some twelue pound, or twenty marke, I could goc neere to redeeme 'hem; there's PLOWDEN, DIAR, BROOKE, and FITZ-HERBERT, diuers such, as I must haue ere long; and you know, I were as good saue fife or sixe pound as not, vncl. I pray you, moue it for me.

SOG. That I will : when would you haue me doe it? presently?

1315 FVN. O, I, I pray you, good vncl : God send mee good luck ; Lord (and't be thy will) prosper it : O, my starres, now, now, if it take now, I am made for euer.

FAST. Shall I tell you, sir? by this aire, I am the most beholding to that lord, of any gentleman liuing ; hee does vse mee the most honorably, and
1320 with the greatest respect, more indeed, then can be vtter'd with any opinion of truth.

PVNT. Then, haue you the count GRATIATO?

FAST. As true noble a gentleman too, as any breathes ; I am exceedingly endear'd to his loue : by this hand (I protest to you, signior, I speake
1325 it not gloriously, nor out of affectation, but) there's hee, and the count FRVGALE, signior ILLVSTRE, signior LVCVLENTO, and a sort of 'hem; that (when I am at court) they doe share me amongst 'hem. Happy is he can enioy me most priuate. I doe wish my selfe sometime an vbiquitarie for their loue, in good faith.

1330 CARL. There's ne're a one of these, but might lie a weeke on the rack, ere they could bring forth his name; and yet he powres them out as familiarly, as if he had seene 'hem stand by the fire i' the presence, or ta'ne tabacco with them, ouer the stage, i' the lords roome.

PVNT. Then you must of necessity know our court-starre there? that
1335 planet of wit, MADDONA SAVIOLINA?

FAST. O, lord sir ! my mistris.

PVNT. Is shee your mistris?

FAST. Faith, here be some slight fauours of hers, sir, that doe speake it, *shee is* : as this scarfe, sir, or this ribband in mine eare, or so; this feather
1340 grew in her sweet fanne sometimes, though now it be my poore fortunes to weare it, as you see, sir : slight, slight, a foolish toy.

PVNT.

PVNT. Well, shee is the lady of a most exalted, and ingenious spirit.

FAST. Did you euer heare any woman speake like her? or enrich with a more plentiful discourse?

1345 CARL. O, villanous! nothing but sound, sound, a meere *eccho*; shee speakes as shee goes tir'd, in cob-web lawne, light, thin: good enough to catch flies withall.

PVNT. O, manage your affections.

FAST. Well, if thou beest not plagu'd for this blasphemie, one day--

1350 PVNT. Come, regard not a iester: it is in the power of my purse, to make him speake well, or ill, of me.

FAST. Sir, I affirme it to you (vpon my credit, and iudgement) shee has the most harmonious, and musically straine of wit, that euer tempted a true eare; and yet to see, a rude tongue would profane heauen, if it

1355 could.

PVNT. I am not ignorant of it, sir.

FAST. Oh, it flowes from her like *nectar*, and shee doth giue it, that sweet, quick grace, and exornation in the composure, that (by this good aire, as I am an honest man, would I might neuer stirre, sir, but) shee does

1360 obserue as pure a phrase, and vse as choise figures in her ordinary conferences, as any be i'the *Arcadia*.

CARL. Or rather in *Greenes* workes, whence she may steale with more security.

SORD. Well, if ten pound will fetch 'hem, you shall haue it, but I'll

1365 part with no more.

FVNG. I'll trie what that will doe, if you please.

SORD. Doe so: and when you haue 'hem, studie hard.

FVNG. Yes, sir. And I could studie to get forty shillings more now! well, I will put my selfe into the fashion, as farre as this will goe presently.

1370 SORD. I wonder it raines not! the Almanack saies wee should haue store of raine, to day.

PVNT. Why, sir, to morrow I will associate you to court my selfe; and from thence to the city, about a businesse, a proiect I haue, I will expose it to you, sir: CARLO, I am sure, has heard of it.

1375 CARL. What's that, sir?

PVNT. I doe intend, this yeere of *Iubile*, comming on, to trauaile: and (because I will not altogether goe vpon expence) I am determind to put forth some five thousand pound, to be paid me, five for one, vpon the returne of my selfe, my wife, and my dog, from the *Turkes* court in *Constantinople*. If all, or either of vs miscarry in the iourney, 'tis gone: if we be successefull, why, there will be five and twenty thousand pound, to entertaine time withall. Nay, goe not neighbour SORDIDO, stay to night, and helpe to make our societie the fuller. Gentlemen, frolick: CARLO? what? dull now?

1385 CARL. I was thinking on your proiect, sir, and you call it so: is this the dog goes with you?

K

PVNT.

PVNT. This is the dogge, sir.

CARL. He do' not goe bare-foot, does he?

PVNT. Away, you traitor, away.

1390 CARL. Nay, afore god, I speake simply; he may pricke his foot with a thorne, and be as much as the whole venter is worth. Besides, for a dog that neuer trauail'd before, it's a huge iourney to *Constantinople*: I'll tell you now (and he were mine) I'd haue some present conference with a physicion, what antidotes were good to giue him, preseruatiues against
1395 poison: for (assure you) if once your money be out, there'll be diuers attempts made against the life of the poore *animal*.

PVNT. Thou art still dangerous.

FAST. Is signior DELIRO's wife your kinswoman?

1400 SOGL. I, sir, shee is my neece, my brothers daughter here, and my nephewes sister.

SORD. Doe you know her, sir?

FAST. O, God sir, Signior DELIRO, her husband, is my marchant.

FVNG. I, I haue seene this gentleman there, often.

FAST. I crie you mercy, sir: let me craue your name, pray you.

1405 FVNG. FVNGOSO, sir.

FAST. Good signior FVNGOSO, I shall request to know you better, sir.

FVNG. I am her brother, sir.

FAST. In faire time, sir.

1410 PVNT. Come, gentlemen, I will be your conduct.

FAST. Nay, pray you, sir; we shall meet at signior DELIRO's often.

SOGL. You shall ha' me at the *Heralds* office, sir, for some weeke or so, at my first comming vp. Come, CARLO.

G R E X.

1415 MIT. Me thinkes, CORDATVS, he dwelt somewhat too long on this *Scene*; it hung i' the hand.

COR. I see not where he could haue insisted lesse, and t'haue made the humours perspicuous enough.

1420 MIT. True, as his subiect lies: but hee might haue altered the shape of his argument, and explicated 'hem better in single *Scenes*.

COR. That had beene single indeed: why? be they not the same persons in this, as they would haue beene in those? and is it not an obiect of more state, to behold the *Scene* full, and relieu'd with varietie of speakers to the end, then to see a vast emptie stage, and the actors come in (one by
1425 one) as if they were dropt downe with a feather, into the eye of the spectators?

MIT. Nay, you are better traded with these things then I, and therefore I'll subscribe to your iudgement; mary, you shall giue mee leaue to make obiections.

1430 COR. O, what else? it's the speciall intent of the author, you should doe

doe so : for thereby others (that are present) may as well be satisfied, who happily would object the same you doe.

MIT. So, sir : but when appeares MACILENTE againe ?

COR. Mary, hee staies but till our silence giue him leaue : here hee
1435 comes, and with him signior DELIRO, a marchant, at whose house hee is come to sojourne : Make your owne obseruation now, onely transferre your thoughts to the city, with the *Scene* ; where, suppose they speake.

Act II. Scene IIII.

DELIRO, MACILENTE, FIDO,
FALLACE.

1440

I'Le tell you by and by, sir.

Welcome (good MACILENTE) to my house,

To sojourne euen for euer : if my best

In cates, and euery sort of good intreaty

1445 May moue you stay with me. MACI. I thanke you, sir :

And yet the muffled *fates* (had it pleas'd them)

Might haue suppli'd me, from their owne full store,

Without this word (I thanke you) to a foole.

I see no reason, why that dog (call'd *Chance*)

1450 Should fawne vpon this fellow, more then me :

I am a man, and I haue limmes, flesh, bloud,

Bones, sinewes, and a soule, as well as he :

My parts are euery way as good as his,

If I said better ? why, I did not lie.

1455 Nath'lesse, his wealth (but nodding on my wants)

Must make me bow, and crie : (I thanke you, sir.)

DELI. Dispatch, take heed your mistris see you not.

FIDO. I warrant you, sir. I'le steale by her softly.

DELI. Nay, gentle friend, be merry, raise your looks

1460 Out of your bosome, I protest (by heauen)

You are the man most welcome in the world.

MACI. (I thanke you, sir,) I know my *cue*, I thinke.

FIDO. Where wil you haue 'hem burne, sir ? DELI. Here, good FIDO: *With more fer-*

What ? shee did not see thee ? FIDO. No, sir. DELI. That's well :

fumes and
herbes.

1465 Strew, strew, good FIDO, the freshest flowres, so.

MACI. What meanes this, signior DELIRO ? all this censeng ?

DELI. Cast in more frankincense, yet more, well said.

O, MACILENTE, I haue such a wife !

So passing faire, so passing farre vnkind,

1470 But of such worth, and right to be vnkind,

(Since no man can be worthy of her kindnesse.)

MACI. What can there not ? DELI. No, that is sure as death,

- No man aliue ! I doe not say, is not,
 But cannot possibly be worlth her kindnesse !
 1475 Nay, it is certaine, let me doe her right.
 How, said I ? doe her right ? as though I could,
 As though this dull grosse tongue of mine could vtter
 The rare, the true, the pure, the infinite rights,
 That sit (as high as I can looke) within her !
 1480 MACI. This is such dotage, as was neuer heard.
 DELI. Well, this must needs be granted. MACI. Granted, quoth you?
 DELI. Nay, MACILENTE ; doe not so discredit
 The goodnesse of your iudgement to denie it,
 For I doe speake the very least of her.
 1485 And I would craue, and beg no more of heauen,
 For all my fortunes here, but to be able
 To vtter first in fit termes, what shee is,
 And then the true ioyes I conceiue in her.
 MACI. Is't possible, shee should deserue so well,
 1490 As you pretend ? DELI. I, and shee knowes so well
 Her owne deserts, that (when I striue t' enioy them)
 Shee weighs the things I doe, with what shee merits :
 And (seeing my worth out-weigh'd so in her graces)
 Shee is so solemne, so precise, so froward,
 1495 That no obseruance I can doe to her,
 Can make her kind to me : if shee find fault,
 I mend that fault ; and then shee saies, I faulted,
 That I did mend it. Now, good friend, aduise me,
 How I may temper this strange splene in her.
 1500 MACI. You are too amorous, too obsequious,
 And make her too assur'd, shee may command you.
 When women doubt most of their husbands loues,
 They are most louing. Husbands must take heed
 They giue no gluts of kindnesse to their wiues,
 1505 But vse them like their horses ; whom they feed
 Not with a manger--full of meat together,
 But halfe a pecke at once : and keepe them so
 Still with an appetite to that they giue them..
 He that desires to haue a louing wife,
 1510 Must bridle all the shew of that desire :
 Be kind, not amorous ; nor bewraying kindnesse,
 As if loue wrought it, but considerate duty.
 " Offer no loue-rites, but let wiues still seeke them,
 " For when they come vnsought, they seldome like them.
 1515 DELI. Belceue me, MACILENTE, this is gospell.
 O, that a man were his owne man so much,
 To rule himselfe thus. I will striue i' faith,

- To be more strange and carelesse : yet, I hope
I haue now taken such a perfect course,
1520 To make her kind to me, and liue contented,
That I shall find my kindnesse well return'd,
And haue no need to fight with my affections.
Shee (late) hath found much fault with euery roome
Within my house ; one was too big (shee said)
1525 Another was not furnisht to her mind,
And so through all : all which, now, I haue alter'd.
Then here, shee hath a place (on my back-side)
Wherein shee loues to walke ; and that (shee said)
Had some ill smels about it. Now, this walke
1530 Haue I (before shee knowes it) thus perfum'd
With herbes, and flowres, and laid in diuers places,
(As'twere on altars, consecrate to her)
Perfumed gloues, and delicate chaines of amber,
To keepe the aire in awe of her sweet nostrils :
1535 This haue I done, and this I thinke will please her.
Behold, shee comes. FALL. Here's a sweet stinke indeed :
What, shall I euer be thus crost, and plagu'd ?
And sicke of husband ? O, my head doth ake,
As it would cleaue asunder with these sauours,
1540 All my room's alter'd, and but one poore walke
That I delighted in, and that is made
So fulsome with perfumes, that I am fear'd
(My braine doth sweat so) I haue caught the plague.
DELI. Why (gentle wife) is now thy walke too sweet ?
1545 Thou said'st of late, it had sowre aires about it,
And found'st much fault, that I did not correct it.
FALL. Why, and I did find fault, sir ? DELI. Nay, deare wife ;
I know, thou hast said, thou hast lou'd perfumes,
No woman better. FALL. I, long since perhaps,
1550 But now that sense is alter'd : you would haue me
(Like to a puddle, or a standing poole)
To haue no motion, nor no spirit within me.
No, I am like a pure, and sprightly riuer,
That moues for euer, and yet still the same ;
1555 Or fire, that burnes much wood, yet still one flame.
DELI. But yesterday, I saw thee at our garden,
Smelling on roses, and on purple flowres,
And since, I hope, the humour of thy sense
Is nothing chang'd. FALL. Why, those were growing flowres,
1560 And these, within my walke, are cut and strew'd.
DELI. But yet they haue one sent. FALL. I ! haue they so ?

- In your grosse iudgement. If you make no difference
 Betwixt the sent of growing flowres, and cut ones,
 You haue a sense to taste lamp-oile, yfaith.
- 1565 And with such iudgement haue you chang'd the chambers,
 Leauing no roome, that I can ioy to be in,
 In all your house : and now my walke, and all,
 You smoke me from, as if I were a foxe,
 And long, belike, to driue me quite away.
- 1570 Well, walke you there, and Ple walke where I list.
 DELI. What shall I doe ? ô, I shall neuer please her,
 MACI. Out on thee, dotard ! what starre rul'd his birth ?
 That brought him such a starre ? blind *Fortune* still
 Bestowes her gifts on such as cannot vse them :
- 1575 How long shall I liue, ere I be so happy,
 To haue a wife of this exceeding forme ?
 DELI. Away, with 'hem, would I had broke a ioynt,
Fido beares all When I deuis'd this, that should so dislike her.
away. Away, beare all away. FALL. I, doe : for feare
- 1580 Ought that is there should like her. O, this man,
 How cunningly he can conceale himselfe !
 As though he lou'd ? nay, honour'd, and ador'd ?
 DELI. Why, my sweetheart ?
 FALL. Sweetheart ! ô ! better still !
- 1585 And asking, why ? wherefore ? and looking strangely,
 As if he were as white as innocence.
 Alas, you'r simple, you : you cannot change,
 Looke pale at pleasure, and then red with wonder :
 No, no, not you ! 'tis pittie o'your naturalls.
- 1590 I did but cast an amoureuseye, e'en now,
 Vpon a paire of gloues, that somewhat lik't me,
 And straight he noted it, and gaue command,
 All should be ta'ne away. DELI. Be they my bane then.
 What, sirra, FIDO, bring in those gloues againe,
- 1595 You tooke from hence. FALL. S'body, sir, but doe not,
 Bring in no gloues, to spite me : if you doe——
 DELI. Ay, me, most wretched ; how am I misconstru'd ?
 MACI. O, how shee tempts my heart-strings, with her eye,
 To knit them to her beauties, or to breake ?
- 1600 What mou'd the heauens, that they could not make
 Me such a woman ? but a man, a beast,
 That hath no blisse like to others. Would to heauen
 (In wreake of my misfortunes) I were turn'd
 To some faire water-*Nymph*, that (set vpon
- 1605 The deepest whirle-pit of the rau'nous seas,)

My adamantyne eyes might head-long hale
This iron world to me, and drowne it all.

G R E X.

COR. Behold, behold, the translated gallant.

1610 MIT. O, he is welcome.

Act II. Scene V.

F V N G O S O.

To the rest.

1615 **S**Aue you brother, and sister, saue you, sir; I haue commendations
for you out i'the countrey : (I wonder they take no knowledge of
my sute :) mine vncke SOGLIARDO is in towne. Sister, me thinkes,
you are melancholy : why are you so sad? I thinke you tooke me for ma-
ster FASTIDIVS BRISKE (sister) did you not.

FALL. Why should I take you for him?

1620 FVNG. Nay, nothing--I was lately in master FASTIDIVS his compa-
ny, and, me thinkes, we are very like.

DELI. You haue a faire sute, brother, 'giue you ioy on't.

FVNG. Faith, good ynough to ride in, brother, I made it to ride in.

FALL. O, now I see the cause of his idle demand, was his new suit.

DELI. Pray you good brother, trie, if you can change her mood.

1625 FVNG. I warrant you, let mee alone. I'le put her out of her dumps.
Sister, how like you my suit?

FALL. O, you are a gallant in print now, brother.

FVNG. Faith, how like you the fashion? it's the last edition, I assure
you.

1630 FALL. I cannot but like it, to the desert.

FVNG. Troth, sister, I was faine to borrow these spurres, I ha' left my
gowne in gage for 'hem, pray you lend me an angell.

FALL. Now, beshrow my heart, then.

1635 FVNG. Good truth, I'le pay you againe at my next exhibition : I had
but bare ten pound of my father, and it would not reach to put me whol-
ly into the fashion.

FALL. I care not.

FVNG. I had spurres of mine owne before, but they were not ginglers.
Monsieur FASTIDIVS will be here anon, sister.

1640 FALL. You iest?

FVNG. Neuer lend me penny more (while you liue then) and that I'd
be loth to say, in truth.

FALL. When did you see him?

1645 FVNG. Yesterday, I came acquainted with him at sir PVNTARVO-
LO's : nay, sweet sister.

MACI.

- MACI. I faine would know of heauen now, why yond foole
 Should weare a suit of sattin? he? that rooke?
 That painted jay, with such a deale of out-side?
 What is his inside trow? ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.
 1650 Good heauen, giue me patience, patience, patience.
 A number of these popenjays there are,
 Whom, if a man conferre, and but examine
 Their inward merit, with such men as want;
 Lord, lord, what things they are!
 1655 FALL. Come, when will you pay me againe, now?
 FVNG. O god, sister!
 MACI. Here comes another.

*Act II. Scene VI.**To the rest.*

FASTIDIVS BRISKE.

- 1660 **S**Aue you, signior DELIRO: how do'st thou, sweet lady? Let mee
 kisse thee.
 FVNG. How? a new sute? Ay me.
 DELI. And how do's master FASTIDIVS BRISKE?
 FAST. Faith, liue in court, signior DELIRO; in grace, I thanke god,
 1665 both of the noble masculine, and feminine. I must speake with you in
 priuate, by and by.
 DELI. When you please, sir.
 FALL. Why looke you so pale, brother?
 FVNG. S'lid, all this money is cast away, now.
 1670 MACI. I, there's a newer edition come forth.
 FVNG. Tis but my hard fortune! well, I'll haue my sute chang'd, I'll
 goe fetch my taylor presently, but first I'll deuise a letter to my father.
 Ha'you any pen, and inke, sister?
 FALL. What would you doe withall?
 1675 FVNG. I would vse it. S'light, and it had come but foure daies sooner,
 the fashion.
 FAST. There was a countesse gaue me her hand to kisse to day, i' the
 presence: did me more good by that light, then—and yesternight sent her
 coach twise to my lodging, to intreat mee accompany her, and my sweet
 1680 mistris, with some two, or three namelesse ladies more: O, I haue beene
 grac't by 'hem beyond all aime of affection: this's her garter my dagger
 hangs in: and they doe so commend, and approue my apparell, with my
 iudicious wearing of it, it's aboue wonder.
 FALL. Indeed sir, 'tis a most excellent sute, and you doe weare it as ex-
 1685 traordinary.
 FAST. Why, I'll tell you now (in good faith) and by this chaire, which
 (by the grace of god) I intend presently to sit in, I had three sutes in one
 yeere,

yeere, made three great ladies in loue with me : I had other three, vn-did
three gentlemen in imitation : and other three, gat three other gentlemen
1690 widdowes of three thousand pound a yeere.

DELI. Is't possible ?

FAST. O, belecue it, sir ; your good face is the witch, and your apparell the spells, that bring all the pleasures of the world into their circle.

FALL. Ah, the sweet grace of a courtier !

1695 MACI. Well, would my father had left mee but a good face for my portion yet ; though I had shar'd the vnfortunate wit that goes with it, I had not car'd : I might haue past for somewhat i' the world then.

FAST. Why, assure you, signior, rich apparell has strange vertues : it makes him that hath it without meanes, esteemed for an excellent wit : he
1700 that enioyes it with means, puts the world in remembrance of his means : it helps the deformities of nature, and giues lustre to her beauties ; makes continuall holy-day where it shines ; sets the wits of ladies at worke, that otherwise would be idle : furnisheth your two-shilling ordinarie ; takes possession of your stage at your new play ; and enricheth your oares, as
1705 scorning to goe with your scull.

MACI. Pray you, sir, adde this ; it giues respect to your fooles, makes many theeues, as many strumpets, and no fewer bankrupts.

FALL. Out, out, vnworthy to speake, where he breatheth.

FAST. What's he, signior ?

1710 DELI. A friend of mine, sir.

FAST. By heauen, I wonder at you, citizens, what kinde of creatures you are !

DELI. Why, sir ?

FAST. That you can consort your selues, with such poore seame-rent
1715 fellowes.

FALL. He saies true.

DELI. Sir, I will assure you (how euer you esteeme of him) he's a man worthy of regard.

FAST. Why? what ha's he in him, of such vertue to be regarded ? ha ?

1720 DELI. Mary, he is a scholler, sir.

FAST. Nothing else ?

DELI. And he is well trauail'd.

FAST. He should get him clothes ; I would cherish those good parts, of trauaile in him, and preferre him to some nobleman of good place.

1725 DELI. Sir, such a benefit should bind me to you for euer (in my friends right) and, I doubt not, but his desert shall more then answere my praise.

FAST. Why, and he had good clothes, I'd carry him to court with me to morrow.

1730 DELI. He shall not want for those, sir, if gold and the whole city will furnish him.

FAST. You say well, sir : faith, signior DELIRO, I am come to haue
you

you play the *Alchymist* with me, and change the *species* of my land, into that mettall you talke of.

1735 DELI. With all my heart, sir, what summe will serue you?

FAST. Faith, some three, or foure hundred.

DELI. Troth, sir, I haue promist to meet a gentleman this morning, in *Paules*, but vpon my returne I'll dispatch you.

FAST. I'll accompany you thither.

1740 DELI. As you please, sir; but I goe not thither directly.

FAST. 'Tis no matter, I haue no other designement in hand, and therefore as good goe along.

DELI. I were as good haue a quartane feauer follow me now, for I shall ne're bee rid of him: (bring mee a cloke there, one) Still, vpon his
1745 grace at court, am I sure to bee visited; I was a beast to giue him any hope. Well, would I were in, that I am out with him, once, and— Come, signior MACILENTE, I must conferre with you, as wee goe. Nay, deare wife, I beseech thee, forsake these moods: looke not like winter thus. Here, take my keyes, open my counting houses, spread all my wealth before
1750 thee, choose any obieet that delights thee: If thou wilt eate the spirit of gold, and drinke dissolu'd pearle in wine, 'tis for thee.

FALL. So, sir.

DELI. Nay, my sweet wife.

FALL. Good lord! how you are perfum'd! in your termes, and al! pray
1755 you leaue vs.

DELI. Come, gentlemen.

FAST. Adiew, sweet lady.

FALL. I, I! Let thy words euer sound in mine eares, and thy graces
1760 disperse contentment through all my senses! O, how happy is that lady about other ladies, that enioyes so absolute a gentleman to her seruant! A countesse giue him her hand to kisse? ah, foolish countesse! hee's a man worthy (if a woman may speake of a mans worth) to kisse the lips of an empresse.

Returnd with FVNG. What's master FASTIDIVS gone, sister?
his taylor.

FALL. I, brother (he has a face like a *Cherubin*!)

FVNG. Gods me, what lucke's this? I haue fetcht my taylor and all: which way went he, sister? can you tell?

FALL. Not I, in good faith (and he has a body like an angell!)

FVNG. How long is't since he went?

1770 FALL. Why, but e'en now: did you not meet him? (and a tongue able to rauish any woman i'th' earth!)

FVNG. O, for gods sake (I'll please you for your paines:) but e'en now, say you? Come, good, sir: S'lid, I had forgot it too: Sister, if any body aske for mine vncle SOGLIARDO, they shall ha' him at the *Heralds*
1775 office, yonder by *Paules*.

FALL. Well, I will not altogether despaire: I haue heard of a citizens wife, has beene belou'd of a courtier; and why not I? heigh, ho: well, I
will

will into my priuate chamber, locke the dore to mee, and thinke ouer all his good parts, one after another.

G R E X.

1780

MIT. Well, I doubt, this last *Scene* will endure some grieuous torture.

COR. How? you feare'twill be rackt, by some hard construction?

MIT. Doe not you?

1785 COR. No, in good faith: vnlesse mine eyes could light mee beyond sense. I see no reason, why this should be more liable to the racke, then the rest: you'le say, perhaps, the city will not take it well, that the marchant is made here to dote so perfectly vpon his wife; and shee againe, to bee so *Fastidiously* affected, as shee is?

MIT. You haue vtter'd my thought, sir, indeed.

1790 COR. Why (by that proportion) the court might as wel take offence at him we call the courtier, and with much more pretext, by how much the place transcends, and goes before in dignitie and vertue: but can you imagine that any noble, or true spirit in court (whose sinowie, and altogether vn-affected graces, very worthily expresse him a courtier) will make
1795 any exception at the opening of such an emptie trunke, as this BRISKE is! or thinke his owne worth empeacht, by beholding his motley inside?

MIT. No sir, I doe not.

COR. No more, assure you, will any graue, wise citizen, or modest matron, take the obiect of this folly in DELIRO, and his wife: but rather
1800 apply it as the foile to their owne vertues. For that were to affirme, that a man, writing of NERO, should meane all Emperors: or speaking of MACHIAVEL, comprehend all States-men; or in our SORDIDO, all Farmars; and so of the rest: then which, nothing can be vtter'd more malicious, or absurd. Indeed, there are a sort of these narrow-ey'd decypherers, I con-
1805 fesse, that will extort strange, and abstruse meanings out of any subiect, be it neuer so conspicuous and innocently deliuer'd. But to such (where e're they sit conceal'd) let them know, the author defies them, and their writing-tables; and hopes, no sound or safe iudgement will infect it selfe with their contagious comments, who (indeed) come here only to peruert, and
1810 poison the sense of what they heare, and for nought else.

MIT. Stay, what new *Mute* is this, that walkes so suspiciously?

COR. O, mary this is one, for whose better illustration; we must desire you to presuppose the stage, the middle isle in *Paules*; and that, the west end of it.

1815 MIT. So, sir: and what followes?

COR. Faith, a whole volume of humour, and worthy the vnclasping.

MIT. As how? what name doe you giue him first?

COR. He hath shift of names, sir: some call him APPLE IOHN, some Signior WHIFFE, mary, his maine standing name is CAVALIER SHIFT:
1820 the rest are but as cleane shirts to his natures.

MIT. And what makes he in *Paules*, now?

COR.

COR. Troth, as you see, for the advancement of a *Siquis*, or two; wherein he has so varied himselfe, that if any one of 'hem take, he may hull vp and downe i' the humorous world, a little longer.

1825 MIT. It seemes then, he beares a very changing saile?

COR. O, as the wind, sir: here comes more.

Act III. Scene I.

SHIFT, ORANGE, CLOVE.

1830 **T**His is rare, I haue set vp my bills, without discouery.
ORAN. What? Signior WHIFFE? what fortune has brought you into these west parts?

SHIFT. Troth, signior, nothing but your rheume; I haue beene taking an ounce of tabacco hard by here, with a gentleman, and I am come to spit priuate, in *Paules*. Saue you sir.

1835 ORAN. Adieu, good Signior WHIFFE.

CLOVE. Master APPLE IOHN? you are well met: when shall we sup together, and laugh, and be fat with those good wenches? ha?

SHIFT. Faith, sir, I must now leaue you, vpon a few humours, and occasions: but when you please, sir.

1840 CLOVE. Farewell, sweet APPLE IOHN: I wonder, there are no more store of gallants here!

G R E X.

MIT. What be these two, signior?

COR. Mary, a couple sir, that are meere strangers to the whole scope
1845 of our play; only come to walke a turne or two, i' this *Scene* of *Paules*, by chance.

ORAN. Saue you, good master CLOVE.

CLOVE. Sweet master ORANGE.

G R E X.

1850 MIT. How? CLOVE, and ORANGE?

COR. I, and they are well met, for 'tis as drie an ORANGE as euer grew: nothing, but *Salutation*; and, *O god, sir*; and, *It pleases you to say so, Sir*; one that can laugh at a iest for company with a most plausible, and extemporall grace; and some houre after, in priuate, aske you what
1855 it was: the other, monsieur CLOVE, is a more spic't youth: he will sit you a whole afternoone sometimes, in a booke-sellers shop, reading the *Greeke, Italian, and Spanis*h; when he vnderstands not a word of either: if he had the tongues, to his sutes, he were an excellent linguist.

CLOVE. Doe you heare this reported, for certainty?

1860 ORAN. O god, sir.

Act

Act III. Scene II.

PVNTARVOLO, CARLO.

1865 **S**irrah, take my cloke : and you sir knaue, follow mee closer. If thou losest my dogge, thou shalt die a dogs death ; I will hang thee.
CARL. Tut, feare him not, hee's a good leane slaue, he loues a dog well, I warrant him ; I see by his looks, I : masse hee's somewhat like him. S'lud poison him , make him away with a crooked pinne , or somewhat, man ; thou maist haue more security of thy life : and so sir, what? you ha' not put out your whole venter yet ? ha' you ?

1870 **PVNT.** No, I doe want yet some fiftene, or sixteene hundred pounds : but my lady (my wife) is out of her humour ; shee does not now goe.

CARL. No ? how then ?

PVNT. Mary, I am now enforc't to giue it out, vpon the returne of my selfe, my dogge, and my cat.

1875 **CARL.** Your cat ? where is shee ?

PVNT. My squire has her there, in the bag : Sirrah, looke to her : How lik'st thou my change, **CARLO** ?

CARL. Oh, for the better, sir ; your cat has nine liues, and your wife ha' but one.

1880 **PVNT.** Besides, shee will neuer bee sea-sicke, which will saue mee so much in conserues : when saw you signior **SOGLIARDO** ?

CARL. I came from him but now, he is at the *Heralds* office yonder : he requested me to goe afore, and take vp a man or two for him in *Paules*, against his cognisance was ready.

1885 **PVNT.** What ? has he purchast armes, then ?

CARL. I, and rare ones too : of as many colours, as e're you saw any fooles coat in your life. I'll goe looke among yond' bills, and I can fit him with legs to his armes ———

PVNT. With legs to his armes ! Good : I will goe with you, sir.

*They goe to
looke vpon the
bills.*

1890 Act III. Scene III.

FASTIDIUS, DELIRO, MACILENTE.

Come, let's walke in *Mediterraneo* : I assure you, sir, I am not the least respected among ladies ; but let that passe : doe you know how to goe into the presence, sir ?

1895 **MACI.** Why, on my feet, sir.

FAST. No, on your head, sir : for'tis that must beare you out, I assure you : as thus, sir. You must first haue an especial care so to weare your hat, that it oppresse not confusedly this your predominant, or fore-top ; because (when you come at the presence dore) you may, with once or twice
 1900 stroking vp your fore-head thus, enter, with your predominant perfect : that is, standing vp stiffe.

L

MACI.

MACI. As if one were frighted ?

FAST. I, sir.

MACI. Which indeed, a true feare of your mistris should doe, rather
1905 then gumme water, or whites of egges : is't not so, sir ?

FAST. An ingenious obseruation : giue mee leaue to craue your name, Sir.

DELI. His name is, MACILENTE, sir.

FAST. Good signior MACILENTE : if this gentleman, signior DE-
1910 LIRO, furnish you (as he saies he will) with clothes, I will bring you, to morrow by this time, into the presence of the most diuine, and *acute* lady in court : you shall see sweet silent rhetorique, and dumbe eloquence speaking in her eye ; but when shee speakes her selfe, such an anatomie of wit, so sinewiz'd and arteriz'd, that 'tis the goodliest modell of pleasure that e-
1915 uer was to behold. Oh ! shee strikes the world into admiration of her ; (ô, ô, ô) I cannot expresse 'hem, beleue me.

MACI. O, your onely admiration, is your silence, sir.

PVNT. 'Fore god, CARLO, this is good ; let's reade 'hem againe.

*If there be any lady, or gentlewoman of good carriage, that is desi-
1920 rous to entertaine (to her priuate vses) a yong, straight, and vpright gentleman, of the age of five, or sixe and tcenty at the most : who can serue in the nature of a gentleman vs her, and hath little legges of purpose, and a blacke satten sute of his owne, to goe before her in : which sute (for the more sweetning) now lies in lauanider : and can
1925 hide his face with her fanne, if neede require : or sit in the cold at the staire foot for her, as well as another gentleman : Let her subscribe her name and place, and diligent respect shall be given. This is aboue measure excellent ! ha ?*

CARL. No, this, this ! here's a fine slaue.

1930 PVNT. *If this city, or the suburbs of the same, doe affoord any yong gentleman, of the first, second, or third head, more or lesse, whose friends are but lately deceased, and whose lands are but new come to his hands, that (to bee as exactly qualified as the best of our ordinary gallants are) is affected to entertaine the most gentleman-
1935 like vse of tabacco : as first, to giue it the most exquisite perfume : then, to know all the delicate sweet formes for the assumption of it : as also the rare corollarie, and practice of the Cuban ebolition, EV- RIPVS, and whiffe ; which hee shall receiue, or take in, here at London, and euaporate at Vxbridge, or farder, if it please him.
1940 If there be any such generous spirit, that is truly enamour'd of these good faeuities : May it please him, but (by a note of his hand) to spe-
cife*

cife the place, or ordinarie where hee vses to eate, and lie; and most sweet attendance, with tabacco, and pipes of the best sort, shall be ministred : STET QVÆSO CANDIDE LECTOR.

1945 PVNT. Why this is without *paralell*, this !

CARL. Well, I'le marke this fellow for SOGLIARDO's vse presently.

PVNT. Or rather, SOGLIARDO, for his vse.

CARL. Faith, either of 'hem will serue, they are both good properties : I'le designe the other a place too, that we may see him.

1950 PVNT. No better place, then the Mitre, that wee may bee spectators with you, CARLO. Soft, behold, who enters here : Signior SOGLIARDO ! saue you.

Act III. Scene IIII.

SOGLIARDO.

To them.

1955 **S**Aue you, good sir PVNTARVOLO; your dogge's in health, sir, I see : how now, CARLO ?

CARL. Wee haue ta'ne simple paines , to choose you out followers here.

PVNT. Come hither, signior.

1960 CLOVE. Monsieur ORANGE, yond' gallants obserue vs ; pr'ythee *They shew him the bills.* let's talke fustian a little, and gull 'hem : makē 'hem beleue vve are great schollers.

ORANG. O lord, sir.

CLOVE. Nay, pr'ythee let's, beleue me, you haue an excellent habit
1965 in discourse.

ORANG. It pleases you to say so, sir.

CLOVE. By this church, you ha' la : nay, come, begin : ARISTOTLE *in his Dæmonologia, approues SCALIGER for the best Navigator in his time : and in his Hypercritiques, he reports him to be Heautontimorumenos :* you vn-
1970 derstand the Greeke, sir ?

ORANG. O god, sir.

MACIL. For societies sake he does. O, here be a couple of fine tame parrats.

CLOVE. Now, sir, vvhereas the *Ingenuitie* of the time, and the soules
1975 *Synderisis* are but *Embrions* in nature, added to the panch of *Esquiline*, and the *Inter-vallum* of the *Zodiack*, besides the *Eclipticke* line being *opticke*, and not *mentall*, but by the *contemplatiue* & *theoricke* part thereof, doth demonstrate to vs the *vegetable circumference*, and the *ventositie* of the *Tropicks*, and whereas our *intellectuall*, or *mincing capreall* (according to the *Metaphisicks*)
1980 as you may reade in PLATO's *Histriomastix*---You conceiue me, sir ?

ORANG. O lord, sir.

CLOVE. Then comming to the pretty *Animall*, as *Reason* long since is *fled to animalls*, you know, or indeed for the more *modellizing*, or *enamelling*,

or rather *diamondizing* of your *subject*, you shall perceiue the *Hypothesis*,
 1985 or *Galaxia*, (whereof the *Meteors* long since had their *initiall inceptions* and
notions) to be meerely *Pythagoricall*, *Mathematicall*, and *Aristocraticall*---
 For looke you, sir, there is euer a kinde of *concinittie* and *species*--- Let vs
 turne to our former discourse, for they marke vs not.

FAST. Masse, yonder's the knight PUNTARUOLO.

1990 DELI. And my cousin SOGLIARDO, me thinkes.

MACI. I, and his familiar that haunts him, the deuill vvith the shi-
 ning face.

DELI. Let 'hem alone, obserue 'hem not.

SOGL. Nay, I will haue him, I am resolute for that. By this parch-
 1995 ment, gentlemen, I haue beene so toil'd among the *Harrots* yonder, you
Sogliardo, Puntaruolo, Carlo, will not beleue, they doe speake i' the strangest language, and giue a man
walks. the hardest termes for his money, that euer you knew.

CARL. But ha' you armes? ha' you armes?

SOGL. Yfaith, I thanke them, I can write my selfe gentleman now,
 2000 here's my pattent, it cost me thirtie pound, by this breath.

PVNT. A very faire coat, well charg'd, and full of armorie.

SOGL. Nay, it has as much varietie of colours in it, as you haue seene
 a coat haue, how like you the crest, sir?

PVNT. I vnderstand it not well, what is't?

2005 SOGL. Mary, sir, it is your Bore without a head *Rampant*.

PVNT. A Boore without a head, that's very rare!

CARL. I, and rampant too: troth, I commend the *Heralds* wit, hee
 has decyphered him well: A swine without a head, without braine, wit,
 any thing indeed, ramping to gentilitie. You can blazon the rest, signior?
 2010 can you not?

SOGL. O, I, I haue it in writing here of purpose, it cost me two shil-
 lings the tricking.

CARL. Let's heare, let's heare.

PVNT. It is the most vile, foolish, absurd, palpable, & ridiculous escut-
They salute as they meet in the cheon, that euer this eye survis'd. Saue you, good monsieur FASTIDIVS.
walks. CARL. Silence, good knight: on, on.

SOGL. GYRONY, of eight *pecccs*; AZVRE and GVLES, betweene
 three *plates*; a CHEV'RON, *engrailed checkey*, OR, VERT, and ERMINES;
 on a *cheefe* ARGENT betweene two ANN'LETS, *sables*; a Bores head,
 2020 *Proper*.

CARL. How's that? on a *cheefe* ARGENT?

SOGL. On a *cheefe* ARGENT, a Bores head *Proper*, betweene two
Here they shift. ANN'LETS sables.

Pastidius mixes with Puntaruolo, Carlo, and Sogliardo, Deliro, and CARL. S'lud, it's a hogs-cheeke, and puddings in a pewter field this.
Macilente, Cloue and Orange fou SOGL. How like you 'hem, signior?
couple. PVNT. Let the word bee, *Not without mustard*; your crest is very

rare, sir.

CARL. A frying pan, to the crest, had had no fellow.

FAST.

FAST. Intreat your poore friend to walke off a little, signior, I will
2030 salute the knight.

CARL. Come, lap't vp, lap't vp.

FAST. You are right well encountred, sir, how do's your faire dog?

PVNT. In reasonable state, sir: what citizen is that you were consor-
ted with? a marchant of any worth?

2035 FAST. 'Tis signior DELIRO, sir.

PVNT. Is it he? Saue you, sir.

Salute.

DELI. Good sir PVNTARVOLO.

MACI. O, what copie of foole would this place minister, to one en-
dew'd with patience, to obserue it?

2040 CARL. Nay, looke you sir, now you are a gentleman, you must carry
a more exalted presence, change your mood, and habit, to a more austere
forme, be exceeding proud, stand vpon your gentilitie, and scorne euery
man. Speake nothing humbly, neuer discourse vnder a nobleman, though
you ne're saw him but riding to the *Starre-chamber*, it's all one. Loue no
2045 man. Trust no man. Speake ill of no man to his face: nor well of any
man behind his backe. Salute fairely on the front, and wish 'hem hang'd
vpon the turne. Spread your selfe vpon his bosome publicly, whose
heart you would eate in priuate. These be principles, thinke on 'hem, I'll
come to you againe presently.

2050 PVNT. Sirra, keepe close; yet not so close: thy breath will thaw my
ruffe.

SOGL. O, good cousin, I am a little busie, how do's my neece? I am
to walke with a knight, here.

Act III. Scene v.

2055 FVNGOSO. TAYLOR.

To them.

O He is here, looke you sir, that's the gentleman.

TAIL. What, he i'the blush-colour'd sattin?

FVNG. I, he sir: though his sute blush, hee blushes not, looke
you, that's the sute, sir: I would haue mine, such a sute without difference,
2060 such stuffe, such a wing, such a sleeue, such a skirt, belly, and all; there-
fore, pray you obserue it. Haue you a paire of tables?

FAST. Why, doe you see, sir? they say I am phantasticall: why, true,
I know it, and I pursue my humour still, in contempt of this censorious
age. S'light, and a man should doe nothing, but what a sort of stale iudge-
2065 ments about this towne will approue in him, he were a sweet asse: I'd
beg him yfaith. I ne're knew any more find fault with a fashion, then they
that knew not how to put themselues in to't. For mine owne part, so I
please mine owne appetite, I am carelesse what the fustie world speaks of
me. Puh.

2070 FVNG. Doe you marke, how it hangs at the knee there?

TAIL. I warrant you, sir.

FVNG. For gods sake, doe, note all : doe you see the collar, sir ?

TAIL. Feare nothing, it shall not differ in a stitch, sir.

FVNG. Pray heau'n, it doe not, you'le make these linings serue? and
2075 helpe me to a chapman for the out-side, will you ?

TAIL. I'le doe my best, sir : you'le put it off presently ?

FVNG. I, goe with mee to my chamber, you shall haue it— but make
haste of it, for the loue of a customer, for I'le sit i' my old sute, or else lie a
bed, and reade the *Arcadia*, till you haue done.

2080 CARL. O, if euer you were strucke with a iest, gallants, now, now. I
doe vsher the most strange peece of militarie profession, that euer was dis-
couer'd in *Insula Paulina*.

FAST. Where ? where ?

PVNT. What is he, for a creature ?

2085 CARL. A pimpe, a pimpe, that I haue obseru'd yonder, the rarest *su-
perficies* of a humour ; hee comes euery morning to emptie his lungs in
Paules here : and offers vp some fiue, or sixe *Hecatomb's* of faces, and sighes,
and away againe. Here he comes ; nay, walke, walke, be not scene to note
him, and we shall haue excellent sport.

2090

*Act III. Scene VI.**To them.*

SHIFT.

PVN. **S**'Lid, hee vented a sigh e'ne now, I thought he would haue
blowne vp the church.

CAR. **S**O, you shall haue him giue a number of those false fires ere
2095 hee depart.

FAST. See, now he is expostulating with his rapier ! looke, looke.

CARL. Did you euer, in your daies, obserue better passion ouer a hilt ?

PVNT. Except it were in the person of a cutlers boy, or that the fel-
low were nothing but vapour, I should thinke it impossible.

2100 CARL. See, againe, he claps his sword o'the head, as who should say,
well, goe to.

FAST. O violence ! I wonder the blade can containe it selfe, being
so prouokt.

CARL. *With that, the moody squire thumpt his brest,
2105 And rear'd his eyen to heauen, for reuenge.*

SOGL. Troth, and you be good gentlemen, let's make 'hem friends, and
take vp the matter, betweene his rapier, and him.

CARL. Nay, if you intend that, you must lay downe the matter, for
this rapier (it seemes) is in the nature of a hanger on, and the good gentle-
2110 man would happily be rid of him.

FAST. By my faith, and 'tis to be suspected, I'le aske him.

MACI. O, here's rich stuffe, for lifes sake, let vs goe.

A man would wish himselfe a senselesse pillar,
Rather then view these monstrous prodigies :

2115 *Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se,
Quàm quòd ridiculos homines facit*——

FAST. Signior.

SHIFT. At your seruice.

FAST. Will you sell your rapier ?

2120 CARL. Sbloud, he is turn'd wild vpon the question, hee lookes as hee
had seene a serjeant.

SHIFT. Sell my rapier ? now fate blesse me.

PVNT. *Amen*.

SHIFT. You ask't me, if I would sell my rapier, sir ?

2125 FAST. I did indeed.

SHIFT. Now, lord haue mercy vpon me.

PVNT. *Amen*, I say still.

SHIFT. S'lud sir, what should you behold in my face, sir, that should
moue you (as they say, sir) to aske me, sir, if I would sell my rapier ?

2130 FAST. Nay (let me pray you, sir) bee not mou'd : I protest, I would
rather haue beene silent, then any way offensiue, had I knowne your
nature.

SHIFT. Sell my rapier ? 'ods lid ! Nay, sir (for mine owne part) as I am
a man that has seru'd in causes, or so, so I am not apt to injure any gentle-

2135 man in the degree of falling foule, but (sell my rapier ?) I will tell you sir, I
haue seru'd with this foolish rapier, where some of vs dare not appeare in
haste, I name no man : but let that passe. (Sell my rapier ?) death to my
lungs. This rapier, sir, has trauail'd by my side, sir, the best part of *France*
and the *low Countrey* : I haue seene *Vlissing*, *Brill*, and the *Haghe*, with this

2140 rapier, sir, in my lord of *Leysters* time : and (by gods will) he that should
offer to disrapier me now, I would—— Looke you sir, you presume to be
a gentleman of sort, and so likewise your friends here, if you haue any dis-
position to trauell, for the sight of seruice, or so, one, two, or all of you, I
can lend you letters to diuers officers and commanders in the *low Coun-*
2145 *tries*, that shall for my cause doe you all the good offices, that shall pertaine
or belong to gentlemen of your—— Please you to shew the bountie of
your minde, sir, to impart some ten groates, or halfe a crowne to our vse,
till our abilitie be of grow'th to returne it, and we shall thinke our selfe——
Sbloud ! sell my rapier ?

2150 SOGL. I pray you, what said he, signior, hee's a proper man.

FAST. Mary, he tells me, if I please to shew the bountie of my mind,
to impart some ten groats to his vse, or so.

PVNT. Breake his head, and giue it him.

CARL. I thought he had beene playing o'the *Iewes* trump, I.

2155 SHIFT. My rapier ? no sir : my rapier is my guard, my defence, my re-
uenew, my honour : (if you cannot impart, be secret, I beseech you) and
I will maintaine it, where there is a graine of dust, or a drop of water.

(Hard

(Hard is the choise when the valiant must eat their armes, or clem :) Sell my rapier? no, my deare, I will not bee diuore't from thee, yet, I haue euer
2160 found thee true as steele—and (you cannot impart sir?) Saue you gentlemen : (neuerthesse if you haue a fancie to it, sir.)

FAST. Pr'y thee away : is Signior DELIRO departed?

CAR. Ha'you seene a pimpe out-face his owne wants better?

SOG. I commend him, that can dissemble 'hem so well.

2165 PVNT. True, and hauing no better a cloke for it, then he has neither.

FAST. Gods precious, what mischieuous lucke is this! adiew gentlemen.

PVNT. Whither? in such haste, Monsieur FASTIDIVS!

FAST. After my marchant, signior DELIRO, sir.

2170 CARL. O hinder him not, hee may hap lose his tide, a good flounder i' faith.

ORAN. Harke you, signior WHIFFE, a word with you.

*Orange and
Cloue call Shift
aside.*

CARL. How? signior WHIFFE?

ORAN. What was the difference betweene that gallant that's gone,
2175 and you, sir.

SHIFT. No difference : he would ha' giu'n mee five pound for my rapier, and I refus'd it; that's all.

CLOVE. O, was't no otherwise? wee thought you had beene vpon some termes.

2180 SHIFT. No other then you saw, sir.

CLOVE. Adieu, good Master APPLE-IOHN.

CARL. How? WHIFFE, and APPLE-IOHN too? Heart, what'll you say if this be the *appendix*, or labell to both yond' indentures?

PVNT. It may be.

2185 CARL. Resolue vs of it, IANVS, thou that look'st euery way : or thou HERCVLES, that hast trauail'd all countries.

PVNT. Nay, CARLO, spend not time in inuocations now, 'tis late.

CARL. Signior, here's a gentleman desirous of your name, sir.

SHIFT. Sir, my name is CAVALIER SHIFT : I am knowne sufficient-
2190 ly in this walke, sir.

CARL. SHIFT? I heard your name varied e'en now, as I take it.

SHIFT. True, sir, it pleases the world (as I am her excellent *Tabbacco-nist*) to giue me the stile of signior WHIFFE : as I am a poore esquire about the towne here, they call mee Master APPLE-IOHN. Varietie of good
2195 names does well, sir.

CARL. I, and good parts, to make those good names : out of which I imagine yond' bills to be yours.

SHIFT. Sir, if I should denie the manuscripts, I were worthie to be banisht the middle I'le, for euer.

2200 CARL. I take your word, sir : this gentleman has subscrib'd to 'hem, and is most desirous to become your pupill. Mary you must vse expedition. Signior *Insulso Sogliardo*, this is the professor.

SOG.L.

SOGL. In good time, sir; nay, good sir, house your head: doe you professe these sleights in tabacco?

2205 SHIFT. I, doe more then professe, sir, and (if you please to bee a practitioner) I wil vndertake in one fortnight to bring you, that you shal take it plausibly in any ordinarie, theatre, or the tilt-yard, if need be, i' the most popular assembly that is.

PVNT. But you cannot bring him to the *whiffe*, so soon?

2210 SHIFT. Yes, as soone, sir: hee shall receiue the first, second, and third *whiffe*, if it please him, and (vpon the receipt) take his horse, drinke his three cups of *Canarie*, and expose one at *Hounslow*, a second at *Stanes*, and a third at *Bagshot*.

CARL. Baw-waw!

2215 SOGL. You will not serue mee, sir, will you? I'le giue you more then countenance.

SHIFT. Pardon me, sir, I doe scorne to serue any man.

CARL. Who? he serue? Sbloud he keepes high men, and low men, he; he has a faire liuing at *Fullam*.

2220 SHIFT. But in the nature of a fellow, I'le bee your follower, if you please.

SOGL. Sir, you shall stay, and dine with mee, and if wee can agree, wee le not part in haste: I am verie bountifull to men of qualitie. Where shall we goe, signior?

2225 PVNT. Your Miter is your best house.

SHIFT. I can make this dogge take as many *whiffes* as I list, and hee shall retaine, or efume them, at my pleasure.

PVNT. By your patience, follow me, fellowes.

SOGL. Sir, PVNTARVOLO!

2230 PVNT. Pardon mee, my dogge shall not eate in his companie, for a million.

CARL. Nay, bee not you amaz'd, signior WHIFFE, what e're that stiffeneckt gentleman say's.

SOGL. No, for you doe not know the humour of the dogge, as wee
2235 doe: where shall we dine, CARLO? I would faine goe to one of these ordinaries, now I am a gentleman.

CARL. So you may, were you neuer at any yet?

SOGL. No faith, but they say, there resorts your most choise gallants.

CARL. True, and the fashion is, when any stranger comes in among'st
2240 'hent, they all stand vp and stare at him, as he were some vnknowne beast, brought out of *Affrick*: but that'll bee help't with a good aduenturous face. You must be impudent ynough, sit downe, and vse no respect; when any thing's propounded about your capacitie, smile at it, make two or three faces, and 'tis excellent, they'll thinke you haue trauail'd: though
2245 you argue, a whole day, in silence thus, & discourse in nothing but laughter, 'twill passe. Onely (now and then) giue fire, discharge a good full oth, and offer a great wager, 'twill be admirable.

SOGL.

SOG. I warrant you, I am resolute : come, good signior, there's a poore french crowne, for your ordinarie.

2250 SHIF. It comes well, for I had not so much as the least portcullice of coine before.

G R E X.

MIT. I trauell with another obiection, signior, which I feare will bee enfore'd against the author, ere I can be deliuer'd of it.

2255 COR. What's that, sir ?

MIT. That the argument of his *Comadie* might haue beene of some other nature, as of a duke to be in loue with a countesse, and that countesse to bee in loue with the dukes sonne, and the sonne to loue the ladies waiting maid : some such crosse wooing, with a clowne to their seruing-
2260 man, better then to be thus neere, and familiarly allied to the time.

COR. You say well, but I would faine heare one of these *autumne*-judgements define once, *Quid sit Comadia* ? if he cannot, let him content himselfe with CICERO'S definition (till hee haue strength to propose to himselfe a better) who would haue a *Comadie* to be *Imitatio vitæ, Speculum*
2265 *consuetudinis, Imago veritatis* ; a thing throughout pleasant, and ridiculous, and accommodated to the correction of manners : if the maker haue fail'd in any particle of this, they may worthily taxe him, but if not, why-- be you (that are for them) silent, as I will bee for him ; and giue way to the actors.

2270

Act III. Scene VII.

SORDIDO, HINE.

*With a halter
about his necke.*

N Ay, gods-precious, if the weather and season bee so respectlesse, that beggers shall liue as well as their betters ; and that my hunger, and thirst for riches, shall not make them hunger and thirst
2275 with pouertie ; that my sleepes shall be broken, and their hearts not broken ; that my coffers shall bee full, and yet care ; theirs emptie, and yet merry ! Tis time, that a crosse should beare flesh and blood, since flesh and blood cannot beare this crosse.

G R E X.

2280 MIT. What, will he hang himselfe ?

COR. Faith I, it seemes his Prognostication has not kept touch with him, and that makes him despaire.

MIT. Beshrow me, he will be out of his humour then, indeed.

SOR. Tut, these star-monger knaues, who would trust 'hem ? one saies,
2285 darke and rainy, when 'tis as cleere as christall ; another saies, tempestuous blasts, and stormes, and 'twas as calme as a milke-bowle ; here bee sweet rascals for a man to credit his whole fortunes with : You skie-staring cocks-combs you, you fat braines, out vpon you ; you are good for nothing

thing but to sweat night-caps, and make rug-gownes deare ! You learned men, and haue not a legion of deuils, *a vostre seruice ! a vostre seruice !* by heauen, I thinke I shall die a better scholler then they ! but soft, how now, sirra.

HINE. Here's a letter come from your sonne, sir.

SORD. From my sonne, sir ? what would my sonne, sir ? some good newes, no doubt.

Sweet and deare father (desiring you first to send mee your blessing, which is more worth to me then gold or siluer) I desire you likewise to be aduertised, that this Shrouetide (contrary to custome) we vse alwaies to haue reuels ; which is indeed dancing, and makes an excellent shew in truth ; especially if wee gentlemen bee well attir'd, which our seniors note, and thinke the better of our fathers, the better we are maintain'd, and that they shall know if they come vp, and haue any thing to doc in the law : therefore, good father, these are (for your owne sake as well as mine) to re-desire you ; that you let me not want, that which is fit for the setting vp of our name, in the honorable volume of gentilitie, that I may say to our calumniators, with
TVLLIE, Ego sum ortus domus meæ, tu occasus tuæ. *And thus (not doubting of your fatherly beneuolence) I humbly aske you blessing, and pray god to blesse you.*

2310

Yours, if his owne.

How's this ? *Yours, if his owne ?* is he not my sonne, except he be his owne sonne ? Belike this is some new kinde of subscription the gallants vse. Wel, wherefore doest thou stay, knaue ? Away : goe. Here's a letter indeede ; reuels ? and beneuolence ? is this a weather to send beneuolence ? or is this a season to reuell in ? Slid the deuil and all takes part to vex me, I thinke ! this letter would neuer haue come now else, now, now, when the sunne shines, and the aire thus cleere. Soule, if this hold, we shall shortly haue an excellent crop of corne spring out of the high waies : the streets, and houses of the towne will be hid with the ranknesse of the fruits, that grow there in spight of good husbandry. Goe to, I'll preuent the sight of it, come as quickly as it can, I will preuent the sight of it. I haue this remedie, heauen. Stay ; I'll trie the paine thus a little, ô, nothing, nothing. Well now, shall my sonne gaine a beneuolence by my death ? or any body be the better for my gold, or so forth ? No, aliue, I kept it from 'hem, and (dead) my ghost shall walke about it, and preserue it, my son and daughter shall starue ere they touch it, I haue hid it as deep as hell from the sight of heauen, and to it I goe now.

2320

Falls off

Act

Act III. Scene VIII.

RVSTICI.

- 2330 RVST. 1. **A** Ye me, what pittifull sight is this! help, help, help.
 RVST. 2. How now? what's the matter?
 RVST. 1. O, here's a man has hang'd himselfe, helpe to get him againe.
 RVST. 2. Hang'd himselfe? Slid carry him afore a iustice, 'tis *chance*
 2335 *medley*, o' my word.
 RVST. 3. How now, what's here to doe?
 RVST. 4. How comes this?
 RVST. 2. One has executed himselfe, contrary to order of law, and by my consent he shall answer't.
 2340 RVST. 5. Would he were in ease, to answer it.
 RVST. 1. Stand by, he recouers, giue him breath.
 SORD. Oh.
 RVST. 5. Masse, 'twas well you vvent the foot-way, neighbour.
 RVST. 1. I, and I had not cut the halter.
 2345 SORD. How! cut the halter? Aye me, I am vndone, I am vndone.
 RVST. 2. Mary, if you had not beene vndone, you had beene hang'd, I can tell you.
 SORD. You thred-bare horse-bread-eating rascals, if you vwould needes haue beene meddling, could you not haue vntied it, but you must
 2350 cut it? and in the midst too! Aye me.
 RVST. 1. Out on me, 'tis the catterpillar SORDIDO! how cursed are the poore, that the viper was blest vvith this good fortune?
 RVST. 2. Nay, how accurst art thou, that art cause to the curse of the poore?
 2355 RVST. 3. I, and to saue so wretched a caytife?
 RVST. 4. Curst be thy fingers that loos'd him.
 RVST. 2. Some desperate furie possesse thee, that thou maist hang thy selfe too.
 RVST. 5. Neuer maist thou be sau'd, that sau'd so damn'd a monster.
 2360 SORDID. What curses breathe these men! how haue my deeds Made my lookes differ from another mans,
 That they should thus detest, and lothe my life!
 Out on my wretched humour, it is that
 Makes me thus monstrous in true humane eyes.
 2365 Pardon me (gentle friends) I'll make faire mends
 For my foule errors past, and twenty-fold
 Restore to all men, vvhat with vvrong I rob'd them:
 My barnes, and garners shall stand open still
 To all the poore that come, and my best graine

- 2370 Be made almes-bread, to feed halfe-famisht mouthes.
 Though hitherto amongst you I haue liu'd,
 Like an vnsauourie muck-hill to my selfe,
 Yet now, my gather'd heapes being spread abroad,
 Shall turne to better, and more fruitfull vses.
- 2375 Blesse then this man, curse him no more for sauing
 My life, and soule together. O, how deeply
 The bitter curses of the poore doe pierce!
 I am by wonder chang'd; come in with me
 And witnesse my repentance: now I proue,
- 2380 " No life is blest, that is not grac't with loue.
 RVST. 2. O miracle! see vvhen a man ha's grace!
 RVST. 3. Had't not beene pittie, so good a man should haue beene
 cast away?
 RVST. 2. Well, I'll get our clarke put his conuersion in the *Acts*, and
- 2385 *Monuments*.
 RVST. 4. Doe, for I warrant him hee's a *Martyr*.
 RVST. O god, how he wept, if you mark't it! did you see how the
 teares trill'd?
 RVST. 5. Yes, belecue me, like master vicars bowles vpon the greene,
 2390 for all the world.
 3. or 4. O neighbour, god's blessing o' your heart, neighbour, 'twas
 a good gratefull deed.

G R E X.

- COR. How now, MITIS? what's that you consider so seriously?
- 2395 MIT. Troth, that which doth essentially please me, the vvarping condition of this greene, and soggy multitude: but in good faith, signior, your author hath largely out-stript my expectation in this *Scene*, I will liberally confesse it. For, when I saw SORDIDO so desperately intended, I thought I had had a hand of him, then.
- 2400 COR. What? you suppos'd he should haue hung himselfe, indeed?
 MIT. I did, and had fram'd my obiection to it ready, which may yet be very fitly vrg'd, and with some necessity: for though his purpos'd violence lost th'effect, and extended not to death, yet the intent and horror of the obiection, was more then the nature of a *Comædie* vvill in any sort admit.
- 2405 COR. I? vvhat thinke you of PLAVTVS, in his *Comædie*, called *Cistellaria*, there? vvhere he brings in ALCESIMARCHVS vvith a drawne sword ready to kill himselfe, and as hee is e'ne fixing his brest vpon it, to bee restrain'd from his resolu'd outrage, by SILENIUM, and the bawd: is not his authoritie of power to giue our *Scene* approbation?
- 2410 MIT. Sir, I haue this only euasion left me, to say, *I thinke it bee so indeed, your memorie is happier then mine*: but I wonder, what engine hee vvill vse to bring the rest out of their humours!

COR. That will appeare anon, neuer preoccupie your imagination

M

withall.

withall. Let your mind keepe companie with the *Scene* still, which now
 2415 remoues it selfe from the country, to the court. Here comes MACILEN-
 TE, and Signior BRISKE, freshly suted, lose not your selfe, for now the
Epitasis, or busie part of our subiect, is in act.

Act III. Scene IX.

MACILENTE, BRISKE, CINEDO,
 2420 SAVIOLINA.

FAST. **W** Ell, now, signior MACILENTE, you are not onely
 welcome to the court, but also to my mistris with-
 drawing chamber: Boy, get me some tabacco, I'll
 but goe in, and shew I am here, and come to you presently, sir.
 2425 MACI. What's that he said? by heauen, I markt him not:
 My thoughts, and I, were of another world.
 I was admiring mine owne out-side here,
 To thinke what priuiledge, and palme it beares
 Here, in the court! Be a man ne're so vile
 2430 In wit, in judgement, manners, or what else;
 If he can purchase but a silken couer,
 He shall not only passe, but passe regarded:
 Whereas, let him be poore, and meanely clad,
 Though ne're so richly parted; you shall haue
 2435 A fellow (that knowes nothing but his beefe,
 Or how to rince his clammy guts in beere)
 Will take him by the shoulders, or the throat,
 And kicke him downe the staires. Such is the state
 Of vertue, in bad clothes! ha, ha, ha, ha,
 2440 That raiment should be in such high request!
 How long should I be, ere I should put off
 To the lord *Chancelors* tombe, or the *Shrines* posts?
 By heauen (I thinke) a thousand, thousand yeere.
 His grautie, his wisdom, and his faith,
 2445 To my dread Soueraigne (graces that suruiue him)
 These I could well endure to reuerence,
 But not his tombe: no more then I'd commend
 The chappell organ, for the guilt without,
 Or this base violl, for the varnisht face.
 2450 FAST. I feare I haue made you stay somewhat long, sir, but is my ta-
 bacco readie, boy?

CINE. I, sir.

FAST. Giue me, my mistris is vpon comming, you shall see her pre-
 sently, sir, (*Tab.*) you'll say you neuer accosted a more piercing wit. This
 2455 tabacco is not dried, boy, or else the pipe's defectiue. Oh, your wits of

Italie

Italic are nothing comparable to her! her braine's a verie quiuer of iests!
and she do's dart them abroad with that sweete loose, and iudiciall aime,
that you would——here she comes sir.

MACI. 'Twas time, his inuention had beene bogd else.

*She is scene and
goes in againe.*

2460 SAVI. Giue me my fanne there.

MACI. How now, Monsieur BRISKE?

FAST. A kind of affectionate reuerence strikes mee with a cold shiue-
ring (me thinks.)

MACI. Ilike such tempers well, as stand before their mistresses with
2465 feare and trembling, and before their maker, like impudent mountaines.

FAST. By this hand, I'd spend twentie pound my vaunting-horse
stood here now, she might see me doe but one tricke?

MACI. Why, do's she loue actiuitie?

CINE. Or if you had but your long stockings on, to be dancing a gal-
2470 liard, as she comes by.

FAST. I eyther. O, these stirring humours make ladies mad with de-
sire: shee comes. My good GENIUS embolden me, boy, the pipe quickly.

MACI. What? will he giue her musicke?

FAST. A second good morrow to my faire mistresse.

2475 SAVI. Faire seruant, I'll thanke you a day hence, when the date of
your salutation comes forth.

FAST. How, like you that answere? is't not admirable?

MACI. I were a simple courtier, if I could not admire trifles, sir.

FAST. Troth, sweete ladie, I shall (*Tab.*) be prepar'd to giue you thanks
2480 for those thanks, and (*Tab.*) studie more officious, and obsequious re-
gards (*Tab.*) to your faire beauties. (*Tab.*) mend the pipe, boy.

*He talks, and
takes tabacco
betweene.*

MACI. I ne're knew tabacco taken as a *parenthesis*, before.

FAST. Fore god (sweete ladie) beleeeue it, I doe honour the meanest
rush in this chamber, for your loue.

2485 SAVI. I, you need not tell mee that, sir, I doe thinke, you doe prize a
rush, before my loue.

MACI. Is this the wonder of nations?

FAST. O, by this ayre, pardon me, I said, for your loue, by this light:
but it is the accustomed sharpnesse of your ingenuitie, sweete mistresse,

2490 to——Masse your violl's new strung, methinkes.

MACI. Ingenuitie. I see his ignorance will not suffer him to slander
her, which he had done most notably, if he had said wit, for ingenuitie, as
he meant it.

*He takes downe
the violl, and
playes betweene.*

FAST. By the soule of musicke, ladie (*hum, hum.*)

2495 SAVI. Would we might heare it once.

FAST. I doe more adore, and admire your (*hum, hum*) predominant
perfections, then (*hum, hum*) euer I shall haue power, and facultie to ex-
presse (*hum.*)

SAVI. Vpon the violl *de Gambo*, you meane?

2500 FAST. It's miserably out of tune, by this hand.

SAVI. Nay, rather by the fingers.

MACI. It makes good harmonie with her wit.

FAST. Sweet ladie, tune it. Boy, some tabacco.

MACI. Tabacco againe? he do's court his mistresse with verie excee-
2505 ding good changes.

FAST. Signior MACILENTE, you take none, sir? (*Tab.*)

MACI. No, vnlesse I had a Mistresse, signior, it were a great indecorum
for me to take tabacco.

FAST. How like you her wit? (*Tab.*)

2510 MACI. Her ingenuitie is excellent, sir.

FAST. You see the subiect of her sweet fingers, there? (*Tab.*)

Oh, shee tickles it so, that (*Tab.*) shee makes it laugh most diuinely; (*Tab.*)

I'll tell you a good iest now, and your selfe shall say it's a good one: I haue
wisht my selfe to be that instrument (I thinke) a thousand times, and not

2515 so few, by heauen (*Tab.*)

MACI. Not vnlike, sir: but how? to be cas'd vp, and hung by on the
wall?

FAST. O, no, sir, to be in vse I assure you; as your iudicious eyes may
testifie. (*Tab.*)

2520 SAVI. Here, seruant, if you will play, come.

FAST. Instantly, sweet ladie. (*Tab.*) In good faith, here's most diuine
tabacco!

SAVI. Nay, I cannot stay to dance after your pipe.

FAST. Good! nay, deare ladie, stay: by this sweete smoake, I thinke
2525 your wit be all fire. (*Tab.*)

MACI. And, hee's the *Salamander* belongs to it.

SAVI. Is your tabacco perfum'd, seruant? that you sweare by the
sweet smoke?

FAST. Still more excellent! (before heauen, and these bright lights) I
2530 thinke (*Tab.*) you are made of ingenuitie, I. (*Tab.*)

MACI. True, as your discourse is: ô abominable!

FAST. Will your ladiship take any?

SAVI. O, peace I pray you; I loue not the breath of a woodcockes
head.

2535 FAST. Meaning my head, ladie?

SAVI. Not altogether so, sir; but (as it were fatall to their follies that
thinke to grace themselues with taking tabacco, when they want better
entertainment) you see your pipe beares the true forme of a wood-
cockes head.

2540 FAST. O admirable *simile*!

SAVI. 'Tis best leauing of you in admiration, sir.

MACI. Are these the admired lady-wits, that hauing so good a plaine-
song, can runne no better diuision vpon it? S'heart, all her iests are of the
stampe, (*March* was fiteene yeres ago.) Is this the Comet, Monsieur FA-

2545 STIDIVS, that your gallants wonder at so?

FAST.

FAST. Hart of a gentleman, to neglect mee afore presence thus! Sweet sir, I beseech you be silent in my disgrace. By the *Muses*, I was neuer in so vile a humour in my life, and her wit was at the flood too. Report it not for a million, good sir; let me be so farre endear'd to your loue.

G R E X.

2550

MIT. What followes next, signior CORDATVS? this gallants humour is almost spent, me thinkes, it ebbes apace, with this contrarie breath of his mistresse.

COR. O, but it will flow againe for all this, till there come a generall
2555 drought of humour among all our actors, and then, I feare not but his wil fall as low as any. See, who presents himselfe here!

MIT. What, i'the old case?

COR. Yfaith, which makes it, the more pittifull, you vnderstand where the *Scene* is?

Act IIII. Scene I.

2560

FALLACE. FVNGOSO.

W Hy, are you so melancholy, brother?

FVNG. I am not melancholy, I thanke you, sister.

FALL. Why are you not merrie then? there are but
2565 two of vs in all the world, and if wee should not bee comforts one to another, god helpe vs.

FVNG. Faith, I cannot tell, sister, but if a man had any true melancholy in him, it would make him melancholy, to see his yeomanly father cut his neighbours throats, to make his sonne a gentleman: and yet when he
2570 has cut 'hem, he will see his sonnes throat cut too, ere he make him a true gentleman indeed, before death cut his owne throat. I must bee the first head of our house, and yet he will not giue me the head till I bee made so. Is any man term'd a gentleman that is not alwayes i'the fashion? I would know but that.

FALL. If you bee melancholy for that, brother, I thinke I haue as much cause to bee melancholy, as one: for I'le be sworne, I liue as little in the fashion, as any woman in *London*. By the faith of a Gentlewoman, (beast that I am to say it) I ha'not one friend i'the world besides my husband. When saw you master FASTIDIUS BRISKE, brother?

2580 FVNG. But a while since, sister, I thinke: I know not well in truth. By this hand, I could fight with all my heart, me thinkes.

FALL. Nay, good brother, be not resolute.

FVNG. I sent him a letter, and he writes me no answeare neyther.

FALL. Oh, sweete FASTIDIUS BRISKE! ô fine courtier! thou art
2585 hee mak'st me sigh, and say, how blessed is that woman that hath a courtier to her husband! and how miserable a dame shee is, that hath neyther

husband, nor friend i' the court! O, sweet FASTIDIVS! ô, fine courtier!
 How comely he bowes him in his court'sie! how full hee hits a woman
 betweene the lips when hee kisses! how vpright hee sits at the table! how
 2590 daintily he carues! how sweetly he talkes, and tels newes of this lord, and
 of that lady! how cleanly he wipes his spoone, at euery spoonfull of any
 whit-meat he eates, and what a neat case of pick-tooths he carries about
 him, still! O, sweet FASTIDIVS! ô fine courtier!

Act IIII. Scene II.

2595 DELIRO, MUSICIANS, MACILENTE,
 FVNGOSO.

SEE, yonder shee is, gentlemen. Now (as euer you'll beare the name
 of musicians) touch your instruments sweetly, shee has a delicate
 care, I tell you: play not a false note, I beseech you.

2600 MVS1. Feare not, signior DELIRO.

DELI. O, begin, begin, some sprightly thing: Lord, how my imagi-
 nation labours with the successe of it. Well said, good yfaith! heauen
 grant it please her. I'll not be seene, for then shee'll be sure to dislike it.

FALL. Hey--da! this is excellent! I'll lay my life, this is my husbands
 2605 dotage. I thought so; nay, neuer play peeke-boe with me, I know, you
 doe nothing but studie how to anger me, sir.

DELI. Anger thee, sweet wife? why didst thou not send for musicians
 to supper last night, thy selfe?

FALL. To supper, sir? now, come vp to supper, I beseech you: as
 2610 though there were no difference between supper time, when folkes should
 be merry, and this time when they would be melancholy? I would neuer
 take vpon me to take a wife, if I had no more iudgement to please her.

DELI. Be pleas'd, sweet wife, and they shall ha' done: and would to
 fate, my life were done, if I can neuer please thee.

2615 MACI. Saue you, lady, where is master DELIRO?

DELI. Here, master MACILENTE: you are welcome from court,
 sir; no doubt you haue beene grac't exceedingly of master BRISKES Mi-
 stris, and the rest of the ladies, for his sake?

MACI. Alas, the poore *phantasticke*! hee's scarce knowne
 2620 To any lady there; and those that know him,
 Know him the simplest man of all they know:
 Deride, and play vpon his amorous humours,
 Though he but apishly doth imitate
 The gallant'st courtiers, kissing ladies pumps,
 2625 Holding the cloth for them, praising their wits,
 And seruilely obseruing euery one,
 May doe them pleasure: fearefull to be seene
 With any man (though he be ne're so worthy)

That's

That's not in grace with some, that are the greatest.

2630 Thus courtiers doe, and these he counterfeits.

But sets not such a sightly carriage

Vpon their vanities, as they themselues ;

And therefore they despise him : for indeed

Hee's like the *Zani*, to a tumbler,

2635 That tries tricks after him, to make men laugh.

FALL. Here's an vnthankfull spitefull wretch ! the good gentleman vouchsaft to make him his companion (because my husband put him into a few rags) and now see, how the vnruide rascall back-bites him !

DELI. Is he no more grac't amongst 'hem, then ? say you ?

2640 MACI. Faith, like a pawne, at *Chesse* : fills vp a roome, that's all.

FALL. O monster of men ! can the earth beare such an enuious caytiffe ?

DELI. Well, I repent me, I e're credited him so much : but (now I see what he is, and that his masking vizor is off) I'll forbear him no longer.

2645 All his lands are morgag'd to me, and forfeited : besides, I haue bonds of his in my hand, for the receipt of now fifty pound, now a hundred, now two hundred : still, as he has had a fan but wagg'd at him, he would be in a new sute. Well, I'll salute him by a *Sergeant*, the next time I see him, yfaith, I'll sute him.

2650 MACI. Why, you may soone see him, sir, for hee is to meet signior PVNTARVOLO at a *Notaries*, by the *Exchange*, presently : where he meanes to take vp, vpon returne——

FALL. Now, out vpon thee, IVDAS ; canst thou not be content to back-bite thy friend, but thou must betray him ? wilt thou seeke the vn-
2655 doing of any man ? and of such a man too ? and will you, sir, get your li-
uing by the counsell of traytors ?

DELI. Deare wife, haue patience.

FALL. The house will fall, the ground will open, and swallow vs : I'll not bide here, for all the gold, and siluer in heauen.

2660 DELI. O, good MACILENTE, let's follow and appease her, or the peace of my life is at an end.

MACI. Now pease, and not peace, feed that life, whose head hangs so heauily ouer a womans manger.

FALL. Helpe me, brother : 'ods body, and you come here, I'll doe my
2665 selfe a mischiefe. Deliro follow's
his wife.

DELI. Nay, heare me, sweet wife, vnlesse thou wilt haue mee goe, I will not goe.

FALL. Tut, you shall ne're ha' that vantage of me, to say, you are vn-
done by me : I'll not bid you stay, I. Brother, sweet brother, here's foure
2670 angels, I'll giue you toward your sute : for the loue of gentry, and as euer
you came of christen creature, make haste to the water side (you know
where Master FASTIDIVS vses to land) and giue him warning of my hus-
bands malicious intent ; & tel him of that leane rascals trechery : O heuens !

how

how my flesh rises at him! nay, sweet brother, make haste: you may say,
 2675 I would haue writ to him, but that the necessitie of the time would not
 permit. He cannot choose but take it extraordinarily from me: and com-
 mend me, to him, good brother, say, I sent you.

FVNG. Let me see, these foure angels, and then, fortie shillings more
 I can borrow on my gowne in *Fetter-lane*. Well, I will goe presently, say
 2680 on my sute, pay as much money as I haue, and sweare my selfe into credit
 vvith my taylor, for the rest.

*Deliro, and Ma-
 cilente, passe o-
 uer the stage.*

DELI. O, on my soule you wrong her, MACILENTE,
 Though shee be froward, yet I know shee is honest.

MACI. Well, then haue I no iudgement: would any vvoman (but
 2685 one that were wild in her affections) haue broke out into that immodest
 and violent passion against her husband? or is't possible——

DELI. If you loue me, forbear; all the arguments i' the world shall
 neuer wrest my heart to beleuee it.

G R E X.

2690 COR. How like you the decyphering of his dotage?

MIT. O, strangely! and of the others enuie too, that labours so seri-
 ously to set debate betwixt a man, and his wife. Stay, here comes the
 knight aduenturer.

COR. I, and his scriuener vvith him.

2695 Act IIII. Scene III.

PVNTARVOLO, NOTARIE, CARLO,
 SERVANTS.

2700 **I** Wonder, Monsieur FASTIDIVS comes not! but, NOTARIE, if thou
 please to draw the indentures the vvhile, I will giue thee thy in-
 structions.

NOTA. With all my heart, sir; and I'll fall in hand with'hem
 presently.

PVNT. Well then, first, the summe is to be vnderstood.

NOTA. Good, sir.

2705 PVNT. Next, our seuerall appellations, and character of my dog, and
 cat, must be knowne: shew him the cat, sirrah.

NOTA. So, sir.

PVNT. Then, that the intended bound, is the *Turkes* court in *Constan-*
tinople: the time limited for our returne, a yeere: and that if either of vs
 2710 miscarry, the whole venter is lost. These are generall, conceiu'st thou?
 or if either of vs turne *Turke*.

NOTA. I, sir.

PVNT. Now for particulars: That I may make my trauails by sea or
 land, to my best liking: and that (hyring a coach for my selfe) it shall bee
 2715 lawfull for my dog, or cat, or both, to ride with me in the said coach.

NOT.

NOT. Very good, sir.

PVN. That I may choose to giue my dogge, or cat fish, for feare of bones : or any other nutriment, that (by the iudgement of the most autentically physicians, where I trauaile) shall be thought dangerous.

2720 NOT. Well, sir.

PVN. That (after the receit of his monie) he shall neyther in his own person, nor any other, eyther by direct or indirect meanes, as magicke, witchcraft, or other such exoticke artes, attempt, practise, or complot any thing, to the preiudice of mee, my dogge, or my cat : Neyther shall I
2725 vse the helpe of any such sorceries, or enchantments, as vnctions, to make our skinnies impenetrable, or to trauaile inuisible by vertue of a powder, or a ring, or to hang any three-forked charme about my dogges necke, secretly conuey'd into his collar : (vnderstand you?) but that all be performed, sincerely, without fraud, or imposture.

2730 NOT. So, sir.

PVN. That (for testimonie of the performance) my selfe am to bring thence a *Turkes* mustachio, my dogge a *Gracian* hares lip, and my cat the traine, or taile of a *Thracian* rat.

NOT. 'Tis done, sir.

2735 PVN. 'Tis said, sir, not done, sir : but forward. That vpon my returne, and landing on the Tower-wharfe, with the aforesaid testimonie, I am to receiue fūe for one, according to the proportion of the summes put forth.

NOT. Well, sir.

2740 PVN. Prouided, that if before our departure, or setting forth, either my selfe, or these be visited with sicknesse, or any other casuall euent, so that the whole course of the aduenture bee hindered, thereby ; that then, he is to returne, and I am to receiue the prenominated proportion, vpon faire and equall termes.

2745 NOT. Verie good, sir, is this all ?

PVN. It is all, sir : and dispatch them, good NOTARIE.

NOT. As fast as is possible, sir.

PVN. O, CARLO! welcome : saw you Monsieur BRISKE ?

CAR. Not I : did he appoint you, to meet here ?

2750 PVN. I, and I muse he should be so tardie : hec is to take an hundred pounds of mee in venter, if he maintaine his promise.

CAR. Is his houre past ?

PVN. Not yet, but it comes on apace.

CAR. Tut, be not iealous of him : he will sooner breake all the com-
2755 mandements, then his houre, vpon my life, in such a case trust him.

PVN. Me thinkes, CARLO, you looke verie smooth ! ha ?

CAR. Why, I come but now from a hot-house, I must needes looke smooth.

PVN. From a hot-house !

2760 CAR. I, doo you make a wonder on't ? why it's your only physicke.

Let

Let a man sweate once a weeke in a hothouse, and be well rub'd, and fro-
ted, with a good plumpe juicie wench, and sweet linnen: hee shall ne're ha'
the poxe.

PVNT. What, the *French* poxe?

2765 CARL. The *French* poxe! our poxe. S'bloud we haue 'hem in as good
forme as they, man: what?

PVNT. Let mee perish, but thou art a salt one! was your new-created
gallant there with you? SOGLIARDO?

CARL. O, porpuse! hang him, no: hee's a lieger at *Hornes* ordinarie
2770 yonder: his villanous GANIMEDE, and he ha' beene droning a tabacco
pipe there, euer sin' yesterday noone.

PVNT. Who? signior TRIPARTITE, that would giue my dogge the
Whiffe?

CARL. I, hee. They haue hir'd a chamber, and all priuate to practise
2775 in, for the making of the *Patoun*, the *Receit reciprocall*, and a num-
ber of other mysteries, not yet extant. I brought some dozen, or twentie
gallants this morning to view 'hem (as you'd doe a piece of *Perspectiue*)
in at a key-hole: and there wee might see SOGLIARDO sit in a chaire,
holding his snowt vp like a sow vnder an apple-tree, while th' other ope-
2780 n'd his nostrils with a poking-sticke, to giue the smoke a more free deliue-
rie. They had spit some three, or fourescore ounces betweene 'hem, afore
we came away.

PVNT. How? spit three, or fourescore ounces?

CARL. I, and preseru'd it in porrengers, as a barber does his blood,
2785 when he opens a veine.

PVNT. Out, *Pagan*: how dost thou open the veine of thy friend?

CARL. Friend? Is there any such foolish thing i' the world? ha? S'lid I
ne're rellisht it yet.

PVNT. Thy humour is the more dangerous.

2790 CARL. No, not a whit, Signior: Tut, a man must keepe time in all.
I can oyle my tongue when I meet him next, and looke with a good slicke
fore-head; 'twill take away all soyle of suspicion, and that's ynough: what
LYNCEVS can see my heart? Pish, the title of a friend, it's a vaine idle
thing, only venerable among fooles: you shall not haue one that has any
2795 opinion of wit affect it.

Act IIII. Scene IIII.

To them.

DELIRO, MACILENTE.

S Aue you, good sir PVNTARVOLO.

2800 PVNT. Signior DELIRO! welcome.

DELI. Pray you, sir, did you see Master FASTIDIVS BRISKE?
I heard he was to meet your worship here.

PVNT. You heard no figment, sir, I doe expect him at euery pulse of
my watch.

DELI.

DELI. In good time, sir.

2805 CARL. There's a fellow now, looks like one of the *Patricians* of *Sparta*, marry his wit's after tenne i'the hundred. A good bloud-hound, a close-mouth'd dogge, he followes the sent well, marry he's at a fault now, me thinkes.

PVNT. I should wonder at that creature is free from the danger of thy
2810 tongue.

CARL. O, I cannot abide these limmes of sattin, or rather *Sathan* indeed, that'll walke (like the children of darknesse) all day in a melancholy shop, with their pockets full of blankes, readie to swallow vp as manie poore vnthrifts, as come within the verge.

2815 PVNT. So! and what hast thou for him that is with him, now?

CARL. O, (dam'mee) *Immortalitie*! I'll not meddle with him, the pure element of fire, all spirit, extraction.

PVNT. How, CARLO? ha, what is he, man?

CARL. A scholler, MACILENTE, doe you not know him? a lanke
2820 raw-bon'd anatomie, he walkes vp and downe like a charg'd musket, no man dares encounter him: that's his rest there.

PVNT. His rest? why has he a forked head?

CARL. Pardon me, that's to be suspended, you are too quicke, too apprehensiuie.

2825 DELI. Troth (now I thinke on't) I'll deferre it till some other time.

MACI. Not, by any meanes, signior, you shall not lose this opportunitie, he will be here presently now.

DELI. Yes faith, MACILENTE, 'tis best. For looke you, sir, I shall so exceedingly offend my wife in't, that——

2830 MACI. Your wife? now for shame lose these thoughts, and become the master of your owne spirits. Should I (if I had a wife) suffer my selfe to be thus passionately carried (to and fro) with the streame of her humour? and neglect my deepest affaires, to serue her affections? S'light I would geld my selfe first.

2835 DELI. O but, signior, had you such a wife as mine is, you would——

MACI. Such a wife? Now hate mee, sir, if euer I discern'd any wonder in your wife, yet, with all the speculation I haue: I haue seene some that ha' beene thought fairer then she, in my time; and I haue seene those, ha' not been altogether so tall, esteem'd properer women; and I haue seen lesse
2840 noses grow vpon sweeter faces, that haue done verie well too, in my iudgement: but in good faith, signior, for all this, the gentlewoman is a good pretie proud hard-fauour'd thing, marry not so peerelessly to bee doted vpon, I must confesse: nay, be not angrie.

DELI. Well, sir, (how euer you please to forget your selfe) I haue not
2845 deseru'd to bee thus plai'd vpon, but henceforth, pray you forbear my house, for I can but faintly endure the sauour of his breath at my table, that shall thus iade me for my courtesies.

MACI. Nay, then, signior, let me tell you, your wife is no proper woman,

man, and, by my life, I suspect her honestie, that's more, which you may
2850 likewise suspect (if you please :) doe you see? Ile vrge you to nothing, a-
gainst your appetite, but if you please, you may suspect it.

DELI. Good, sir.

MACI. Good sir? Now horne vpon horne pursue thee, thou blinde e-
gregious dotard.

2855 CARL. O, you shall heare him speake like ennie. Signior MACILEN-
TE, you saw monsieur BRISKE lately? I heard you were with him
at court.

MACI. I, BVFFONE, I was with him.

CARL. And how is he respected there? (I know youle deale ingenu-
2860 ously with vs) is he made of amongst the sweeter sort of gallants?

MACI. Faith I, his ciuet and his casting-glasse,
Haue helpt him to a place amongst the rest :
And there, his *Seniors* giue him good sleight looks,
After their garbe, smile, and salute in *French*
2865 With some new complement.

CARL. What, is this all?

MACI. Why say, that they should shew the frothie foole,
Such grace, as they pretend comes from the heart,
He had a mightie wind-fall out of doubt.
2870 Why, all their *Graces* are not to doe grace
To vertue, or desert : but to ride both
With their guilt spurres quite breathlesse, from themselues.
'Tis now esteem'd *Precisianisme* in wit;
And a disease in nature, to be kind
2875 Toward desert, to loue, or seeke good names :
Who feeds with a good name? who thriues with louing?
Who can prouide feast for his owne desires,
With seruing others? ha, ha, ha :
'Tis folly, by our wisest worldlings prou'd,
2880 (If not to gaine by loue) to be belou'd.

CARL. How like you him? is't not a good spitefull slaue? ha?

PVNT. Shrewd, shrewd.

CARL. Dam'ne, I could eat his flesh now : diuine sweet villaine !

MACI. Nay, pr'y thee leaue : what's he there?

2885 CARL. Who? this i'the starcht beard? it's the dull stiffe knight PVN-
TARVOLO, man; hee's to trauaile now presently : hee has a good knottie
wit, marry he carries little o't out of the land, with him.

MACI. How then?

CARL. He puts it forth in venter, as hee does his monie; vpon the re-
2890 turne of a dogge, and cat.

MACI. Is this he?

CARL. I, this is hee; a good tough gentleman : hee looks like a
shield of brawne, at *Shrouetide*, out of date, and readie to take his leaue :

or

or a drie poule of ling vpon *Easter-eue*, that has furnisht the table all *Lent*,
2895 as he has done the citie this last vacation.

MACI. Come, you'le neuer leaue your stabbing *simile's* : I shall ha'
you ayming at me with 'hem by and by, but——

CARL. O, renounce me then : pure, honest, good *deuill*, I loue thee
about the loue of women : I could e'en melt in admiration of thee, now!
2900 gods so, looke here, man ; Sir DAGONET, and his squire !

Act IIII. Scene V.

SOGLIARDO, SHIFT.

To them.

2905 **S**Aue you, my deare GALLANTO'S : nay, come approach, good CAVA-
LIER : pr'y thee (sweet knight) know this gentleman, hee's one that
it pleases mee to vse as my good friend, and companion ; and there-
fore doe him good offices : I beseech you, gentles, know him, know him
all ouer.

PVNT. Sir (for signior SOGLIARDO'S sake) let it suffice, I know you.

2910 SOGL. Why (as I am true gentleman) I thanke you, knight, and it
shall suffice. Harke you, sir PVNTARVOLO, you'ld little thinke it ; he's as
resolute a peece of flesh, as any's i'the world.

PVNT. Indeed, sir ?

SOGL. Vpon my gentilitie, sir : CARLO, a word with you ; Doe you
see that same fellow, there ?

2915 CARL. What ? CAVALIER SHIFT ?

SOGL. O, you know him ; crie you mercy : before me, I thinke him
the tallest man, liuing within the walls of *Europe*.

CARL. The walls of *Europe* ! take heed what you say, signior, *Eu-*
rope's a huge thing within the walls.

2920 SOGL. Tut, (and 'twere as huge againe) I'ld iustifie what I speake.
S'lid, heswagger'd e'en now in a place where we were : I neuer saw a man
doe it more resolute.

CARL. Nay, indeede swaggering is a good argument of resolution.
Doe you heare this, signior ?

2925 MACI. I, to my grieve. O, that such muddy flags,

For cuery drunken flourish, should atchieue

The name of manhood ; whil'st true perfect valour

(Hating to shew it selfe) goes by despis'd !

Heart, I doe know now (in a faire iust cause)

2930 I dare doe more then he, a thousand times :

Why should not they take knowledge of this ? ha ?

And giue my worth allowance before his ?

Because I cannot swagger ! Now the poxe

Light on your *Pickt-hatch* prowesse.

N

SOGL.

2935 SOGL. Why, I tell you, sir, he has beene the only *Bid-stand* that euer kept *New-market*, *Salisbury-plaine*, *Hockley i'the hole*, *Gads-Hill*; all the high places of any request: he has had his mares and his geldings, he, ha' been worth fortie, threescore, a hundred pound a horse, would ha' sprung you ouer hedge, and ditch, like your grey-hound, he has done fiew hundred robberies in his time, more or lesse, I assure you.

PVNT. What? and scapt?

SOGL. Scapt! yfaith I: he has broken the jayle when he has beene in yrons, and yrons; and beene out, and in againe; and out, and in; fortie times, and not so few, he.

2945 MACI. A fit trumpet, to proclaime such a person.

CARL. But can this be possible?

SHIFT. Why, 'tis nothing, sir, when a man giues his affections to it.

SOGL. Good PYLADES, discourse a robberie, or two, to satisfie these gentlemen of thy worth.

2950 SHIFT. Pardon me, my deare ORESTES: Causes haue their *quiddits*, and 'tis ill iesting with bell-ropes.

CARL. How? PYLADES, and ORESTES?

SOGL. I, he is my PYLADES, and I am his ORESTES: how like you the conceit?

2955 CARL. O, it's an old stale enterlude deuice: No, I'll giue you names my selfe, looke you, he shall be your IVDAS, and you shall bee his Elder tree, to hang on.

MACI. Nay, rather, let him be capitaine POD, and this his *Motion*; for he does nothing but shew him.

2960 CARL. Excellent: or thus, you shall bee HOLDEN, and hee your Camel.

SHIFT. You doe not meane to ride, gentlemen?

PVNT. Faith, let me end it for you, gallants: you shall be his *Countenance*, and he your *Resolution*.

2965 SOGL. Troth, that's pretty: how say you, *Cauallier*, shalt be so?

CARL. I, I, most voices.

SHIFT. Faith, I am easily yeelding to any good impressions.

SOGL. Then giue hands, good *Resolution*.

CARL. Masse, he cannot say, good *Countenance*, now (properly) to 2970 him againe.

PVNT. Yes, by an *irony*.

MACI. O, sir, the countenance of *Resolution* should, as he is, be altogether grim, and vnpleasant.

Act IIII. Scene VI.

FASTIDIVS BRISKE.

To them.

2975

Good houres make musicke with your mirth, gentlemen, and keepe time to your humours: how now, CARLO?

PVNT. Monsieur BRISKE! many a long looke haue I extended for you, sir.

2980

FAST. Good faith, I must craue pardon; I was inuited this morning ere I was out of my bed, by a beuie of ladies, to a banquet: whence it was almost one of HERCVLES labours for me, to come away, but that the respect of my promise did so preuaile with me. I know they'll take it very ill, especially one, that gaue me this bracelet of her haire but ouer-night,

2985

and this pearle another gaue me from her fore-head, mary, shee—— what? are the writings ready?

PVNT. I will send my man to know. Sirrah, goe you to the *Notaries*, and learne if he be readie: leaue the dog, sir.

2990

FAST. And how does my rare qualified friend, SOGLIARDO? oh, signior MACILENTE! by these eyes, I saw you not, I had saluted you sooner else, o' my troth: I hope, sir, I may presume vpon you, that you will not diuulge my late checke, or disgrace (indeed) sir.

MACI. You may, sir.

2995

CARL. S'heart, he knowes some notorious iest by this gull, that hee hath him so obsequious.

SOGL. Monsieur FASTIDIVS, doe you see this fellow there? does he not looke like a clowne? would you thinke there were any thing in him?

FAST. Any thing in him? beshrow me, I: the fellow hath a good ingenious face.

3000

SOGL. By this element, he is as ingenious a tal man, as euer swagger'd about *London*: he, and I, call *Countenance*, and *Resolution*, but his name is CAVALIER SHIFT.

PVNT. CAVALIER, you knew signior CLOG, that was hang'd for the robbery, at *Harrow* o' the hill?

3005

SOGL. Knew him, sir! why, 'twas hee gaue all the directions for the action.

PVNT. How? was it your proiect, sir?

SHIFT. Pardon me, *Countenance*, you doe me some wrong to make occasions publike, which I imparted to you in priuate.

3010

SOGL. Gods will! here are none but friends, *Resolution*.

SHIFT. That's all one; things of consequence must haue their respects: where, how, and to whom. Yes, sir, hee shewed himselfe a true CLOG in the coherence of that affaire, sir: for, if he had manag'd matters as they were corroborated to him, it had beene better for him by a fortie, or fiftie score of pounds, sir, and he himselfe might ha' liu'd (in despite

3015

of fates) to haue fed on wood-cocks, with the rest : but it was his heauie fortune to sinke, poore CLOG, and therefore talke no more of him.

PVNT. Why, had he more aiders, then ?

3020 SOGL. O god, sir ! I, there were some present there, that were the nine *Worthies* to him, yfaith.

SHIFT. I, sir, I can satisfie you at more conuenient conference : but (for mine owne part) I haue now reconcil'd my selfe to other courses, and professe a liuing out of my other qualities.

3025 SOGL. Nay, he has left all now (I assure you) and is able to liue like a gentleman, by his quality. By this dogge, hee has the most rare gift in tobacco, that euer you knew.

CARL. S'heart, hee keepes more adoe with this monster, then euer BANKES did with his horse, or the fellow with the elephant.

MACI. He will hang out his picture shortly, in a cloth, you shall see.

3030 SOGL. O, hee do's manage a quarrell, the best that euer you saw, for termes, and circumstances.

FAST. Good faith, signior, (now you speake of a quarrell) I'll acquaint you with a difference, that happened betweene a gallant, and my selfe-sir PVNTARVOLO, you know him if I should name him, signior
3035 LVCVLENTO.

PVNT. LVCVLENTO ! what in-auspicious chance interpos'd it selfe to your two loues ?

FAST. Faith, sir, the same that sundred AGAMEMNON, and great THETIS sonne ; but let the cause escape, sir : Hee sent mee a challenge
3040 (mixt with some few braues) which I restor'd, and in fine we met. Now indeed, sir, (I must tell you) he did offer at first very desperately, but without iudgement : for looke you, sir. I cast my selfe into this figure : now he, comes violently on, and withall aduancing his rapier to strike, I thought to haue tooke his arme (for he had left his whole body to my election, and
3045 I was sure he could not recouer his guard) Sir, I mist my purpose in his arme, rasht his doublet sleeue, ran him close by the left cheek, and through his haire. He againe, lights me here (I had on, a gold cable hatband, then new come vp, which I wore about a murrey *French* hat I had) cuts my hatband (and yet it was massie, gold-smithes worke) cuts my brimmes,
3050 which by good fortune (being thicke embrodered with gold-twist, and spangles) disappointed the force of the blow : Neuerthesse, it graz'd on my shoulder, takes me away sixe purles of an *Italian* cut-worke band I wore (cost me three pound in the exchange, but three daies before.)

PVNT. This was a strange encounter !

3055 FAST. Nay, you shall heare, sir : with this wee both fell out, and breath'd. Now (vpon the second signe of his assault) I betooke me to the former manner of my defence ; he (on the other side) abandon'd his body to the same danger, as before, and followes me still with blowes : But I (being loth to take the deadly aduantage that lay before mee of his left
3060 side) made a kind of *stramazoun*, ranne him vp to the hilts, through the doublet,

doublet, through the shirt, and yet mist the skin. Hee (making a reuerse blow) falls vpon my emboss'd girdle (I had throwne off the hangers a little before) strikes off a skirt of a thick---lac't sattin doublet I had (lin'd with some foure taffataes) cuts off two panes, embrodered with pearle,
 3065 rends through the drawings out of tisew, enters the linings, and skips the flesh.

CARL. I wonder he speakes not of his wrought shirt!

FAST. Here (in the opinion of mutuall dammage) wee paus'd: but (ere I proceed) I must tell you, signior, that (in this last encounter) not
 3070 hauing leisure to put off my siluer spurres, one of the rowels catcht hold of the ruffle of my boot, and (being *Spanish* leather, and subiect to teare) ouerthrowes me, rends me two paire of silke stockings (that I put on, being somewhat a raw morning, a peach colour and another) and strikes me some halfe inch deepe into the side of the calfe; Hee (seeing the bloud
 3075 come) presently takes horse, and away. I (hauing bound vp my wound with a peece of my wrought shirt)——

CARL. O! comes it in there?

FAST. Rid after him, and (lighting at the court-gate, both together) embrac'd, and marcht hand in hand vp into the presence: was not this bu-
 3080 sinesse well carried?

MACI. Well? yes, and by this we can gesse what apparell the gentleman wore.

PVNT. 'Fore valour, it was a designement begun with much resolution, maintain'd with as much prowesse, and ended with more humanitie.
 3085 How now, what saies the *Notarie*?

SERV. He saies, he is ready, sir, he staies but your worships pleasure.

PVNT. Come, we will goe to him, Monsieur. Gentlemen, shall we entreat you to be witnesses?

SOGL. You shall entreat me, sir: come *Resolution*.

3090 SHIFT. I follow you, good *Countenance*.

CARL. Come, signior, come, come.

MACI. O, that there should be fortune
 To clothe these men, so naked in desert!

And that the iust storme of a wretched life,
 3095 Beats'hem not ragged, for their wretched soules,
 And, since as fruitlesse, euen as black as coales!

G R E X.

MIT. Why, but signior, how comes it, that FVNGOSO appear'd not with his sisters intelligence, to BRISKE?

3100 COR. Mary, long of the euill angels that she gaue him, who haue indeed tempted the good simple youth, to follow the taile of the fashion, and neglect the imposition of his friends. Behold, here hee comes, very worshipfully attended and with good varietie.

Act IIII. Scene VII.

3105 FVNGOSO, TAYLOR, SHOO-MAKER,
HABERDASHER.

G Ramercie, good shoo-maker, I'll put to strings my selfe. Now, sir, let me see, what must you haue for this hat?

HABER. Here's the bill, sir.

3110 FVNG. How does't become me? well?

TAIL. Excellent, sir, as euer you had any hat in your life.

FVNG. Nay, you'll say so, all.

HABER. In faith, sir, the hat's as good as any man i' this towne can serue you; and will maintayne fashion as long: ne're trust me for a groat else.

3115 FVNG. Do's it apply well to my sute?

TAIL. Exceeding well, sir.

FVNG. How lik'st thou my sute, haberdasher?

HABER. By my troth, sir, 'tis very rarely well made, I neuer saw a sute sit better, I can tell, on.

3120 TAIL. Nay, we haue no arte to please our friends, we.

FVNG. Here, haberdasher, tell this same.

HABER. Good faith, sir, it makes you haue an excellent body.

FVNG. Nay (belecue me) I thinke I haue as good a body in clothes, as another.

3125 TAIL. You lack points, to bring your apparell together, sir.

FVNG. I'll haue points anon: how now? is't right?

HABER. Faith, sir, 'tis too little, but vpon farther hopes--Good morrow to you, sir.

FVNG. Farewell, good haberdasher. Well, now master SNIP, let mee
3130 see your bill.

G R E X.

MIT. Me thinkes he discharges his followers too thicke.

COR. O, therein he saucily imitates some great man. I warrant you, though he turnes off them, he keepes this taylor, in place of a page, to
3135 follow him still.

FVNG. This bill is very reasonable, in faith (harke you, master SNIP) Troth, sir, I am not altogether so well furnisht at this present, as I could wish I were, but—— If you'll doe mee the fauour to take part in hand, you shall haue all I haue, by this hand——

3140 TAIL. Sir——

FVNG. And, but giue mee credit for the rest, till the beginning of the next terme.

TAIL. O lord, sir——

FVNG. 'Fore god, and by this light, I'll pay you to the vtmost, and
acknow-

3145 acknowledge my selfe verie deeply engag'd to you, by the courtesie.

TAIL. Why, how much haue you there, sir?

FVNG. Mary I haue here foure angels, and fifteene shillings of white monie : it's all I haue, as I hope to be blest.

TAIL. You will not faile me, at the next tearme, with the rest.

3150 FVNG. No, and I doe, pray heauen, I be hang'd. Let me neuer breathe againe, vpon this mortall stage, as the philosopher calls it. By this aire, and (as I am a gentleman) I'll hold.

G R E X.

CORD. He were an yron-hearted fellow, in my iudgement, that would
3155 not credite him vpon this volley of othes.

TAIL. Well, sir, I'll not sticke with any gentleman for a trifle : you know what 'tis, remaines?

FVNG. I, sir, and I giue you thanks in good faith. O fate ! how happy am I made in this good fortune ! Well, now I'll goe seeke out Monsieur BRISKE. 'Ods so, I haue forgot ribband for my shooes, and points. S'tid, what lucke's this ! how shall I doe ? Master SNIPPE, pray let me reduct some two or three shillings for points, and ribband : as I am an honest man, I haue vtterly disfurnisht my selfe, in the default of memorie, pray' le' me be beholding to you, it shall come home i' the bill, beleue me.

3165 TAIL. Faith, sir, I can hardly depart with ready mony, but I'll take vp, and send you some by my boy, presently. What colour'd ribband would you haue ?

FVNG. What you shall thinke meet i' your iudgement, sir, to my sute.

TAIL. Well, I'll send you some presently.

3170 FVNG. And points too, sir ?

TAIL. And points too, sir.

FVNG. Good lord ! how shall I studie to deserue this kindnesse of you, sir ? Pray, let your youth make haste, for I should haue done a businesse an houre since, that I doubt I shall come too late. Now, in good faith, I am
3175 exceeding proud of my sute.

G R E X.

COR. Doe you obserue the plunges, that this poore gallant is put to (signior) to purchase the fashion ?

MIT. I, and to bee still a fashion behinde with the world, that's the
3180 sport.

COR. Stay : O here they come, from *scal'd*, and *deliuer'd*.

Act IIII. Scene VIII.

PVNTARVOLO, FASTIDIUS BRISKE, SERVANTS, CARLO, SOGLIARDO, MACI-
 CILENTE, SHIFT.

3185

To them.

FVNGOSO.

WELL, now my whole venter is forth, I will resolute to depart shortly.

FAST. Faith, sir PVNTARVOLO, goe to the court,
 3190 and take leaue of the ladies first.

PVNT. I care not, if it be this afternoones labour. Where is CARLO?

FAST. Here he comes.

CARL. Faith, gallants, I am perswading this gentleman to turne courtier. He is a man of faire reueneue, and his estate will beare the charge well.
 3195 Besides, for his other gifts of the minde, or so, why, they are as nature lent him 'hem, pure, simple, without any artificiall drug or mixture of these two thred-bare beggarly qualities, learning, and knowledge, and therefore the more accomodate, and genuine. Now, for the life it selfe——

3200 FAST. O, the most celestiall, and full of wonder, and delight, that can be imagin'd, signior, beyond all thought, and apprehension of pleasure! A man liues there, in that diuine rapture, that hee will thinke himselfe i' the ninth heauen for the time, and lose all sense of mortalitie whatsoever; when he shall behold such glorious (and almost immortall) beauties, heare
 3205 such angelicall and harmonious voyces, discourse with such flowing and ambrosiam spirits, whose wits are as suddaine as lightning, and humorous as *nectar*; Oh: it makes a man al *quintessence*, and *flame*, & lifts him vp (in a moment) to the verie christall crowne of the skie, where (houering in the strength of his imagination) he shall behold all the delights of the
 3210 HESPERIDES, the *Insula Fortunata*, ADONIS gardens, *Tempe* or what else (confin'd within the amplest verge of *poesie*) to bee meere *vmbræ*, and imperfect figures, conferr'd with the most essentiall felicitie of your court.

MACI. Well, this *Encomion* was not extemporall, it came too perfectly off.

3215 CARL. Besides, sir, you shall neuer need to goe to a hot-house, you shall sweat there with courting your mistresse, or losing your monie at *primero*, as well as in all the stoues in *Sweden*. Mary this, sir, you must euer be sure to carrie a good strong perfume about you, that your mistresse dogge may smell you out amongst the rest; and (in making loue to her) neuer feare to be out: for you may haue a pipe of tabacco, or a base violll shall
 3220 hang o' the wall, of purpose, will put you in presently. The trickes your *Resolution* has taught you in tabacco, (the *whiffe*, and those sleights) will stand you in verie good ornament there?

FAST.

FAST. I, to some perhaps : but, and hee should come to my mistresse
3225 with tabacco (this gentleman knowes) shee'ld reply vpon him, yfaith. O,
(by this bright sunne) shee has the most acute, readie, and facetious wit,
that———tut there's no spirit able to stand her. You can report it, sig-
nior, you haue seene her ?

PVNT. Then can hee report no lesse, out of his iudgement, I assure him.

3230 MACI. Troth, I like her well enough, but shee's too selfe-conceited,
me thinkes.

FAST. Indeed, shee's a little too selfe conceited, and 'twere not for that
humour, she were the most-to-be-admir'd ladie in the world.

PVNT. Indeed, it is a humour that takes from her other excellencies.

3235 MACI. Why, it may easily be made to forsake her, in my thought.

FAST. Easily, sir? then are all impossibilities easie.

MACI. You conclude too quicke vpon me, signior, what will you say,
if I make it so perspicuously appeare now, that your selfe shall confesse
nothing more possible ?

3240 FAST. Mary, I will say, I will both applaud, and admire you for it.

PVNT. And I will second him, in the admiration.

MACI. Why, I'll shew you, gentlemen. CARLO, come hither.

They whisper.

SOGL. Good faith, I haue a great humor to the court : what thinkes my
Resolution ? shall I aduenture ?

3245 SHIFT. Troth, *Countenance*, as you please; the place is a place of good
reputation, and capacitie.

SOGL. O, my trickes in tabacco (as CARLO sayes) will shew excel-
lent there.

SHIFT. Why, you may goe with these gentlemen now, and see fashi-
3250 ons: and after, as you shall see correspondence.

SOGL. You say true. You will goe with me, *Resolution* ?

SHIFT. I will meet you, *Countenance*, about three or foure of clocke,
but, to say to goe with you I cannot, for (as I am APPLE-IOHN) I am
to goe before the *Cocatrice* you saw this morning, and therefore pray',
3255 present mee excus'd, good *Countenance*.

SOGL. Farewell, good *Resolution*, but faile not to meet.

SHIFT. As I liue.

PVNT. Admiraby excellent !

MACI. If you can but perswade SOGLIARDO to court, there's
3260 all now.

CARL. O let me alone, that's my taske.

FAST. Now, by wit, MACILENTE, it's aboue measure excellent :
'twill be the onely court-exploit that euer prou'd courtier ingenious.

PVNT. Vpon my soule, it puts the ladie quite out of her humour, and
3265 we shall laugh with iudgement.

CARL. Come, the gentleman was of himselfe resolu'd to goe with
you, afore I mou'd it.

MACI. Why then, gallants, you two, and CARLO, goe afore to
pre-

prepare the iest : SOGLIARDO, and I will come some while after you.

3270 CARL. Pardon me, I am not for the court.

PVNT. That's true : CARLO comes not at court, indeed. Well, you shall leaue it to the facultie of monsieur BRISKE, and my selfe, vpon our liues wee will manage it happily. CARLO shall bespeake supper, at the Mitre, against we come backe : where we will meet, and dimple our
3275 cheekes with laughter at the successe.

CARL. I, but will you all promise to come ?

PVNT. My selfe shall vndertake for them : he that failes, let his reputation lye vnder the lash of thy tongue.

CARL. Gods so', looke who comes here !

3280 SOGL. What, nephew !

FVNG. Vncle, god saue you; did you see a gentleman, one Monsieur BRISKE? a courtier, he goes in such a sute as I doe.

SOGL. Here is the gentleman, nephew, but not in such a sute.

He swounes. FVNG. Another sute !

3285 SOGL. How now, nephew ?

FAST. Would you speake to me, sir ?

CARL. I, when he has recouered himselfe, poore poll.

PVNT. Some *Rosa-solis*.

MACI. How now, signior ?

3290 FVNG. I am not well, sir.

MACI. Why, this it is, to dogge the fashion.

CARL. Nay, come gentlemen, remember your affaires ; his disease is nothing but the *fluxe* of apparell.

PVNT. Sirs, returne to the lodging, keepe the cat safe : I'll be the dogs
3295 *Guardian* my selfe.

SOGL. Nephew, will you goe to court with vs ? these gentlemen, and I are for the court : nay, be not so melancholy.

FVNG. By gods lid, I thinke no man in christendome has that rascally fortune that I haue.

3300 MACI. Faith, your sute is well enough, signior.

FVNG. Nay, not for that, I protest, but I had an errand to Monsieur FASTIDIVS, and I haue forgot it.

MACI. Why, goe along to court with vs, and remember it, come. Gentlemen, you three take one boat, and SOGLIARDO and I will take a-
3305 nother : we shall be there instantly.

FAST. Content : good sir, vouchsafe vs your pleasance.

PVNT. Farewell, CARLO ; remember.

CARL. I warrant you : would I had one of *Kemps* shooes to throw after you.

3310 PVNT. Good *Fortune* will close the eyes of our iest, feare not : and we shall frolicke.

G R E X.

G R E X.

MIT. This MACILENTE, signior, begins to bee more sociable on a suddaine, mee thinkes, then hee was before : there's some portent in't,
3315 I beleeeue.

COR. O, hee's a fellow of a strange nature. Now do's hee (in this calme of his humour) plot, and store vp a world of malicious thoughts in his braine, till hee is so full with 'hem, that you shall see the very torrent of his enuie breake forth like a land-flood : and, against the course of all
3320 their affections oppose it selfe so violently, that you will almost haue wonder to thinke, how 'tis possible the current of their dispositions shall receiue so quick, and strong an alteration.

MIT. I mary, sir, this is that, on which my expectation has dwelt al this while : for I must tel you, signior (though I was loth to interrupt the *Scene*)
3325 yet I made it a question in mine owne priuate discourse, how he should properly call it, *Euery man out of his Humour*, when I saw all his actors so strongly pursue, and continue their humours ?

COR. Why, therein his art appeares most full of lustre, and approacheth nearest the life : especially, when in the flame, and height of their humours,
3330 they are laid flat, it fills the eye better, and with more contentment. How tedious a sight were it to behold a proud exalted tree lopt, and cut downe by degrees, when it might bee feld in a moment ? and to set the axe to it before it came to that pride, and fulnesse, were, as not to haue it grow.

MIT. Well, I shall long till I see this fall, you talke of.

3335 COR. To helpe your longing, signior, let your imagination be swifter then a paire of oares : and by this, suppose PVNTARVOLO, BRISKE, FVNGOSO, and the dogge arriu'd at the court gate, and going vp to the great chamber. MACILENTE, and SOGLIARDO, wee'le leaue them on the water, till possibilitie and naturall meanes may land 'hem. Here come
3340 the gallants, now prepare your expectation.

Act v. Scene I.

PVNTARVOLO, FASTIDIVS BRISKE, FVNGOSO, GROOME, MACILENTE,
SOGLIARDO.

3345 **C**ome, gentles. Signior, you are sufficiently instructed.

FAST. Who, I, sir ?

PVNT. No, this gentleman. But stay, I take thought how to bestow my dogge, he is no competent attendant for the presence.

FAST. Masse, that's true indeed, knight, you must not carrie him into
3350 the presence.

PVNT. I know it, and I (like a dull beast) forgot to bring one of my cormorants to attend me.

FAST.

FAST. Why, you're best leaue him at the porters lodge.

PVNT. Not so : his worth is too well knowne amongst them, to bee
3355 forth-comming.

FAST. Slight, how'll you doe then ?

PVNT. I must leaue him with one, that is ignorant of his qualitie, if
I wil haue him to be safe. And see ! Here comes one that wil carrie coales,
ergo, will hold my dogge. My honest friend, may I commit the tuition of
3360 this dogge to thy prudent care ?

GROO. You may, if you please, sir.

PVNT. Pray thee let me find thee here at my returne : it shall not bee
long, till I will ease thee of thy imployment, and please thee. Forth,
gentles.

3365 FAST. Why, but will you leaue him with so slight command, and in-
fuse no more charge, vpon the fellow ?

PVNT. Charge ? no ; there were no policie in that : that were to let
him know the value of the gemme he holds, and so, to tempt fraile nature
against her disposition. No, pray thee let thy honestie besweet, as it shall
3370 be short.

GROO. Yes, sir.

PVNT. But harke you gallants, and chiefly Monsieur BRISKE.
When we come in eye-shot, or presence of this ladie, let not other mat-
ters carrie vs from our proiect : but (if wee can) single her forth to
3375 some place——

FAST. I warrant you.

PVNT. And bee not too suddaine, but let the deuce induce it selfe
with good circumstance. On.

FVNG. Is this the way ? good truth, here be fine hangings.

3380 GROO. Honestie sweet, and short ? mary it shall, sir, doubt you not :
for euen at this instant if one would giue mee twentie pounds, I would
not deliuer him ; there's for the sweet ; but now, if any man come offer me
but two pence, he shall haue him ; there's for the short now. Slid, what a
mad humorous gentleman is this to leaue his dogge with me ? I could run
3385 away with him now, and hee were worth any thing.

MACI. Come on, signior, now prepare to court this all-witted ladie,
most naturally, and like your selfe.

SOGL. Faith, and you say the word, I'll begin to her in tabacco.

MACI. O, fie on't : no : you shall begin with, *How does my sweet ladie ?*
3390 or, *Why are you so melancholy, Madame ?* though shee bee verie merrie, it's
all one : be sure to kisse your hand often inough ; pray for her health, and
tell her, how, *more then most faire* she is. Screw your face at' one side thus,
and protest ; let her fleere, and looke a skauce, and hide her teeth with
her fanne, when she laughs a fit, to bring her into more matter, that's no-
3395 thing : you must talke forward (though it be without sense, so it be with-
out blushing) 'tis most court-like, and well.

SOGL. But shall I not vse tabacco at all ?

MACI.

MACI. O, by no meanes, 'twill but make your breath suspected, and that you vse it onely to confound the rankenesse of that.

3400 SOGL. Nay, I'le be aduis'd, sir, by my friends.

MACI. Gods my life, see, where sir PVNTARS dog is.

GROO. I would the gentleman would returne for his follower here, I'le leaue him to his fortunes else.

MACI. S'heart, 'twere the onely true iest in the world to poison him
3405 now : ha? by this hand, I'le doe it, if I could but get him of the fellow. Signior SOGLIARDO, walke aside, and thinke vpon some deuice, to enter-taine the ladie with.

SOGL. So I doe, sir.

MACI. How now, mine honest friend? whose dog-keeper art thou?

3410 GROO. Dogge-keeper, sir? I hope I scorne that yfaith.

MACI. Why? do'st thou not keepe a dogge?

GROO. Sir, now I doe, and now I doe not: I thinke this be sweet and
short. Make me his dogge-keeper? *Hee throwes off the dogge.*

MACI. This is excellent, aboue expectation: nay stay, sir, you'd bee
3415 trauailing; but I'le giue you a dramme shall shorten your voyage: here. So sir, I'le be bold to take my leaue of you. Now to the *Turkes* court in the deuils name, for you shall neuer goe o' gods name. SOGLIARDO, come.

SOGL. I ha' 't yfaith now, will sting it.

MACI. Take heed you leese it not, signior, ere you come there: pre-
3420 serue it.

G R E X.

CORD. How like you this first exploit of his?

MITIS. O, a piece of true enuie: but I expect the issue of the other deuice.

3425 CORD. Here they come, will make it appeare.

Act v. Scene II.

SAVIOLINA, PVNTARVOLO, FASTIDIUS

BRISKE, FVNGOSO, MACILENTE,

SOGLIARDO.

To them.

3430 **V** Hy, I thought, sir PVNTARVOLO, you had bin gone your voyage?

PVNT. Deare, and most amiable ladie, your diuine beauties doe bind me to those offices, that I cannot depart when I would.

SAVI. 'Tis most court-like spoken, sir: but how might we do to haue
3435 a sight of your dogge, and cat?

FAST. His dogge is in the court, ladie.

SAVI. And not your cat? how dare you trust her behind you, sir?

PVNT. Troth, madame, shée hath sore eyes, and shée doth keepe her
O chamber:

chamber : mary I haue left her vnder sufficient guard, there are two of my
3440 followers to attend her.

SAVI. Ple giue you some water for her eyes : when doe you goe, sir?

PVNT. Certes, sweet ladie, I know not.

FAST. He doth stay the rather, madame, to present your acute iudge-
ment with so courtly, and wel-parted a gentleman , as yet your lady-ship
3445 hath neuer scene.

SAVI. What's hee, gentle Monsieur BRISKE? not that gentleman?

FAST. No ladie, this is a kinsman to iustice *Silence*.

PVNT. Pray' sir, giue me leaue to report him : h'is a gentleman (ladie)
of that rare and admirable facultie , as (I protest) I know not his like in
3450 *Europe*: hee is exceedingly valiant, an excellent scholler , and so exactly
trauail'd, that hee is able in discourse, to deliuer you a modell of any prin-
ces court in the world : 'speakes the languages with that puritie of phrase,
and facilitie of accent, that it breeds astonishment : his wit, the most exu-
berant, and (aboue wonder) pleasant, of all that euer entred the concaue
3455 of this care.

FAST. 'Tis most true, ladie : mary, he is no such excellent proper man.

PVNT. His trauailes haue chang'd his complexion, madame.

SAVI. O, sir PVNTARVOLO, you must thinke, euery man was not
borne to haue my seruant BRISKES feature.

3460 PVNT. But that which transcends all, ladie ; hee doth so peerelessly
imitate any manner of person for gesture , action , passion , or whate-
uer——

FAST. I, especially a rusticke, or a clowne, madame, that it is not pos-
sible for the sharpest-sighted wit (in the world) to discern any sparkes of
3465 the gentleman in him, when he does it.

SAVI. O, Monsieur BRISKE, be not so tyrannous to confine all wits
within the compasse of your owne : not find the sparkes of a gentleman in
him, if he be a gentleman?

FVNG. No in truth (sweet ladie) I beleue you cannot.

3470 SAVI. Doe you beleue so? why, I can find sparkes of a gentleman in
you, sir.

PVNT. I, he is a gentleman, madame, and a reueller.

FVNG. Indeed, I thinke I haue seene your ladiship at our reuels.

SAVI. Like enough, sir: but would I might see this wonder you talke
3475 of : may one haue a sight of him, for any reasonable summe?

PVNT. Yes, madame, he will arriue presently.

SAVI. What, and shall we see him clowne it?

FAST. I faith (sweet ladie) that you shall : see, here he comes.

PVNT. This is he ! pray obserue him, ladie.

3480 SAVI. Beshrew me, he clownes it properly indeed.

PVNT. Nay, marke his courtship.

SOGL. How does my sweet ladie? hote, and moyst? beautifull and
lustie? ha?

SAVI.

SAVI. Beautifull, and it please you, sir, but not lustie.

3485 SOGL. O ho, ladie; it pleases you to say so in truth : and how does my sweet ladie? in health? *Bonaroba, quæso, que nouvelles? que nouvelles?* sweet creature.

SAVI. O excellent : why gallants, is this hee that cannot bee decipher'd? they were verie bleare-witted, yfaith, that could not discern the
3490 gentleman in him.

PVNT. But, doe you, in earnest, ladie?

SAVI. Doe I, sir? why, if you had any true court-iudgement in the carriage of his eye, and that inward power that formes his countenance, you might perceiue his counterfeiting as cleere, as the noone-day : Alas—
3495 Nay, if you would haue tryed my wit, indeed, you should neuer haue told me he was a gentleman, but presented him for a true clowne indeede; and then haue seene if I could haue decipher'd him.

FAST. 'Fore god, her ladiship sayes true (knight:) but does he not affect the clowne most naturally, mistresse?

3500 PVNT. O, shee cannot but affirme that, out of the bountie of her iudgement.

SAVI. Nay, out of doubt hee does well, for a gentleman, to imitate; but I warrant you, he becomes his natural carriage of the gentleman, much better then his clownerie.

3505 FAST. 'Tis strange, in truth, her ladiship should see so farre into him!

PVNT. I, is't not?

SAVI. Faith, as easily as may be : not decipher him, quoth you?

FVNG. Good sadnesse, I wonder at it!

MACI. Why, has she decipher'd him, gentlemen?

3510 PVNT. O, most miraculously, and beyond admiration!

MACI. Is't possible?

FAST. Shee hath gather'd most infallible signes of the gentleman in him, that's certaine.

SAVI. Why, gallants, let mee laugh at you, a little : was this your de-
3515 uice, to trie my iudgement in a gentleman?

MACI. Nay, ladie, doe not scorne vs, though you haue this gift of perspicacie aboue others : What if hee should bee no gentleman now, but a clowne indeed, ladie?

PVNT. How thinke you of that? would not your ladiship bee out of
3520 your humour?

FAST. O, but shee knowes it is not so.

SAVI. What if he were not a man, yee may as well say? nay, if your worships could gull me so, indeed, you were wiser then you are taken for.

MACI. In good faith, ladie, hee is a verie perfect clowne, both by fa-
3525 ther, and mother : that I'll assure you.

SAVI. O, sir, you are verie pleasurable.

MACI. Nay, doe but looke on his hand, and that shall resolute you :
looke you, ladie, what a palme here is.

SOGL. Tut, that was with holding the plough.

3530 MACI. The plough! did you discern any such thing in him, madame?

FAST. Faith no, she saw the gentleman as bright, as at noon-day, she: shee decipher'd him at first.

MACI. Troth, I am sorrie your ladships sight should be so suddainly strooke.

3535 SAVI. O, you're goodly beagles!

FAST. What, is she gone?

SOGL. Nay, stay, sweet ladie. *que nouvelles? que nouvelles?*

SAVI. Out, you foole, you.

FVNG. Shee's out of her humour yfaith.

3540 FAST. Nay, let's follow it while 'tis hot, gentlemen.

PVNT. Come, on mine honour wee shall make her blush in the presence: my splene is great with laughter.

MACI. Your laughter wil be a child of a feeble life, I beleeue, sir. Come, signior, your lookes are too dejected, mee thinkes: why mixe you not 3545 mirth with the rest?

FVNG. By gods will, this sute frets me at the soule. I'le haue it alter'd to morrow, sure.

Act v. Scene III.

SHIFT.

To him.

FASTIDIVS, PVNTARVOLO, SOGLIARDO,
FVNGOSO, MACILENTE.

I Am come to the court, to meet with my Countenance SOGLIARDO: poore men must be glad of such countenance, when they can get no better. Wel. Need may insult vpon a man, but it shal neuer make him 3555 despaire of consequence. The world wil say, tis base: tush, base! 'tis base to liue vnder the earth, not base to liue aboue it, by any meanes.

FAST. The poore ladie is most miserably out of her humour, yfaith.

PVNT. There was neuer so wittie a iest broken, at the tilt of all the court-wits christen'd.

3560 MACI. O, this applause taints it, fouly.

SOGL. I thinke, I did my part in courting. O! *Resolution!*

PVNT. Aye me, my dogge.

MACI. Where is hee?

*He sends away
Fungoso.*

FAST. Gods precious, goe seeke for the fellow, good signior.

PVNT. Here, here I left him.

MACI. Why, none was here when we came in now, but CAVALIER SHIFT, enquire of him.

FAST. Did you see sir PVNTARVOLO's dogge here, *Cavalier*, since you came?

3570 SHIFT. His dog sir? he may looke his dog, sir, I saw none of his dog, sir.

MACI.

MACI. Vpon my life, he hath stol'ne your dogge, sir, and beene hir'd to it by some that haue ventur'd with you: you may gesse by his peremptorie answeres.

PVNT. Not vnlike; for he hath beene a notorious thiefe by his owne
3575 confession. Sirrah, where is my dogge?

SHIFT. Charge mee with your dogge, sir? I ha' none of your dog, sir.

PVNT. Villaine, thou lvest.

SHIFT. Lie, sir? S'bloud, y' are but a man, sir.

PVNT. Rogue, and thiefe, restore him.

3580 SOGL. Take heed, sir PVNTARVOLO, what you doe: heele beare no coales, I can tell you (o' my word.)

MACI. This is rare.

SOGL. It's mar'le hee stabs you not: by this light, he hath stab'd forty, for forty times lesse matter, I can tell you, of my knowledge.

3585 PVNT. I wil make thee stoope, thou abiect.

SOGL. Make him stoop, sir! gentlemen, pacifie him or hee'le be kill'd.

MACI. Is he so tall a man?

SOGL. Tall a man? if you loue his life, stand betwixt 'hem: make him stoope!

3590 PVNT. My dogge, villaine, or I will hang thee: thou hast confest robberies, and other felonious acts, to this gentleman thy Countenance——

SOGL. I'le beare no wnesse.

PVNT. And, without my dogge, I will hang thee, for them.

SOGL. What? kneele to thine enemies?

Shift kneeles.

3595 SHIFT. Pardon me, good sir; god is my wnesse, I neuer did robberie in all my life.

FVNG. O, sir PVNTARVOLO, your dogge lies giuing vp the ghost
in the wood-yard. *Fungoso re- turn'd.*

MACI. Heart! is he not dead, yet?

3600 PVNT. O, my dog, born to disastrous fortune! pray you conduct me, sir.

SOGL. How? did you neuer doe any robberie, in your life?

MACI. O, this is good: so he swore, sir.

SOGL. I, I heard him. And did you sweare true, sir?

3605 SHIFT. I, (as I hope to be forgiuen, sir) I ne're rob'd any man, I neuer stood by the high-way-side, sir, but only said so, because I would get my selfe a name, and be counted a tall man.

SOGL. Now out, base *viliaco*: Thou my *Resolution*? I thy *Countenance*? By this light, gentlemen, he hath confest to mee the most inexorable companie of robberies, and damn'd himselfe that he did 'hem; you neuer heard the like: out skoundrell. out, follow me no more, I commaund thee: out of my sight, goe, hence, speake not: I wil not heare thee: away *camouccio*.

MACI. O, how I doe feed vpon this now, and fat my selfe! here were a couple vnexpectedly dishumour'd: well, by this time, I hope, sir PVN-
3615 TARVOLO and his dog are both out of humour to trauaile. Nay, gentle-

men, why doe you not seeke out the knight, and comfort him? our supper at the Mitre must of necessitie hold to night, if you loue your reputations.

PAST. 'Foregod, I am so melancholy for his dogs disaster, but I'll goe.

3620 SOGL. Faith, and I may goe too, but I know, I shall be so melancholy.

MACI. Tush, melancholy? you must forget that now, and remember you lie at the mercy of a *furie*: CARLO will racke your sinewes asunder, and raile you to dust, if you come not.

G R E X.

3625 MIT. O, then their feare of CARLO, belike, makes them hold their meeting.

COR. I, here he comes: conceiue him but to be enter'd the Mitre, and 'tis enough.

Act V. Scene IIII.

3630 CARLO, DRAWER, GEORGE.

Holla: where be these shot-sharkes?

DRAW. By and by: you're welcome, good master BVFFONE.

CARL. Where's GEORGE? cal me GEORGE hither, quickly.

DRAW. What wine please you haue, sir? I'll draw you that's neat, master BVFFONE.

CARL. Away NEOPHITE, do as I bid thee, bring my deare GEORGE to me: Masse, here he comes.

GEOR. Welcome, master CARLO.

CARL. What! is supper ready, GEORGE?

3640 GEOR. I, sir, almost: will you haue the cloth laid, master CARLO?

CARL. O, what else? are none of the gallants come, yet?

GEOR. None yet, sir.

CARL. Stay, take mee with you, GEORGE: let mee haue a good fat loyne of porke laid to the fire, presently.

3645 GEOR. It shall, sir.

CARL. And withall, heare you? draw me the biggest shaft you haue, out of the butt you wot of: away, you know my meaning, GEORGE, quicke.

GEOR. Done, sir.

3650 CARL. I neuer hungred so much for thing in my life, as I doe to know our gallants successe at court: now is that leane bald-rib MACILENTE, that salt villaine, plotting some mischieuous device, and lyes a soking in their frothy humours like a drie crust, till he has drunke 'hem all vp: could the pummise but hold vp his eyes at other mens happines, in any reasonable proportion: S'lid, the slaue were to be lou'd next heauen, aboue honour, wealth, rich fare, apparell, wenches, all the delights of the belly, and the groine, whateuer.

GEOR.

GEOR. Here, master CARLO.

CARL. Is't right, Boy?

3660 GEOR. I, sir, I assure you 'tis right.

CARL. Well said, my deare GEORGE, depart : Come, my small gym- *He puts forth the drawers, and*
blet, you in the false scabberd, away, so. Now to you, sir *Burgomaster,* *shuts the dore.*
let's taste of your bountie.

G R E X.

3665 MIT. What, will he deale vpon such quantities of wine, alone?

COR. You will perceiue that, sir.

CARL. I mary, sir, here's puritie : O, GEORGE, I could bite off his nose
for this, now : Sweet rogue, he has drawne *Nectar*, the very soule of the
grape ! I'll wash my temples with some on't presently, and drinke some
3670 halfe a score draughts ; 'twill heat the braine, kindle my imagination, I
shall talke nothing but crackers, and fire-worke, to night. So, sir ! please
you to be here, sir, and I here : So.

G R E X.

COR. This is worth the obseruation, signior.

*Hee sets the two
cups asunder,
and first drinkes
with the one,
and pledges
with the other.*

3675 CARL. 1. *Cup*. Now, sir ; here's to you ; and I present you with so
much of my loue.

2. *Cup*. I take it kindly from you, sir, and will returne you the like
proportion : but withall, sir, remembring the merry night wee had at the
countesses, you know where, sir.

3680 1. By heauen, you put me in minde now of a very necessarie of-
fice, which I will propose in your pledge, sir : the health of that honora-
ble countesse, and the sweet lady that sate by her, sir.

2. I doe vaile to it with reuerence. And now, signior, with these la-
dies, I'll be bold to mixe the health of your diuine Mistris.

3685 1. Doe you know her, sir ?

2. O lord, sir, I: and in the respectfull memorie and mention of her, I
could wish this wine were the most precious drugge in the world.

1. Good faith, sir, you doe honour me in't exceedingly.

G R E X.

3690 MIT. Whom should he personate in this, signior ?

COR. Faith, I know not, sir, obserue, obserue him.

2. If it were the basest filth, or mud that runnes in the channell, I am
bound to pledge it, respectiue, sir. And now, sir, here is a replenisht
bowle, which I will reciprocally turne vpon you, to the health of the

3695 count FRVGALE.

1. The count FRVGALES health, sir ? I'll pledge it on my knees, by
this light.

2. Will you, sir ? I'll drinke it on my knee, then, by the light.

G R E X.

G R E X.

3700 MIT. Why, this is strange !

COR. Ha'you heard a better drunken dialogue ?

2. Nay, doe me right, sir.

1. So I doe, in good faith.

2. Good faith you doe not ; mine was fuller.

3705 1. Why, beleeue me, it was not.

2. Beleeue me, it was : and you doe lie.

1. Lie, sir ?

2. I, sir.

1. S'wounds !

3710 2. O, come, stab if you haue a mind to it.

1. Stab ? dost thou thinke I dare not ?

*Speakes in his
owne person,
and ouer-turnes
wine, pot, cups,
and all.*

CARL. Nay, I beseech you, gentlemen, what meanes this ? nay, looke, for shame respect your reputations.

Act v. Scene v.

3715 MACILENTE, CARLO, GEORGE.

VV Hy, how now CARLO ! what humour's this ?

CARL. O, my good *Mischiefe* ! art thou come ? where are the rest ? where are the rest ?

MACI. Faith, three of our ordinance are burst.

3720 CARL. Burst ? how comes that ?

MACI. Faith, ouer-charg'd, ouer-charg'd.

CARL. But did not the traine hold ?

MACI. O, yes, and the poore lady is irrecoverably blowne vp.

CARL. Why, but which of the munition is miscarried ? ha ?

3725 MACI. *Inprimis*, sir PVNTARVOLO : next, the COVNTENANCE, and RESOLUTION.

CARL. How ? how for the loue of wit ?

MACI. Troth, the *Resolution* is prou'd recreant ; the *Countenance* hath chang'd his copie : and the passionate knight is shedding funerall teares

3730 ouer his departed dogge.

CARL. What's his dogge dead ?

MACI. Poison'd, 'tis thought : mary, how, or by whom, that's left for some cunning woman here o' the *Banke-side* to resolute. For my part, I know nothing, more then that wee are like to haue an exceeding melan-

3735 choly supper of it.

CARL. S'life, and I had purpos'd to be extraordinarily merry, I had drunke off a good preparatiue of old sacke here : but will they come, will they come ?

MACI. They will assuredly come : mary, CARLO (as thou lou'st me)
3740 run ouer 'hem all freely to night, and especially the knight ; spare no sulphurous

phurous iest that may come out of that sweatie forge of thine : but ply 'hem with all manner of shot, minion, saker, culverine, or any thing what thou wilt.

CARL. I warrant thee, my deare case of petrionels, so I stand not in
3745 dread of thee, but that thou'lt second me.

MACI. Why, my good *Germane* tapster, I will.

CARL. What, GEORGE. *Lomtero, Lomtero, &c.*

He danceth.

GEOR. Did you call, master CARLO?

CARL. More *nectar*, GEORGE : *Lomtero, &c.*

3750 GEOR. Your meat's ready, sir, and your company were come.

CARL. Is the loyne of porke enough?

GEOR. I, sir, it is enough.

MACI. Porke? heart, what dost thou with such a greasie dish? I thinke thou dost varnish thy face with the fat on't, it lookes so like a glew-pot.

3755 CARL. True, my raw-bon'd-rogue, and if thou would'st farce thy leane ribs with it too, they would not (like ragged lathes) rub out so many doublets as they doe : but thou know'st not a good dish, thou. O, it's the only nourishing meat in the world. No maruaile though that saucie, stubborne generation, the *Jewes*, were forbidden it : for what would they
3760 ha' done, well pamper'd with fat porke, that durst murmur at their maker out of garlicke, and onions. S'light, fed with it, the whorson strummell, patcht, goggle-ey'd Grumbledories, would ha' *Gigantomachiz'd*. Well said, my sweet GEORGE, fill, fill.

G R E X.

3765 MIT. This sauours too much of prophanation.

COR. *O, seruetur ad imum, qualis ab incepto processerit, & sibi constet.*

The necessitie of his vaine compels a toleration : for, barre this, and dash him out of humour, before his time.

CARL. 'Tis an *Axiome* in naturall philosophie, *What comes neerest the*
3770 *nature of that it feeds, conuerts quicker to nourishment, and doth sooner essentiate.* Now nothing in flesh, and entrailes, assimilates or resembles man more, then a hog, or swine——

MACI. True ; and hee (to requite their courtesie) oftentimes d'offeth his owne nature, and puts on theirs ; as when hee becomes as churlish
3775 as a hog, or as drunke as a sow : but to your conclusion.

CARL. Mary, I say, nothing resembling man more then a swine, it followes, nothing can be more nourishing : for indeed (but that it abhorres from our nice nature) if we fed one vpon another, we should shoot vp a great deale faster, and thrive much better : I referre mee to your vsurous
3780 *Cannibals*, or such like : but since it is so contrary, porke, porke, is your only feed.

MACI. I take it, your deuill be of the same diet ; he would ne're ha' desir'd to beene incorporated into swine else. O, here comes the melancholy messe : vpon 'hem CARLO, charge, charge.

CARL.

3785 CARL. 'Fore god, sir PVNTARVOLO, I am sorry for your heauinesse :
body a me, a shrewd mischance ! why, had you no vnicornes horne , not
bezoars stone about you ? ha ?

Act V. Scene VI.

PVNTARVOLO, CARLO, MACILENTE,
3790 FAST. BRISKE, SOGLIARDO,
FVNGOSO.

SIR, I would request you, be silent.

MACI. Nay, to him againe.

CARL. Take comfort, good knight, if your cat ha' recouered
3795 her eatarrhe, feare nothing ; your dogges mischance may be holpen.

FAST. Say how (sweet CARLO) for so god mend mee, the poore
knights mones draw mee into fellowship of his misfortunes. But be not
discourag'd, good sir PVNTARVOLO, I am content your aduenture shall
be perform'd vpon your cat.

3800 MACI. I beleeeue you, muske-cod, I beleeeue you, for rather then thou
would'st make present repayment, thou would'st take it vpon his owne
bare returne from *Calice*.

CARL. Nay, 'ds life, hee'ld bee content (so hee were well rid out of
his company) to pay him fiue for one, at his next meeting him in *Paules*.
3805 But for your dogge, sir PVNTAR, if hee bee not out-right dead, there is
a friend of mine, a *quack-saluer*, shall put life in him againe, that's
certaine.

FVNG. O, no, that comes too late.

MACI. Gods precious, knight, will you suffer this ?

3810 PVNT. Drawer, get me a candle, and hard waxe, presently.

SOGL. I, and bring vp supper ; for I am so melancholy.

CARL. O, signior, where's your *Resolution* ?

SOGL. *Resolution* ! hang him rascall : O, CARLO, if you loue me, doe
not mention him.

3815 CARL. Why, how so ? how so ?

SOGL. O, the arrant'st crocodile that euer Christian was acquainted
with. By my gentrie, I shall thinke the worse of tabacco while I liue,
for his sake : I did thinke him to be as tall a man——

MACI. Nay, BVFFONE, the knight, the knight.

3820 CARL. S'lud, hee lookes like an image carued out of boxe, full of
knots : his face is (for all the world) like a *dutch* purse, with the mouth
downeward ; his beard the tassels : and hee walkes (let mee see) as me-
lancholy as one o' the Masters side in the *Counter*. Doe you heare, sir
PVNTAR ?

3825 PVNT. Sir, I doe entreat you no more, but enioyne you to silence, as
you affect your peace.

CARL.

CARL. Nay, but deare knight, vnderstand (here are none but friends, and such as wish you well) I would ha' you doe this now ; Flea me your dogge presently (but in any case keepe the head) and stuffe his skin well
3830 with straw, as you see these dead monsters at *Bartholmew faire*——

PVNT. I shall be suddaine, I tell you.

CARL. Or if you like not that, sir, get me somewhat a lesse dog, and clap into the skin; here's a slaue about the towne here, a *Jew*, one YOHAN; or a fellow that makes perrukes, will glew it on artificially, it shall ne're be
3835 discern'd, besides, 'twill be so much the warmer for the hound to trauaile in, you know.

MACI. Sir PVNTARVOLO, 'death, can you be so patient ?

CARL. Or thus, sir : you may haue (as you come through *Germany*) a familiar, for little or nothing, shall turne it selfe into the shape of your
3840 dogge, or any thing (what you will) for certaine houres——'ods my life, *The knight beates him.* knight, what doe you meane ? youle offer no violence, will you ? hold, hold.

PVNT. 'Sdeath, you slaue, you bandog, you.

CARL. As you loue wit, stay the enraged knight, gentlemen.

3845 PVNT. By my knighthood, he that stirres in his rescue, dies. Drawer, be gone.

CARL. Murder, murder, murder.

PVNT. I, are you howling, you wolfe ? Gentlemen, as you tender your liues, suffer no man to enter, till my reuenge be perfect. Sirha, BVFFONE,
3850 lie downe ; make no exclamations, but downe : downe, you curre, or I will make thy bloud flow on my rapier hilts.

CARL. Sweet knight, hold in thy furie, and 'fore heauen, I'le honour thee more, then the *Turke* do's MAHOMET.

PVNT. Downe (I say.) Who's there ?

3855 CONS. Here's the Constable, open the dores.

Within.

CARL. Good MACILENTE——

PVNT. Open no dore, if the ADALANTADO of *Spaine* were here, he should not enter. One helpe me with the light, gentlemen : you knocke in vaine, sir officer.

3860 CARL. *Et tu Brute !*

PVNT. Sirha, close your lips, or I will drop it in thine eyes, by heauen.

CARL. O, O.

He scales vp his lips.

CONS. Open the dore, or I will breake it open.

3865 MACI. Nay, good Constable, haue patience a little, you shall come in presently, we haue almost done.

PVNT. So ; now, are you out of your humour, sir ? Shift, gentlemen. *They all draw, and disperse.*

Act

Act V. Scene VII.

CONSTABLE, OFFICERS,

DRAWVERS.

3870

*To them.***L**ay hold vpon this gallant, and pursue the rest.

FAST. Lay hold on me, sir! for what?

CONS. Mary, for your riot here, sir, with the rest of your companions.

3875 FAST. My riot! master Constable, take heed what you doe. CARLO, did I offer any violence?

CONS. O, sir, you see he is not in case to answer you, and that makes you so paramptorie.

3880 FAST. Peremptorie, s'life I appeale to the drawers, if I did him any hard measure.

GEOR. They are all gone, there's none of them will bee laid any hold on.

CONS. Well, sir, you are like to answer till the rest can be found out.

FAST. Slid, I appeare to GEORGE, here.

3885 CONS. Tut, GEORGE was not here: away with him to the Counter, sirs. Come, sir, you were best get your selfe drest somewhere.

GEOR. Good lord, that master CARLO could not take heed, and knowing what a gentleman the knight is, if hee bee angrie.

3890 DRAW. A poxe on 'hem, they haue left all the meate on our hands, would they were choakt with it for me.

Macilente comes backe.

MACI. What, are they gone, sirs?

GEOR. O, here's master MACILENTE.

MACI. Sirha, GEORGE, doe you see that concealement there? that napkin vnder the table?

3895 GEOR. Gods so', signior FVNGOSO!

MACI. Hei's good pawne for the reckoning; bee sure you keepe him here, and let him not goe away till I come againe, though hee offer to discharge all: Ile returne presently.

GEOR. Sirrah, we haue a pawne for the reckoning.

3900 DRAW. What? of MACILENTE?

GEOR. No, looke vnder the table.

FVNG. I hope, all be quiet now: if I can get but forth of this street, I care not, masters, I pray you tell me, is the Constable gone?

GEOR. What? master FVNGOSO?

Looks out vnder the table.

FVNG. Was't not a good deuice this same of me, sirs?

GEOR. Yes faith; ha' you beene here all this while?

FVNG. O god, I; good sir, looke, and the coast be cleere, I'd faine be going.

3905 GEOR. Al's cleere, sir, but the reckoning; and that you must cleare, and pay before you goe, I assure you.

FVNG.

FVNG. I pay? Slight, I eate not a bit since I came into the house,yet.

DRAW. Why, you may when you please, sir, 'tis all readie below, that was bespoken.

FVNG. Bespoken? not by me, I hope?

3915 GEOR. By you, sir? I know not that : but 'twas for you, and your companie, I am sure.

FVNG. My companie? S'hid, I was an invited guest, so I was.

DRAW. Faith, we haue no thing to doe with that, sir, they're all gone but you, and we must be answer'd; that's the short and the long on't.

3920 FVNG. Nay, if you will grow to extremities, my masters, then would this pot, cup, and all were in my belly, if I haue a crosse about me.

GEOR. What, and haue such apparell? doe not say so, signior, that mightily discredits your clothes.

3925 FVNG. As I am an honest man, my taylor had all my monie this morning, and yet I must be faine to alter my sute too : good sirs,let me goe,'tis friday night, and in good truth I haue no stomacke in the world, to eate a-nie thing.

DRAW. That's no matter,so you pay,sir.

3930 FVNG. Pay? gods light, with what conscience can you aske me to pay that I neuer dranke for?

GEOR. Yes, sir, I did see you drinke once.

FVNG. By this cup, (which is siluer) but you did not, you doe mee infinite wrong, I look't in the pot once,indeed, but I did not drinke.

3935 DRAW. Well sir, if you can satisfie our master, it shall bee all one to vs. (by and by.)

G R E X.

CORD. Lose not your selfe now signior.

Act V. Scene VIII.

MACILENTE, DELIRO, FALLACE.

3940 **T**Vt, sir, you did beare too hard a conceit of me in that, but I will now make my loue to you most transparent, in spite of any dust of suspition, that may bee rayseed to cloud it : and henceforth, since I see it is so against your humour, I will neuer labour to perswade you.

3945 DELI. Why, I thanke you, signior, but what's that you tell mee may concerne my peace so much?

MACI. Faith, sir, 'tis thus. Your wiues brother, signior FVNGOSO, being at supper to night at a tauerne, with a sort of gallants, there happened some diuision amongst 'hem, and he is left in pawne for the reckoning : now, if euer you looke that time shall present you with a happie occasion to doe your wife some gracious and acceptable seruice, take hold of this opportunitie, and presently goe, and redeeme him; for,being her

P

brother,

brother, and his credit so amply engag'd as now it is, when she shal heare
(as hee cannot himselfe , but hee must out of extremitie report it) that
3955 you came, and offered your selfe so kindly, and with that respect of his
reputation, why, the benefit cannot but make her dote, and grow madde
of your affections.

DELI. Now, by heauen, MACILENTE, I acknowledge my selfe ex-
ceedingly indebted to you , by this kinde tender of your loue; and I am
3960 sorrie to remember that I was euer so rude, to neglect a friend of your im-
portance: bring mee shooes, and a cloke there, I was going to bed, if you
had not come, what tauerne is it ?

MACI. The Mitre, sir.

DELI. O, why FIDO , my shooes. Good faith it cannot but please her
3965 exceedingly.

FALL. Come, I mar'le what peece of nightwork you haue in hand now,
that you call for your cloke, and your shooes ! what, is this your Pandar?

DELI. O, sweet wife, speake lower, I would not he should heare thee
for a world——

3970 FALL. Hang him rascall, I cannot abide him for his trecherie, with his
wilde quick-set beard there. Whither goe you now with him ?

DELI. No whither with him, deare wife, I goe alone to a place, from
whence I will returne instantly. Good MACILENTE, acquaint not her
with it by any meanes , it may come so much the more accepted, frame
3975 some other answeere. I'll come backe immediately.

FALL. Nay, and I be not worthie to know whither you goe, stay, till
I take knowledge of your comming backe.

MACI. Heare you, mistresse DELIRO.

FALL. So sir, and what say you ?

3980 MACI. Faith ladie , my intents will not deserue this slight respect,
when you shall know 'hem.

FALL. Your intents? why, what may your intents bee, for gods sake?

MACI. Troth, the time allowes no circumstance, ladie, therefore
know, this was but a deuice to remoue your husband hence , and bestow
3985 him securely , whilst (with more conueniencie) I might report to you a
misfortune that hath happened to Monsieur BRISKE—nay comfort,
sweet ladie. This night (being at supper a sort of young gallants com-
mitted a riot, for the which he (onely) is apprehended and carried to the
Counter, where if your husband , and other creditours should but haue
3990 knowledge of him, the poore gentleman were vndone for euer.

FALL. Aye me ! that he were.

MACI. Now therefore, if you can thinke vpon any present meanes
for his deliuerie, doe not forslow it. A bribe to the officer that commit-
ted him, will doe it.

3995 FALL. O god, sir, he shall not want for a bribe : pray you , will you
commend me to him, and say I'll visit him presently ?

MACI. No, ladie, I shall doe you better seruice, in protracting your
husbands

husbands returne, that you may goe with more safetie.

4000 FALL. Good truth, so you may : farewell, good sir. Lord, how a wo-
man may be mistaken in a man? I would haue sworne vpon all the testa-
ments in the world, he had not lou'd master BRISKE. Bring me my keyes
there, maide. Alasse, good gentleman, if all I haue i' this earthly world
will pleasure him, it shall be at his seruice.

G R E X.

4005 MIT. How MACILENTE sweates i' this busines, if you marke him.

COR. I. you shall see the true picture of spight anon : here comes
the pawne, and his redeemer.

Act V. Scene IX.

DELIRO, FVNGOSO, DRAWERS,

4010 MACILENTE.

C Ome, brother, be not discourag'd for this, man, what?

FVNG. No truly, I am not discourag'd, but I protest to you,
brother, I haue done imitating any more gallants either in purse or
apparell, but as shall become a gentleman, for good carriage, or so.

4015 DELI. You say well. This is all, i' the bill here? is't not?

GEOR. I, sir.

DELI. There's your monie, tell it : and brother, I am glad I met with
so good occasion to shew my loue to you.

FVNG. I will studie to deserue it in good truth, and I liue.

4020 DELI. What, is't right?

GEOR. I, sir, and I thanke you.

FVNG. Let me haue a capons legge sau'd, now the reckoning is paid.

GEOR. You shall, sir.

MACI. Where's signior DELIRO?

4025 DELI. Here, MACILENTE.

MACI. Harke you, sir, ha'you dispatcht this same?

DELI. I marie haue I.

MACI. Well then, I can-tell you newes, BRISKE is i'the Counter.

DELI. I'the Counter?

4030 MACI. 'Tis true, sir, committed for the stirre here to night. Now
would I haue you send your brother home afore, with the report of this
your kindnesse done him, to his sister, which will so pleasingly possesse
her, and out of his mouth too, that i'the meane time you may clap your
action on BRISKE, and your wife (being in so happie a moode) cannot
4035 entertaine it ill, by any meanes.

DELI. 'Tis verie true, she cannot indeed, I thinke.

MACI. Thinke? why 'tis past thought, you shall neuer meet the like
opportunitie, I assure you.

DELI. I will doe it. Brother, pray you goe home afore, this gentle-
4040 man, and I haue some priuate businesse; and tell my sweet wife, I'll come presently.

FVNG. I will, brother.

MACI. And, signior, acquaint your sister, how liberally and out of his bountie, your brother has vs'd you. (Doe you see?) made you a
4045 man of good reckoning; redeem'd that you neuer were possest of, credit; gaue you as gentleman-like termes as might be; found no fault with your comming behind the fashion; nor nothing.

FVNG. Nay, I am out of those humours now.

MACI. Well, if you be out, keepe your distance, and be not made a
4050 shot-clog any more. Come, signior, let's make haste.

Act v. Scene x.

FALLACE, FAST. BRISKE.

O Master FASTIDIVS, what pitty is't to see so sweet a man as
you are, in so sowre a place?

4055

G R E X.

COR. As vpon her lips, do's shee meane?

MIT. O, this is to be imagin'd the *Counter*, belike?

FAST. Troth, faire lady, 'tis first the pleasure of the *Fates*, and next of the Constable, to haue it so: but, I am patient, and indeed comforted the
4060 more in your kind visitation.

FALL. Nay, you shall bee comforted in mee, more then this, if you please, sir. I sent you word by my brother, sir, that my husband laid to rest you this morning, I know not whether you receiu'd it, or no.

FAST. No, beleeeue it, sweet creature, your brother gaue me no such
4065 intelligence.

FALL. O, the lord!

FAST. But has your husband any such purpose?

FALL. O sweet master BRISKE, yes: and therefore be presently discharg'd, for if he come with his actions vpon you (lord deliuer you) you
4070 are in for one halfe a score yeere; he kept a poore man in *Ludgate* once, twelue yeere, for sixteene shillings. Where's your keeper? for loues sake call him, let him take a bribe, and dispatch you. Lord, how my heart trembles! here are no spies? are there?

FAST. No, sweet mistris, why are you in this passion?

4075 FALL. O lord, Master FASTIDIVS, if you knew how I tooke vp my husband to day, when hee said hee would arrest you; and how I rail'd at him that perswaded him to't, the scholer there, (who on my conscience loues you now) and what care I tooke to send you intelligence by my brother; and how I gaue him foure soueraignes for his paines; and now,
how

4080 how I came running out hether without man or boy with me, so soone as I heard on't; you'd say, I were in a passion indeed: your keeper, for gods sake. O, Master BRISKE (as'tis in EVPIIYES) *Hard is the choise, when one is compelled by silence to die with griefe, or by speaking to liue with shame.*

FAST. Faire lady, I conceiue you, and may this kisse assure you, that 4085 where aduersitie hath (as it were) contracted, prosperitie shall not—
gods me! your husband.

FALL. O, me!

Act V. Scene XI.

DELIRO, MACILENTE, FALLACE,

FAST. BRISKE.

4090

I? is't thus!

MACI. Why, how now, signior DELIRO? has the wolfe seene you? ha? hath GORGONS head made marble of you?

DELI. Some *Planet* strike me dead.

4095 MACI. Why, looke you, sir, I told you, you might haue suspected this long afore, had you pleas'd; and ha' sau'd this labour of admiration now, and passion, and such extremities as this fraile lumpe of flesh is subiect vnto. Nay, why doe you not dote now, signior? Mee thinkes you should say it were some enchantment, *deceptio visus*, or so, ha? if you 4100 could perswade your selfe it were a dreame now, 'twere excellent: faith, trie what you can do, signior; it may be your imagination will be brought to it in time, there's nothing impossible.

FALL. Sweet husband:

DELI. Out lasciuious strumpet.

4105 MACI. What? did you see, how ill that stale vaine became him afore, of sweet wife, and deare heart? and are you falne iust into the same now? with sweet husband. Away, follow him, goe, keepe state, what? Remember you are a woman, turne impudent: gi' him not the head, though you gi' him the hornes. Away. And yet mee thinkes you should take 4110 your leaue of *Enfans-perdus* here, your forlorne hope. How now, Monsieur BRISKE? what? friday night? and in affliction too? and yet your *Pulpamenta*? your delicate morcels? I perceiue the affection of ladies, and gentlewomen, pursues you wheresoeuer you goe, Monsieur.

FAST. Now, in good faith (and as I am gentle) there could not haue 4115 come a thing, i' this world, to haue distracted me more, then the wrinckled fortunes of this poore spinster.

MACI. O, yes, sir: I can tell you a thing will distract you much better, beleeeue it. Signior DELIRO has entred three actions against you, three actions, Monsieur; mary, one of them (I'll put you in comfort) is 4120 but three thousand, and the other two, some fiae thousand a peece, trifles, trifles.

FAST. O, I am vndone.

MACI. Nay, not altogether so, sir, the knight must haue his hundred pound repai'd, that'll helpe too, and then sixe-score pound for a diamond,
4125 you know where. These be things will weigh, Monsieur, they will weigh.

FAST. O, heauen!

MACI. What, doe you sigh? this it is to kisse the hand of a countesse, to haue her coach sent for you, to hang poinards in ladies garters, to weare bracelets of their haire, and for euery one of these great fauours to giue
4130 some slight iewell of five hundred crownes, or so, why'tis nothing. Now, Monsieur, you see the plague that treads o'the heeles of your fopperie : well, goe your waies in, remoue your selfe to the two-penny ward quickly, to saue charges, and there set vp your rest to spend sir PVNTARS hundred pound for him. Away, good pomander, goe.

4135 Why, here's a change! Now is my soule at peace.

I am as emptie of all enuie now,

As they of merit to be enuied at.

My humour (like a flame) no longer lasts

Then it hath stuffe to feed it, and their folly,

4140 Being now rak't vp in their repentant ashes,

Affords no ampler subiect to my spleene.

I am so farre from malicing their states,

That I begin to pittie 'hem. It grieues me

To thinke they haue a being. I could wish

4145 They might turne wise vpon it, and be sau'd now,

So heauen were pleas'd : but let them vanish, vapors.

Gentlemen, how like you it? has't not beene tedious?

G R E X.

COR. Nay, we ha' done censuring, now.

4150 MIT. Yes, faith.

MAC. How so?

COR. Mary, because wee'le imitate your actors, and be out of our Humours. Besides, here are those (round about you) of more abilitie in censure then wee, whose iudgements can giue it a more satisfying allow-
4155 ance : wee'le refer you to them.

MAC. I? is't e'en so? Wel, gentlemen, I should haue gone in, and return'd to you, as I was ASPER at the first : but (by reason the shift would haue beene somewhat long, and we are loth to draw your patience farder) wee'le intreat you to imagine it. And now (that you may see I will
4160 be out of humour for companie) I stand wholly to your kind approbation, and (indeed) am nothing so peremptorie as I was in the beginning: Mary, I will not doe as PLAVTVS, in his *Amphytrio*, for all this (*Summi Iouis causa, Plaudite* :) begge a *Plaudite*, for gods sake ; but if you (out of the bountie of your good liking) will bestow it ; why, you may (in time)
4165 make leane MACILENTE as fat, as Sir IOHN FAL-STAFFE.

T H E E N D.

Which, in the presentation before

Queene E. was thus varied,

BY MACILENTE.

- 4170 **N** Euer till now did object greet mine eyes
With any light content : but in her graces,
All my malicious powers haue lost their stings.
Enuie is fled my soule, at sight of her,
And shee hath chac'd all black thoughts from my bosome,
Like as the sunne doth darknesse from the world.
- 4175 My streame of humour is runne out of me.
And as our cities torrent (bent t'infect
The hallow'd bowels of the siluer *Thames*)
Is checkt by strength, and clearnesse of the riuer,
Till it hath spent it selfe e'ene at the shore ;
- 4180 So, in the ample, and vnmeasur'd floud
Of her perfections, are my passions drown'd :
And I haue now a spirit as sweet, and cleere,
As the most rarefi'd and subtile aire.
With which, and with a heart as pure as fire,
- 4185 (Yet humble as the earth) doe I implore,
O heauen, that shee (whose presence hath effected
This change in me) may suffer most late change
In her admir'd and happie gouernement :
May still this *Iland* be call'd *fortunate*,
- 4190 And rugged treason tremble at the sound
When *Fame* shall speake it with an *emphasis*.
Let forraine politie be dull as lead,
And pale inuasion come with halfe a heart,
When he but lookes vpon her blessed soile.
- 4195 The throat of warre be stopt within her land,
And turtle-footed peace dance *fayrie* rings
About her court : where, neuer may there come
Suspect, or danger, but all trust, and safetie :
Let flatterie be dumbe, and enuie blind
- 4200 In her dread presence : death himselfe admire her :
And may her vertues make him to forget
The vse of his ineuitable hand.
Flie from her age ; Sleepe time before her throne,
Our strongest wall falls downe, when shee is gone.

4205

This Comicall Satyre vvas first
acted in the yeere
1599.

*By the then Lord Chamberlaine
his Seruants.*

4210

The principall Comœdians were,

RIC. BURBADGE.	}	IOH. HEMINGS.
AVG. PHILIPS.		HEN. CONDEL.
WIL. SLY.		THO. POPE.

With the allowance of the Master of REVELS.

CYNTHIAS
REVELS,
OR

The Fountayne of selfe-loue.

A Comickall Satyre.

Acted, in the yeere 1600. By the then
Children of Queene ELIZABETHS
CHAPPEL.

The Author B. I.

MART.

Nasatum volo, nolo polyposum.

LONDON,

Printed by WILLIAM STANSBY.

M. DC. XVI.

TO THE SPECIALL FOVNTAINE OF

M A N N E R S :

The Court.



*Hou art a bountifull, and braue
spring: and waterest all the no-
ble plants of this Iland. In thee,
the whole Kingdome dresseth it
selfe, and is ambitious to rsethee
as her glasse. Beware, then,
thou render mens figures truly,
and teach them no lesse to hate their deformities, then
to louetheir formes: For, to grace, there should come
reuerence; and no man can call that louely, which is
15 not also venerable. It is not pouldring, perfuming,
and euery day's smelling of the taylor, that conuerteth to
a beautiful obiect: but a mind, shining through any sute,
which needes no false light either of riches, or honors
to helpe it. Such shalt thou find some here, euen in the
20 raigne of CYNTHIA (a CRITES, and an ARETE.)
Now, vnder thy PHÆBUS, it will be thy prouince
to make more: Except thou desirest to haue thy source
mixe with the Spring of selfe-Loue, and so wilt draw
vpon thee as welcome a discovery of thy dayes, as was
25 then made of her nights.*

Thy seruant, but not slaue,

BEN. IONSON.

The

The Persons of the Play.

CYNTHIA.

30	MERCURY.	CUPID.
	HESPERUS.	ECHO.
	CRITES.	ARETE.
	AMORPHUS.	PHANTASTE.
	ASOTUS.	ARGYRION.
35	HEDON.	PHILAVTIA.
	ANAIDES.	MORIA.
	MORPHIDES.	COS.
	PROSAITES.	GELAIA.
	MORUS.	
40	PHRONESIS.	} Mutes.
	THAUMA.	
	TIME.	

THE SCENE.

GARGAPHIE.



45 CYNTHIAS REVELS.

After the second sounding.

I N D V C T I O N.

BY THREE OF THE CHILDREN.



Ray you away ; why fellowes ? Gods so ?
what doe you meane ?

2. Mary that you shall not speake the
Prologue, sir.

3. Why ? doe you hope to speake it ?

2. I, and I thinke I haue most right to
it : I am sure I studied it first.

3. That's all one, if the Authour thinke
I can speake it better.

1. I pleade possession of the cloake :
Gentles, your suffrages I pray you.

60 ¶ Why *Children*, are you not asham'd ? come in there.

Within.

3. Slid, I'll play nothing i' the Play : vnlesse I speake it.

1. Why, will you stand to most voices of the gentlemen ? let that de-
cide it.

3. O no, sir gallant ; you presume to haue the start of vs there, and
65 that makes you offer so prodigally.

1. No, would I were whipt, if I had any such thought : trie it by lots
either.

2. Faith, I dare tempt my fortune in a greater venter then this.

3. Well said, resolute *Iacke*, I am content too : so wee draw first. Make
70 the cuts.

1. But will you not snatch my cloake, while I am stooping ?

3. No, we scorne treacherie.

2. Which cut shall speake it ?

3. The shortest.

75 1. Agreed. Draw. The shortest is come to the shortest. *For-*

tune was not altogether blind in this. Now, sir, I hope I shall goe forward without your enuie.

2. A spite of all mischieuous lucke ! I was once plucking at the other.

3. Stay, *Iacke* : Slid, I'll doe somewhat now afore I goe in, though it
So be nothing but to reuenge my selfe on the Authour : since I speake not his
Prologue. He goe tell all the argument of his play aforehand, and so stale
his inuention to the auditorie before it come forth.

At the breaches
in this speech
following, the o-
ther two inter-
rupt him, still.

1. O, doe not so.

2. By no meanes.

3. First, the title of his play is CYNTHIAS *Reuels*, as any man (that
hath hope to bee saued by his booke) can witnesse; the *Scene*, GARGA-
PHIE : which I doe vehemently suspect for some fustian countrie, but let
that vanish. Here, is the court of CYNTHIA, whither hee brings CV-
PID (trauailing on foot) resolu'd to turne page. By the way, CVPID
90 meetes with MERCVRIE, (as that's a thing to be noted, take anie of our
play-bookes without a CVPID, or a MERCVRV in it, and burne it for
an heretique in *Poetrie*)—— Pray thee let me alone. MERCVRV, he
(in the nature of a conjurer) raises vp ECCHO, who weepes ouer her
loue, or Daffodill, NARCISSVS, a little; sings; curses the spring where-
95 in the prettie foolish gentleman melted himselfe away : and ther's an end
of her. —— Now I am to informe you, that CVPID, and MERCVRV
doe both become pages. CVPID attends on PHILAVTIA, or *selfe-Loue*,
a court-ladie: MERCVRV followes HEDON, the *voluptuous*, and a courtier;
one that rankes himselfe euen with ANAIDES, or the *impudent*, a gallant,
100 (and that's my part :) one that keepe *laughter*, GELAIJA the daughter
of *folly*, (a wench in boyes attire) to waite on him—— These, in the
court, meet with AMORPHVS, or the *deformed*; a trauailer that hath
drunke of the fountaine, and there tels the wonders of the water. They
presently dispatch away their pages with bottles to fetch of it, and them-
105 selues goe to visite the ladies. But I should haue told you—— (Looke,
these emets put me out here) that with this AMORPHVS, there comes a-
long a citizens heire, ASOTVS, or the *prodigall*, who (in imitation of the
traueller, who hath the *whetstone* following him) entertaines the *begger*, to
be his attendant. —— Now, the *Nymphs* who are mistresses to these gal-
110 lants, are PHILAVTIA, *selfe-Loue*; PHANTASTE, a *light wittinesse*; ARGV-
RION *monie*; and their *Guardian*, mother MORIA; or mistresse *folly*. ——

1. Pray thee no more.

3. There CVPID strikes *monie* in loue with the *prodigall*, makes her
dote vpon him, giue him iewels, bracelets, carkenets, &c. all which (hee
115 most ingeniously departs withall) to be made knowne to the other ladies
and gallants; and in the heat of this, increases his traine with the *foole*
to follow him, aswell as the *begger*. —— By this time, your *begger*
begins to waite close, who is return'd with the rest of his fellow bottle-
men. —— There they all drinke, saue ARGVRION, who is falne into a
120 sodaine apoplexie. ——

I. Stop

1. Stop his mouth.

3. And then, there's a retired scholler, there, you would not wish a thing to be better condemn'd of a societie of gallants, then it is : and hee applies his seruice (good gentleman) to the ladie A R E T E, or *vertue*, a
125 poore *Nymph* of CYNTHIAS traine, that's scarce able to buy her selfe a gowne, you shall see her play in a blacke robe anon : A creature, that (I assure you) is no lesse scorn'd, then himselfe. Where am I now? at a stand?

2. Come, leaue at last, yet.

3. O, the night is come, (t'was somewhat darke, mee thought) and
130 CYNTHIA intends to come forth : (That helps it a little yet.) All the courtiers must prouide for *reuels* ; they conclude vpon a *Masque*, the deuice of which, is —— (what, will you rauish mee?) that each of these vices, being to appeare before CYNTHIA, would seeme other then indeed they are : and therefore assume the most neighbouring vertues as
135 their masking habites. —— (I'de cric, a rape, but that you are children.)

2. Come, wee'le haue no more of this anticipation : to giue them the inuentorie of their cates aforehand, were the discipline of a tauerne, and not fitting this presence.

140 1. Tut, this was but to shew vs the happinesse of his memorie. I thought at first, he would haue plaid the ignorant critique with euerie thing, along as he had gone, I expected some such deuice.

3. O, you shall see me doe that, rarely, lend me thy cloake.

1. Soft, sir, you'le speake my *Prologue* in it.

145 3. No, would I might neuer stirre then.

2. Lend it him, lend it him.

1. Well, you haue sworne.

3. I haue. Now, sir, suppose I am one of your gentile auditors, that am come in (hauing paid my monie at the doore, with much adoe) and
150 here I take my place, and sit downe : I haue my three sorts of tabacco in my pocket, my light by me, and thus I beginne. By this light, I wonder that any man is so mad, to come to see these rascally *Tits* play here——
They doe act like so manie *wrens*, or *pismires*——not the fift part of a good face amongst them all——And then their *musicke* is abominable——
155 able——able to stretch a mans eares worse then tenne——pillories, and their ditties——most lamentable things, like the pittifull fellows that make them——Poets. By this vapour, and 'twere not for tabacco——I thinke——the verie stench of 'hem would poison mee, I should not dare to come in at their gates——A man were better visit
160 fifteene jailes,——or a dozen or two of hospitals——then once aduenture to come neere them. How is't? Well?

1. Excellent : giue mee my cloake.

3. Stay; you shall see me doe another now : but a more sober, or better-gather'd gallant; that is (as it may bee thought) some friend, or wel-
165 wisher to the house : And here I enter.

*At the breaches
he takes his ta-
bacco.*

1. What? vpon the stage, too?
2. Yes : and I step forth like one of the children, and aske you, Would you haue a stoole, sir?
3. A stoole, boy?
- 170 2. I, sir, if youle giue me six pence, Ile fetch you one.
3. For what I pray thee? what shall I doe with it?
2. O lord, sir! will you betraie your ignorance so much? why throne your selfe in state on the stage, as other gentlemen vse, sir.
3. Away, wagge; what, would'st thou make an implement of me? Slid
- 175 the boy takes me for a piece of *perspectiue* (I hold my life) or some silke cortaine, come to hang the stage here! sir cracke, I am none of your fresh pictures, that vse to beautifie the decaied dead arras, in a publike theatre.
2. 'Tis a signe, sir, you put not that confidence in your good clothes,
- 180 and your better face, that a gentleman should doe, sir. But I pray you sir, let mee bee a suter to you, that you will quit our stage then, and take a place, the play is instantly to beginne.
3. Most willingly, my good wag: but I would speake with your Authour, where's he?
- 185 2. Not this way, I assure you, sir: wee are not so officiously befriended by him, as to haue his presence in the tiring-house, to prompt vs aloud, stampe at the booke-holder, sweare for our properties, curse the poore tire-man, raile the musicke out of tune, and sweat for euerie venial trespassse we commit, as some Authour would, if he had such fine en-
- 190 gles as we. Well, tis but our hard fortune.
3. Nay, cracke, be not dis-heartned.
2. Not I, sir; but if you please to conferre with our Author, by atturney, you may, sir: our proper selfe here, stands for him.
3. Troth, I haue no such serious affaire to negotiate with him, but
- 195 what may verie safely bee turn'd vpon thy trust. It is in the generall behalfe of this faire societie here, that I am to speake, at least the more iudicious part of it, which seemes much distasted with the immodest and obscene writing of manie, in their plays. Besides, they could wish, your *Poets* would leaue to bee promoters of other mens iests, and to way-lay all
- 200 the stale *apothegmes*, or olde bookes, they can heare of (in print, or otherwise) to farce their *Scenes* withall. That they would not so penuriously gleane wit, from euerie laundresse, or hackney-man, or deriue their best grace (with seruile imitation) from common stages, or obseruation of the companie they conuerse with; as if their inuention liu'd wholly vpon ano-
- 205 ther mans trencher. Againe, that feeding their friends with nothing of their owne, but what they haue twice or thrice cook'd, they should not wantonly giue out, how soone they had drest it; nor how manie coaches came to carrie away the broken-meat, besides hobbie-horses, and foot-cloth nags.
- 210 2. So, sir, this is all the reformation you seeke?

3. It

3. It is: doe not you thinke it necessarie to be practiz'd, my little wag?

2. Yes, where any such ill-habited custome is receiu'd.

3. O (I had almost forgot it too) they say, the *umbræ*, or ghosts of some three or foure playes, departed a dozen yeeres since, haue bin seene
215 walking on your stage heere: take heed, boy, if your house bee haunted with such *hob-goblins*, t'will fright away all your spectators quickly.

2. Good, sir, but what will you say now, if a *Poet* (vntoucht with any breath of this disease) find the tokens vpon you, that are of the auditorie? As some one ciuet-wit among you, that knowes no other learning, then
220 the price of satten and vellets; nor other perfection, then the wearing of a neat sute; and yet will censure as desperately as the most profess'd *critique* in the house: presuming, his clothes should beare him out in't. Another (whom it hath pleas'd nature to furnish with more beard, then braine) prunes his mustaccio, lisps, and (with some score of affected othes)
225 swears downe all that sit about him; *That the old Hieronimo*, (as it was first acted) *was the onely best, and iudiciously pend play of Europe*. A third great-bellied juggler talkes of twentie yeeres since, and when MONSIEVR was heere, and would enforce all wits to bee of that fashion, because his doublet is still so. A fourth miscals all by the name of fustian, that his ground
230 ed capacitie cannot aspire to. A fift, only shakes his bottle-head, and out of his corkie braine, squeezeth out a pittiful-learned face, and is silent.

3. By my faith, *Iacke*, you haue put mee downe: I would I knew how to get off with any indifferent grace. Heere, take your cloke, and promise some satisfaction in your *Prologue*, or (I'll be sworne) wee haue marr'd all.

235 2. Tut, feare not, child, this wil neuer distaste a true sense: Be not out, and good enough. I would thou hadst some sugar-candied, to sweeten thy mouth.

The third sounding.

PROLOGVE.

240 IF gracious silence, sweet attention,
Quicke sight, and quicker apprehension,
(The lights of iudgements throne) shine any where;
Our doubtfull authour hopes this is their sphere.
And therefore opens he himselfe to those;
245 To other weaker beames, his labours close:
As loth to prostitute their virgin straine,
To eu'rie vulgar, and adult'rate braine.
In this alone, his M V S E her sweetnesse hath,
Shee shunnes the print of any beaten path;
250 And proues new wayes to come to learned eares:
Pied ignorance she neither loues, nor feares.

Nor hunts she after popular applause,
 Or fomie praise, that drops from common iawes :
 The garland that she weares, their hands must twine,
 255 Who can both censure, vnderstand, define
 What merit is : Then cast those piercing raies,
 Round as a crowne, in stead of honour'd bayes,
 About his *poesie*; which (he knowes) affoord
 Words,aboue action : matter,aboue words.

260

Act I. Scene I.

CVPID, MERCVRIE.

VV Ho goes there?

MER. Tis I, blind archer.

CVP. Who? MERCVRIE?

265 MER. I.

CVP. Farewell.

MER. Stay, CVPID.

CVP. Not in your companie, HERMES, except your hands were ri-
 uetted at your backe.

270 MER. Why so, my little rouer?

CVP. Because I know, you ha' not a finger, but is as long as my qui-
 uer (cousin MERCVRIE) when you please to extend it.

MER. Whence deriue you this speech, boy?

CVP. O! tis your best politie to be ignorant. You did neuer steale
 275 MARS his sword out of the sheath, you? nor NEPTVNES trident? nor
 APOLLOES bow? no, not you? Alas, your palmes (IVPITER knowes)
 they are as tender as the foot of a foundred nagge, or a ladies face new
mercuried, the'ile touch nothing.

MER. Goe too (infant) you'le be daring still.

280 CVP. Daring? O IANVS! what a word is there? why, my light fe-
 ther-heel'd couss', what are you? any more then my vncle IOVES pandar,
 a lacquey, that runnes on errands for him, and can whisper a light mes-
 sage to a loose wench with some round volubilitie, wait mannerly at a ta-
 ble with a trencher, and warble vpon a crowde a little, fill out *nectar*,
 285 when *Ganimed's* away, one that sweeps the *Gods* drinking roome euery
 morning, and sets the cushions in order againe, which they threw one at
 anothers head ouer-night, can brush the carpets, call the stooles againe to
 their places, play the cryer of the court with an audible voice, and take
 state of a *President* vpon you at wrestlings, pleadings, negotiations, &c.
 290 Here's the catalogue o' your imployments now. O no, I erre, you haue
 the marshalling of all the ghosts too, that passe the *stygian* ferrie, and I
 suspect you for a share with the old sculler there, if the truth were known;
 but

but let that scape. One other peculiar vertue you possesse, in lifting, or
lieger-du-maine, (which few of the house of heau'n haue else besides) I
 295 must confesse. But (mee thinkes) that should not make you put that ex-
 treme distance twixt your selfe and others, that we should be said to ouer-
 dare in speaking to your nimble *deitie*? So HERCVLES might challenge
 prioritie of vs both, because he can throw the barre farther, or lift more
 ioynd stooles at the armes end, then we. If this might carry it, then wee
 300 who haue made the whole bodie of diuinitie tremble at the twang of our
 bow, and enforc'd SATVRNVS himselfe to lay by his curl'd front, thun-
 der, and three-fork'd fires, and put on a masking sute, too light for a re-
 ueller of eighteene, to be seene in——

MER. How now! my dancing braggart in *decimo-sexto*! charme your
 305 skipping tongue, or I'll——

CVP. What? vse the vertue of your snakie tip-staffe there vpon vs?

MER. No, boy, but the smart vigor of my palme about your eares.
 You haue forgot since I tooke your heeles vp into aire (on the very houre
 I was borne) in sight of all the bench of *deities*, when the siluer roofe of
 310 the *Olympian* palace rung againe with applause of the fact.

CVP. O no, I remember it freshly, and by a particular instance; for
 my mother VENVS (at the same time) but stoopt to imbrace you, and
 (to speake by *metaphore*) you borrowed a girdle of hers, as you did IOVES
 scepter (while hee was laughing) and would haue done his thunder too,
 315 but that 'twas too hot for your itching fingers.

MER. Tis well, sir.

CVP. I heard, you but look't in at VULCANS forge the other day,
 and intreated a paire of his new tongs along with you, for companie: Tis
 ioy on you (yfaith) that you will keepe your hook'd tallons in practice
 320 with any thing. S'light, now you are on earth, wee shall haue you filch
 spoones and candle-sticks, rather then faile: pray LOVE the perfum'd cour-
 tiers keepe their casting-bottles, pick-toothes, and shittle-cocks from you;
 or our more ordinarie gallants their tabacco-boxes, for I am strangely ieal-
 ous of your nailes.

325 MER. Ne're trust me, CVPID, but you are turn'd a most acute gallant
 of late, the edge of my wit is cleere taken off with the fine and subtile
 stroke of your thin-ground tongue, you fight with too poinant a phrase,
 for me to deale with.

CVP. O HERMES, your craft cannot make me confident. I know
 330 my owne steele to bee almost spent, and therefore intreate my peace with
 you, in time: you are too cunning for mee to incounter at length, and I
 thinke it my safest ward to close.

MER. Well, for once, I'll suffer you to winne vpon mee, wagge, but
 vse not these straines too often, they'll stretch my patience. Whither
 335 might you march, now?

CVP. Faith (to recouer thy good thoughts) I'll discouer my whole
 proiect. The Huntresse, and Queene of these groues, DIANA (in regard
 of

of some black and enuious slanders hourly breath'd against her, for her
 diuine iustice on ACTEON, as shee pretends) hath here in the vale of *Gar-*
 340 *gaphy*, proclaim'd a solemne reuells, which (her god-head put off) shee
 will descend to grace, with the full and royall expence of one of her cleer-
 est moones : In which time, it shall bee lawfull for all sorts of ingenuous
 persons, to visit her palace, to court her NYMPHES, to exercise all varietie
 of generous and noble pastimes, as well to intimate how farre shee treads
 345 such malicious imputations beneath her, as also to shew how cleere her
 beauties are from the least wrinkle of austerity, they may be charg'd with.

MER. But, what is all this to CVPID?

CVP. Here doe I meane to put off the title of a god, and take the ha-
 bite of a page, in which disguise (during the *interim* of these reuells) I will
 350 get to follow some one of DIANAES maides, where (if my bow hold,
 and my shafts flie but with halfe the willingnesse, and aime they are dire-
 cted) I doubt not, but I shall really redeeme the minutes I haue lost, by
 their so long and ouer-nice proscription of my *deitie*, from their court.

MER. Pursue it (diuine CVPID) it will be rare.

355 CVP. But will HERMES second me?

MER. I am now to put in act, an especiall designement from my fa-
 ther LOVE, but that perform'd, I am for any fresh action that offers it selfe.

CVP. Well, then we part.

MER. Farewell, good wag.

360 Now, to my charge, ECCHO, faire ECCHO, speake,
 Tis MERCVRIE, that calls thee, sorrowfull *Nymph*,
 Salute me with thy repercussiu voice,
 That I may know what cauerne of the earth
 Containes thy ayrie spirit, how, or where
 365 I may direct my speech, that thou maist heare.

Act I. Scene II.

ECCHO, MERCVRIE.

H Ere.
 MER. So nigh?
 370 ECC. I.
 MER. Know (gentle soule) then, I am sent from LOVE,
 Who (pittyng the sad burthen of thy woes,
 Still growing on thee, in thy want of wordes,
 To vent thy passion for NARCISSVS death)
 375 Commands, that now (after three thousand yeeres,
 Which haue beene exercis'd in IVNOS spight)
 Thou take a corporall figure, and ascend,
 Enricht with vocall, and articulate power.
 Make haste, sad *Nymph*, thrice shall my winged rod
 380 Strike th'obsequious earth, to giue thee way.

Arise,

Arise, and speake thy sorrowes, ECCHO, rise,
Here, by this fountayne, where thy loue did pine,
Whose memorie liues fresh to vulgar fame,
Shrin'd in this yellow flowre, that beares his name.

385 ECC. His name reuiues, and lifts me vp from earth.
O, which way shall I first conuert my selfe?
Or in what moode shall I assay to speake,
That (in a moment) I may be deliuered
Of the prodigious grieve I goe withall?

390 See, see, the mourning fount, whose springs weepe yet,
Th'vntimely fate of that too beauteous boy,
That trophæe of selfe-loue, and spoile of nature,
Who (now transform'd into this drouping flowre)
Hangs the repentant head, back from the streame,

395 As if it wish'd, would I had neuer look'd
In such a flattering mirrour. O NARCISSVS,
Thou that wast once (and yet art) my NARCISSVS;
Had ECCHO but beene priuate with thy thoughts,
Shee would haue dropt away her selfe in teares,

400 Till shee had all turn'd water, that in her,
(As in a truer glasse) thou mightst haue gaz'd,
And seene thy beauties by more kind reflection:
But selfe-loue neuer yet could looke on truth,
But with bearded beames; slieke flatterie and shee

405 Are twin-borne sisters, and so mixe their eyes,
As if you seuer one, the other dies.
Why did the gods giue thee a heau'nly forme,
And earthy thoughts, to make thee proud of it?
Why, doe I aske? Tis now the knowne disease

410 That beautie hath, to beare too deepe a sense
Of her owne selfe-conceiued excellence.
O, hadst thou knowne the worth of heau'ns rich gift,
Thou wouldst haue turn'd it to a truer vse,
And not (with staru'd, and couetous ignorance)

415 Pin'd in continuall eying that bright gem,
The glance whereof to others had beene more,
Then to thy famisht mind the wide worlds store:
"So wretched is it to be meere rich.

Witnesse thy youths deare sweets, here spent vntasted,
420 Like a faire taper, with his owne flame wasted.

MER. ECCHO, be briefe, SATVRNIA is abroad,
And if shee heare, sheele storme at IOVES high will.

ECC. I will (kind MERCVRIE) be briefe as time.
Vouchsafe me, I may doe him these last rites,

425 But kisse his flowre, and sing some mourning straine

Ouer his watrie hearse. MER. Thou dost obtaine.
 I were no sonne to LOVE, should I denie thee.
 Begin, and (more to grace thy cunning voice)
 The humorous aire shall mixe her solemne tunes,
 430 With thy sad words : strike musicque from the spheares,
 And with your golden raptures swell our eares.

SONG.

S Low, slow, fresh fount, keepe time with my salt teares ;
 Yet slower, yet, o faintly gentle springs :
 435 List to the heauy part the musique beares,
 " Woe weepes out her diuision, when shee sings.
 Droupe hearbs, and flowres ;
 Fall grieffe in showres ;
 " Our beauties are not ours :
 440 O, I could still
 (Like melting snow vpon some craggie hill.)
 drop, drop, drop, drop,
 Since natures pride is, now, a wither'd daffodill.

MER. Now, ha' you done ?
 445 ECC. Done presently (good HERMES) bide a little,
 Suffer my thirstie eye to gaze a while.
 But e'ene to taste the place, and I am vanisht.
 MER. Forgoe thy vse, and libertie of tongue,
 And thou maist dwell on earth, and sport thee there.
 450 ECC. Here yong ACTEON fell, pursu'de, and torne
 By CYNTHIA'S wrath (more eager, then his hounds)
 And here, (ay me, the place is fatall) see
 The weeping NIOBE, translated hither
 From Phrygian mountaines : and by PHœBE rear'd
 455 As the proud trophæe of her sharpe reuenge.

MER. Nay, but heare.
 ECC. But here, O here, the *Fountainne of selfe-Loue*,
 In which LATONA, and her carelesse *Nymphs*,
 (Regardles of my sorrowes) bathe themselues
 460 In hourelly pleasures. MER. Stint thy babling tongue ;
 Fond ECCO, thou prophan'st the grace is done thee :
 So idle worldlings (meerely made of voice)
 Censure the powers aboue them. Come, away,
 LOVE calls thee hence, and his will brookes no stay.
 465 ECC. O, stay : I haue but one poore thought to clothe
 In ayrie garments, and then (faith) I goe.
 Henceforth, thou trecherous, and murdering spring,
 Be euer call'd the *Fountainne of selfe-Loue* :
 And with thy water let this curse remaine.

- 470 (As an inseparate plague) that who but tastes
 A drop thereof, may, with the instant touch,
 Grow dotingly enamor'd on themselves.
 Now, HERMES, I haue finisht. MER. Then thy speech,
 Must here forsake thee, ECCHO, and thy voice
 475 (As it was wont) rebound but the last wordes.
 Farewell. ECC. Well.
 MER. Now, CVPID, I am for you, and your mirth,
 To make me light before I leaue the earth.

Act I. Scene III.

480 AMORPHVS, ECCHO, MERCVRIE.

D Eare sparke of beautie, make not so fast away.
 ECC. Away.
 MER. Stay, let me obserue this portent yet.

AMO. I am neither your *Minotaure*, nor your *Centaure*, nor your *Sa-*
 485 *tyre*, nor your *Hyæna*, nor your *Babion*, but your mere trauailer, beleeeue me.
 ECC. Leaue me.

MER. I guess'd it should bee some trauailing motion pursude EC-
 CHO so.

AMO. Know you from whom you flie? or whence?

490 ECC. Hence.

AMO. This is somewhat aboue strange! a *Nymph* of her feature, and
 lineament, to be so preposterously rude! well, I will but coole my selfe at
 yon' spring, and follow her.

MER. Nay, then I am familiar with the issue: I'll leaue you too.

495 AMO. I am a *Rhinoceros*, if I had thought a creature of her *symmetry*,
 could haue dar'd so improportionable, and abrupt a digression. Liberall,
 and diuine fount, suffer my prophane hand to take of thy bounties. By
 the puritie of my taste, here is most *ambrosiacke* water; I will sup of it a-
 gaine. By thy fauour, sweet fount. See, the water (a more running, sub-
 500 tile, and humorous *Nymph* then shee) permits me to touch, and handle
 her. What should I inferre? If my behaiours had beene of a cheape or
 customarie garbe; my accent, or phrase vulgar; my garments trite; my
 countenance illiterate; or vnpractiz'd in the encounter of a beautifull and
 braue-attir'd peece; then I might (with some change of colour) haue
 505 suspected my faculties: but (knowing my selfe an essence so sublimated,
 and refin'd by trauell; of so studied, and well exercis'd a gesture; so alone
 in fashion; able to tender the face of any states-man liuing; and to speake
 the mere extraction of language; one that hath now made the sixth re-
 turne vpon venter; and was your first that euer enricht his countrey with
 510 the true lawes of the *duello*; whose *optiques* haue drunke the spirit of beau-
 tie, in some eight score and eighteen Princes courts, where I haue resided,
 and

and beene there fortunate in the *amours* of three hundred fortie and fiue ladies (all nobly, if not princely descended) whose names I haue in catalogue; to conclude, in all so happy, as euen admiration her selfe doth
 515 seeme to fasten her kisses vpon me: Certes, I doe neither see, nor feelee, nor taste, nor sauour the least steame, or fume of a reason, that should inuite this foolish fastidious *Nymph*, so peeuishly to abandon me. Well, let the memorie of her fleet into aire; my thoughts and I am for this other element, water.

520

Act I. Scene IIII.

CRITES, ASOTVS, AMORPHVS.

VV Hat! the wel-dieted AMORPHVS become a water-drinker?
 I see he meanes not to write verses then.

ASO. No, CRITES? why?

525 CRI. Because——*Nec placere diu, nec viuere carmina possunt, quæ scribuntur aquæ potoribus.*

AMO. What say you to your HELICON?

CRI. O, the MVSES well! that's euer excepted.

AMO. Sir, your MVSES haue no such water, I assure you; your *ne-*
 530 *ctar*, or the iuyce of your *nepenthe* is nothing to it; tis aboute your *metheglin*, beleeeue it.

ASO. *Metheglin*! what's that, sir? may I be so audacious to demand?

AMO. A kind of *greeke* wine I haue met with, sir, in my trauailes: it is the same that DEMOSTHENES vsually drunke, in the composure of all
 535 his exquisite, and mellifluous orations.

CRI. That's to be argued (AMORPHVS) if we may credit LVCIAN, who in his *Encomio Demosthenis* affirmes, hee neuer drunke but water in any of his compositions.

AMO. LVCIAN is absurd, hee knew nothing: I will beleeeue mine
 540 owne trauailes, before all the LVCIANs of *Europe*. He doth feed you with fittons, figments, and leasings.

CRI. Indeed (I thinke) next a trauailer, he do's prettily well.

AMO. I assure you it was wine, I haue tasted it, and from the hand of an *Italian Antiquarie*, who deriues it authentically from the Duke of *Ferrara's* bottles. How name you the gentleman you are in ranke with
 545 there, sir?

CRI. Tis ASOTVS, sonne to the late deceas'd PHILARGYRVS the citizen.

AMO. Was his father of any eminent place, or meanes?

550 CRI. He was to haue beene *Prætor* next yeere.

AMO. Ha! A prettie formall yong gallant, in good sooth: pitty, he is not more gentilely propagated. Harke you, CRITES, you may say to him, what I am, if you please: though I affect not popularitie, yet I would be loth to stand out to any, whom you shall vouchsafe to call friend.

CRI.

555 CRI. Sir, I feare I may doe wrong to your sufficiencies in the reporting them, by forgetting or misplacing some one ; your selfe can best enforme him of your selfe, sir:except you had some catalogue,or list of your faculties readie drawne, which you would request mee to shew him, for you, and him to take notice of.

560 AMO. This CRITES is sowre : I will thinke, sir.

CRI. Doe so, sir. O heauen! that any thing (in the likenesse of man) should suffer these rackt extremities, for the vttering of his sophisticate good parts.

ASO. CRITES, I haue a sute to you ; but you must not denie mee :
565 pray you make this gentleman and I friends.

CRI. Friends ! Why ? is there any difference betweene you ?

ASO. No, I meane acquaintance, to know one another.

CRI. O, now I apprehend you ; your phrase was without me, before.

ASO. In good faith, hee's a most excellent rare man, I warrant him !

570 CRI. S'light, they are mutually inamor'd by this time !

ASO. Will you, sweet CRITES ?

CRI. Yes, yes.

ASO. Nay, but when ? you'll defer it now, and forget it.

CRI. Why, is't a thing of such present necessitie, that it requires so
575 violent a dispatch ?

ASO. No, but (would I might neuer stirre) hee's a most rauishing man! good CRITES, you shall endeare me to you, in good faith-law.

CRI. Well, your longing shall be satisfied, sir.

ASO. And withall, you may tell him what my father was, and how
580 well he left me, and that I am his heire.

CRI. Leaue it to mee, I'll forget none of your deare graces, I warrant you.

ASO. Nay, I know you can better marshall these affaires then I can—
O gods ! I'de giue all the world (if I had it) for abundance of such ac-
585 quaintance.

CRI. What ridiculous circumstance might I devise now, to bestow this reciprocall brace of butter-flies one vpon another ?

AMO. Since I trode on this side the *Alpes*, I was not so frozen in my inuention. Let mee see : to accost him with some choice remnant of *spanish*, or *italian* ? that would indifferently expresse my languages now : marry then, if he should fall out to be ignorant, it were both hard, and harsh. How else ? step into some *ragioni del stato*, and so make my induction ? that were aboue him too ; and out of his element, I feare. Faine to haue seene him in *Venice*, or *Padua* ? or some face neere his in similitude ? t'is too pointed, and open. No, it must be a more quaint, and collaterall device. As---
595 stay : to frame some *encomiastick* speech vpon this our *Metropolis*, or the wise magistrates thereof, in which politique number, 'tis ods, but his father fill'd vp a roome ? descend into a particular admiration of their iustice ; for the due measuring of coales, burning of cannes, and such like ?

600 As also their religion, in pulling downe a superstitious crosse, and aduan-
cing a VENVS, or PRIAPVS, in place of it? ha?'twill doe well. Or to
talke of some hospitall, whose walls record his father a *Benefactor*? or
of so many buckets bestow'd on his parish church, in his life time, with
his name at length (for want of armes) trickt vpon them? Any of these?
605 Or to praise the cleannesse of the street, wherein hee dwelt? or the prouid-
ent painting of his posts against hee should haue beene *Prætor*? or (lea-
uing his parent) come to some speciall ornament about himselfe, as his
rapier, or some other of his accoutrements? I haue it: Thanks, gracious
MINERVA.

610 ASO. Would I had but once spoke to him, and then—— Hee
comes to me.

AMO. 'Tis a most curious, and neatly-wrought band, this same, as I
haue seene, sir.

ASO. O god, sir.

615 AMO. You forgiue the humour of mine eye, in obseruing it.

CRI. His eye waters after it, it seemes.

ASO. O lord, sir, there needes no such apologie, I assure you.

CRI. I am anticipated: they'll make a solemne deed of gift of them-
selues, you shall see.

620 AMO. Your ribband too do's most gracefully, in troth.

ASO. 'Tis the most gentile, and receiu'd weare now, sir.

AMO. Beleeue mee, sir (I speake it not to humour you) I haue not
seene a young gentleman (generally) put on his clothes, with more
iudgement.

625 ASO. O, tis your pleasure to say so, sir.

AMO. No, as I am vertuous (being altogether vn-trauel'd) it strikes me
into wonder.

ASO. I doe purpose to trauaile, sir, at spring.

AMO. I thinke I shall affect you, sir. This last speech of yours hath
630 begun to make you deare to me.

ASO. O god, sir. I would there were any thing in mee, sir, that might
appeare worthy the least worthinesse of your worth, sir. I protest, sir, I
should endeouour to shew it, sir, with more then common regard, sir.

CRI. O, here's rare motley, sir.

635 AMO. Both your desert, and your endeouours are plentiful, suspect
them not: but your sweet disposition to trauaile (I assure you) hath made
you another *my-selfe* in mine eye, and strooke mee inamor'd on your
beauties.

ASO. I would I were the fairest lady of *France* for your sake, sir, and
640 yet I would trauaile too.

AMO. O, you should digresse from your selfe else: for (beleeue it)
your trauaile is your only thing that rectifies, or (as the *Italian* saies) *vi
rendi pronto all' attioni, makes you fit for action.*

ASO. I thinke it be great charge though, sir.

AMO.

645 AMOR. Charge? why tis nothing for a gentleman that goes priuate, as
your selfe, or so; my intelligence shall quit my charge at all times. Good
faith, this hat hath possest mine eye exceedingly; tis so prettie, and fanta-
stike: what? ist a beauer?

ASOT. I, sir, Ile assure you tis a beauer, it cost mee eight crownes but
650 this morning.

AMOR. After your *French* account?

ASOT. Yes, sir.

CRIT. And so neere his head? beshrow me, dangerous.

AMOR. A verie prettie fashion (beleeeue me) and a most nouel kind of
655 trimme: your band is conceited too!

ASOT. Sir, it is all at your seruice.

AMOR. O, pardon me.

ASOT. I beseech you, sir, if you please to weare it, you shall doe mee
a most infinite grace.

660 CRIT. S'ligh, will he be praisde out of his clothes?

ASOT. By heauen, sir, I doe not offer it you after the *Italian* manner;
I would you should conceiue so of me.

AMOR. Sir, I shall feare to appeare rude in denying your courtesies,
especially, being inuited by so proper a distinction: may I pray your
665 name, sir?

ASOT. My name is ASOTVS, sir.

AMOR. I take your loue (gentle ASOTVS) but let me winne you to re-
ceiue this, in exchange——

CRIT. 'Hart, they'll change doublets anon.

670 AMOR. And (from this time) esteeme your selfe, in the first ranke, of
those few, whom I professe to loue. What make you in companie of this
scholler, here? I will bring you knowne to gallants, as ANAIDES of the
ordinarie, HEDON the courtier, and others, whose societie shall render
you grac'd, and respected: this is a triuiall fellow, too meane, too cheape,
675 too course for you to conuerse with.

ASOT. Slid, this is not worth a crowne, and mine cost mee eight but
this morning.

CRIT. I lookt when he would repent him, he ha's begunne to bee sad
a good while.

680 AMOR. Sir, shall I say to you for that hat? be not so sad, be not so sad:
it is a relique I could not so easily haue departed with, but as the *hierogly-*
phicke of my affection; you shall alter it to what forme you please, it will
take any blocke; I haue recciu'd it varied (on record) to the three thou-
sandth time, and not so few: It hath these vertues beside; your head shall
685 not ake vnder it; nor your braine leaue you, without licence; It will pre-
serue your complexion to eternitie; for no beame of the sunne (should
you weare it vnder *Zona torrida*) hath power to approch it by two ells.
It is prooffe against thunder, and enchantment: and was giuen mee by a
great man (in *Russia*) as an especiall-priz'd present; and constantly affirm'd

690 to bee the hat, that accompanied the politike VLYSSES, in his tedious,
and ten yeeres trauels.

ASOT. By LOVE, I will not depart withall, whosoeuer would giue
me a million.

Act I. Scene V.

695 COS, CRITICVS, AMORPHVS, ASO-
TVS, PROSAITES.

SAue you, sweet blouds : do's any of you want a creature , or a de-
pendant ?

CRIT. Beshrow me, a fine blunt slaue !

700 AMOR. A page of good timber ! it will now bee my grace to enter-
taine him first , though I casheere him againe in priuate : how art thou
cal'd ?

COS. COS, sir, COS.

CRIT. COS ? How happily hath fortune furnisht him with a *whet-*
705 *stone* ?

AMOR. I doe entertaine you, COS, conceale your qualitie till wee
be priuate; if your parts be worthie of me, I will countenance you; if not,
catechize you : gentles, shall we goe ?

ASOT. Stay, sir ; Ile but entertaine this other fellow, and then——I
710 haue a great humour to taste of this water too, but Ile come againe alone
for that——marke the place. What's your name, youth ?

PROS. PROSAITES, sir.

ASOT. PROSAITES ? A verie fine name, CRITES ? ist not ?

CRIT. Yes, and a verie ancient, sir, the *begger*.

715 ASOT. Follow me, good PROSAITES : Let's talke.

CRIT. He will ranke euen with you (er't be long)

If you hold on your course. O vanitie,

How are thy painted beauties doted on,

By light, and emptie ideots ! how pursu'de

720 With open and extended appetite !

How they doe sweate, and run themselues from breath,

Rais'd on their toes, to catch thy ayrie formes,

Still turning giddie, till they reele like drunkards,

That buy the merrie madnesse of one houre,

725 With the long irkesomenesse of following time !

O how despisde and base a thing is a man,

If he not striue t'erect his groueling thoughts

About the straine of flesh ! But how more cheape

When, euen his best and vnderstanding part,

730 (The crowne, and strength of all his faculties)

Floate like a dead drown'd bodie, on the streame

Of vulgar humour, mixt with commonst dregs ?

I suffer for their guilt now, and my soule

(Like one that lookes on il-affected eyes)

735 Is hurt with meere intention on their follies :

Why will I view them then ? my sense might aske me :

Or ist a raritie, or some new obiect,

That straines my strict obseruance to this point ?

O would it were, therein I could affoord

740 My spirit should draw a little neere to theirs,

To gaze on nouelties : so vice were one.

Tut, she is stale, ranke, foule, and were it not

That those (that woe her) greet her with lockt eyes,

(In spight of all the impostures, paintings, drugs,

745 Which her bawd custome dawbes her cheekes withall)

Shee would betray her loth'd and leprous face,

And fright th' enamor'd dotards from themselues :

But such is the peruersenesse of our nature,

That if we once but fancie leuitie,

750 (How antike and ridiculous so ere

It sute with vs) yet will our muffled thought

Choose rather not to see it, then auoide it :

And if we can but banish our owne sense,

We act our mimicke trickes with that free licence,

755 That lust, that pleasure, that securitie,

As if we practiz'd in a paste-boord case,

And no one saw the motion, but the motion.

Well, checke thy passion, lest it grow too lowd :

“ While fooles are pittied, they waxe fat, and proud.

760

Act II. Scene I.

CVPID, MERCURY.

VV Hy, this was most vnexpectedly followed (by diuine delicate MERCURY) by the beard of LOVE, thou art a precious *deitie*.

765 MER. Nay, CVPID, leaue to speake improperly, since wee are turn'd cracks, let's studie to be like cracks; practise their language, and behaiours, and not with a dead imitation: act freely, carelessly, and capriciously, as if our veines ranne with quick-siluer, and not vtter a phrase, but what shall come forth steeped in the verie brine of conceipt, and sparkle
770 like salt in fire.

CVP. That's not euerie ones happinesse (HERMES) though you can presume vpon the easinesse and dexteritie of your wit, you shall giue me leaue to be a little jealous of mine; and not desperately to hazard it after your capring humour.

- 775 MER. Nay, then, CVPID, I thinke wee must haue you hood-winkt
 againe, for you are growne too prouident, since your eyes were at libertie.
 CVP. Not so (MERCURY) I am still blind CVPID to thee.
 MER. And what to the ladie *Nymph* you serue?
 CVP. Troth, page, boy, and sirha: these are all my titles.
- 780 MER. Then thou hast not altered thy name, with thy disguise?
 CVP. O, no, that had beene supererogation, you shall neuer heare
 your courtier call but by one of these three.
 MER. Faith, then both our fortunes are the same.
 CVP. Why? what parcell of man hast thou lighted on for a master?
- 785 MER. Such a one (as before I begin to decipher him) I dare not af-
 firme to be any thing lesse then a courtier. So much hee is, during this o-
 pen time of reuels, and would be longer, but that his meanes are to leaue
 him shortly after. His name is HEDON, a gallant wholly consecrated to
 his pleasures. —————
- 790 CVP. HEDON? he vses much to my ladies chamber, I thinke.
 MER. How is she cal'd, and then I can shew thee?
 CVP. Madame PHILAVTIA.
 MER. O I, he affects her verie particularly indeed. These are his gra-
 ces. Hee doth (besides me) keepe a barber, and a monkie: Hee has a rich
- 795 wrought wast-coat to entertaine his visitants in, with a cap almost sutable.
 His curtaines, and bedding are thought to bee his owne: his bathing-tub
 is not suspected. Hee loues to haue a fencer, a pedant, and a musician
 seene in his lodging a mornings.
 CVP. And not a poet?
- 800 MER. Fye no: himselfe is a rimer, and that's a thought better then a
 poet. He is not lightly within to his mercer, no, though he come when he
 takes physicke, which is commonly after his play. He beates a tailour very
 well, but a stocking-seller admirably: and so consequently any one hee
 owes monie too, that dares not resist him. Hee neuer makes generall in-
- 805 uitement, but against the publishing of a new sute, marie then, you shall
 haue more drawne to his lodging, then come to the lanching of some three
 ships; especially if he be furnish'd with supplies for the retyring of his old
 ward-robe from pawne: if not, he do's hire a stocke of apparell, and some
 fortie, or fiftie pound in gold, for that fore-noone to shew. He's thought
- 810 a verie necessarie perfume for the presence, and for that onely cause wel-
 come thither: sixe millaners shops affoord you not the like sent. He courts
 ladies with how many great horse he hath rid that morning, or how oft
 he hath done the whole, or the halfe *pommado* in a seuen-night before: and
 sometime venters so farre vpon the vertue of his pomander, that he dares
- 815 tell'hem, how many shirts he has sweat at *tennis* that weeke, but wisely
 conceales so many dozen of bals hee is on the score. Here hee comes, that
 is all this.

Act.

Act II. Scene II.

HEDON, MERCURY, ANAIDES,
GELAIA, CUPID.

820

B Oy.

MER. Sir.

HED. Are any of the ladies in the presence?

MER. None yet. sir.

825

HED. Giue me some gold, more.

ANA. Is that thy boy, HEDON?

HED. I, what think'st thou of him?

ANA. S'hart, Il'd geld him; I warrant he has the philosophers stone.

830

HED. Well said, my good melancholy deuill: Sirrah, I haue deuise
one or two of the prettiest othes (this morning in my bed) as euer thou
heard'st, to protest withall in the presence.

ANA. Pray thee. let's heare 'hem.

HED. Soft. thou'lt vse 'hem afore me.

835

ANA. No (dam' me then) I haue more othes then I know how to vtter,
by this ayre.

HED. Faith, one is. *by the tip of your care, sweet ladie.* Is't not prettie. and
gentile?

ANA. Yes, for the person'tis applyed to, a ladie. It should bee light,
and——

840

HED. Nay, the other is better, exceeds it much: the inuention is far-
der set too. *By the white valley that lies betweene the Alpine hils of your bosome,*
I protest——&c.

ANA. Well, you trauel'd for that, HEDON.

845

MER. I, in a map, where his eyes were but blinde guides to his vnder-
standing, it seemes.

HED. And then I haue a salutation will nicke all, by this caper: hay!

ANA. How is that?

850

HED. You know I call madame PHILAVTIA, my *Honour*; and shee
cals me her *Ambition*. Now, (when I meet her in the presence anon) I will
come to her, and say, *sweet Honour, I haue hitherto contented my sense with the*
lillies of your hand, but now I will taste the roses of your lip; and (withall) kisse
her: to which she cannot but blushingly answere, *nay, now you are too am-*
bitious. And then doe I reply; *I cannot bee too ambitious of honour, sweet la-*
die. Wil't not be good? ha? ha?

855

ANA. O, assure your soule.

HED. By heauen, I thinke 'twill bee excellent, and a verie politike at-
chiuement of a kisse.

ANA. I haue thought vpon one for MORIA, of a sodaine too, if it take.

HED. What is't, my deare inuention?

860

ANA. Mary, I will come to her, (and shee alwayes weares a muffle, if
you

you bee remembred) and I will tell her, *Madame, your whole selfe cannot but be perfectly wise: for your hands haue wit enough to keepe themselves warme.*

HED. Now, (before LOVE) admirable! looke, thy page takes it too, by *Phabus*, my sweet facetious rascall, I could eate water-gruell with thee
865 a moneth, for this iest, my deare rogue.

ANA. O, (by HERCVLES) 'tis your onely dish, aboue all your potato's, or oyster-pyes in the world.

HED. I haue ruminated vpon a most rare wish too, and the prophecie to it, but Ile haue some friend to be the prophet; as thus: *I doe wish my selfe*
870 *one of my mistresse Cioppini.* Another demands, *Why would he be one of his Mistresse Cioppini?* A third answeres, *Because he would make her higher.* A fourth shall say, *That will make her proud.* And a fifth shall conclude: *Then doe I prophecie, pride will haue a fall, and he shall giue it her.*

ANA. Ple be your prophet. By gods so, it will be most exquisite, thou
875 art a fine inuentious Rogue, sirrah.

HED. Nay, and I haue *poesies* for rings too, and *riddles* that they dreame not of.

ANA. Tut, they'll doe that, when they come to sleep on them time enough; but were thy deuices neuer in the presence yet, HEDON?

880 HED. O, no, I disdaine that.

ANA. Twere good we went afore then, and brought them acquainted with the roome where they shall act, lest the stratagems of it put them out of countenance, when they should come forth.

CVP. Is that a courtier too?

885 MER. Troth no; he has two essentiall parts of the courtier, pride, and ignorance; mary, the rest come somewhat after the *ordinarie* gallant. Tis *impudence* it selfe, ANAIDES; one, that speakes all that comes in his cheekes, and will blush no more then a sackbut. Hee lightly occupies the iesters roome at the table, and keepe *laughter* GELAI A (a wench in pages
890 attire) following him in place of a squire, whom he now and then tickles with some strange ridiculous stuffe, vtter'd (as his land came to him) by chance. He will censure or discourse of any thing, but as absurdly as you would wish. His fashion is not to take knowledge of him that is beneath him in clothes. Hee neuer drinks below the salt. Hee do's naturally admire his wit, that weares gold-lace, or tissue. Stabs any man that speakes
895 more contemptibly of the scholler then he. Hee is a great proficient in all the illiberall sciences, as cheating, drinking, swaggering, whoring, and such like: neuer kneeles but to pledge healths; nor prayes but for a pipe of pudding tabacco. He wil blaspheme in his shirt. The othes which hee
900 vomits at one supper, would maintaine a towne of garrison in good swearing a twelue-moneth. One other genuine qualitie he has, which crownes all these, and that is this: to a friend in want, hee will not depart with the waight of a soldred groat, lest the world might censure him prodigall, or report him a gull: mary, to his *cockatrice* or *punquetto*, halfe a dozen taffata
gownes,

905 gownes , or sattin kirtles, in a paire or two of moneths, why they are nothing.

CVP. I commend him, he is one of my clients.

Act II. Scene III.

AMORPHVS, ASOTVS, COS, PROSAITES,

910

CVPID, MERCVRIE.

C Ome, sir. You are now within in regard of the presence, and see, the priuacie of this roome, how sweetly it offers it selfe to our retir'd intendments. Page, cast a vigilant, and enquiring eye about, that we be not rudely surpriz'd, by the approach of some ruder stranger.

915 COS. I warrant you, sir. I'll tell you when the wolfe enters , feare nothing.

MER. O, what a masse of benefit shall we possesse, in being the inuisible spectators of this strange shew, now to be acted ?

AMO. Plant your selfe there, sir : and obserue me. You shall now, as
 920 well be the ocular, as the eare-witnesse, how cleerly I can refell that *paradox*, or rather *pseudodox*, of those, which hold the face to be the index of the mind, which (I assure you) is not so, in any politique creature : for instance. I will now giue you the particular, and distinct face of euery your most noted *species* of persons, as your marchant, your scholer, your souldier,
 925 your lawyer, courtier, &c. and each of these so truly, as you would sweare, but that your eye shal see the variation of the lineament, it were my most proper, and genuine aspect. First, for your marchant, or citie-face, 'tis thus, a dull, plodding face, still looking in a direct line, forward : there is no great matter in this face. Then haue you your students, or
 930 *cademique* face, which is here, an honest, simple, and methodicall face: but somewhat more spread then the former. The third is your souldiers face, a menacing, and astounding face, that lookes broad, and bigge : the grace of this face consisteth much in a beard. The *anti-face* to this, is your lawyers face, a contracted, subtile, and intricate face, full of quirkes, and
 935 turnings, a *labyrinthæan* face, now angularly, now circularly, euery way aspected. Next is your statists face, a serious, solemne, and supercilious face, full of formall, and square gratuitie, the eye (for the most part) deeply and artificially shadow'd : there is great iudgement required in the making of this face. But now, to come to your face of faces, or courtiers face,
 940 tis of three sorts, according to our subdiuision of a courtier, elementarie, practique, and theorique. Your courtier theorique, is hee, that hath arriu'd to his fardest, and doth now know the court, rather by speculation, then practice ; and this is his face : a fastidious and oblique face, that lookes, as it went with a vice, and were screw'd thus. Your courtier pra-
 945 ctike, is he, that is yet in his path, his course, his way, & hath not toucht the *puntilio*, or point of his hopes ; his face is here : a most promising, open, smooth,

smooth, and ouer-flowing face, that seemes as it would runne, and powre
it selfe into you. Somewhat a northerly face. Your courtier elementarie,
is one but newly enter'd, or as it were in the *alphabet*, or *vt-re-mi-fa-sol-la*
950 of courtship. Note well this face, for it is this you must practice.

ASO. Ile practice'them all, if you please, sir.

ANO. I, hereafter you may : and it will not be altogether an vngrate-
full study. For, let your soule be assur'd of this (in any ranke, or professi-
on what-euer) the more generall, or *maior* part of opinion goes with the
955 face, and (simply) respects nothing else. Therefore, if that can be made
exactly, curiously, exquisitely, thorowly, it is inough : But (for the pre-
sent) you shall only apply your selfe to this face of the elementarie cour-
tier, a light, reuelling, and protesting face, now blushing, now smiling,
which you may helpe much with a wanton wagging of your head, thus,
960 (a feather will teach you) or with kissing your finger that hath the ruby,
or playing with some string of your band, which is a most quaint kind of
melancholy besides : or (if among ladies) laughing lowd, and crying vp
your owne wit, though perhaps borrow'd, it is not amisse. Where is
your page ? call for your casting-bottle, and place your mirrour in your
965 hat, as I told you : so. Come, looke not pale, obserue me, set your face,
and enter.

MER. O, for some excellent painter, to haue tane the copy of all
these faces !

ASO. PROSAITES.

970 AMO. Fye, I premonisht you of that : In the court, boy, lacquay, or
sirrah.

COS. Master, *Lupus* in——O, t'is PROSAITES.

ASO. Sirrha prepare my casting-bottle, I thinke I must be enforc'd to
purchase me another page, you see how at hand COS waits, here.

975 MER. So will he too, in time.

CVP. What's he, MERCVRIE ?

MER. A notable smelt. One, that hath newly entertain'd the begger
to follow him, but cannot get him to wait neere enough. T'is ASOTVS,
the heire of PHILARGYRVS ; but first I'll giue yee the others character,
980 which may make his the cleerer. He that is with him, is AMORPHVS, a
trauailer, one so made out of the mixture and shreds of formes, that
himselke is truly deform'd. He walkes most commonly with a cloue, or
pick-tooth in his mouth, hee is the very mint of complement, all his be-
hauours are printed, his face is another volume of *essayes* ; and his beard
985 an *Aristarchus*. He speakes all creame, skimd, and more affected then a
dozen of waiting women. He is his owne promoter in euery place. The
wife of the ordinarie giues him his diet, to maintaine her table in discourse,
which (indeed) is a meere tyrannie ouer her other guests, for hee will v-
surpe all the talke : ten constables are not so tedious. He is no great shifter,
990 once a yeere his apparell is readie to reuolt. He doth vse much to arbitrate
quarrels, and fights himselke, exceeding well (out at a window.) He will

lye

lye cheaper then any begger, and lowder then most clockes : for which he
 is right properly accommodated to the *whetstone*, his page. The other gal-
 lant is his *Zani*, and doth most of these trickes after him ; sweates to imi-
 995 tate him in euery thing (to a haire) except a beard, which is not yet ex-
 tant. He doth learne to make strange sauces, to eat *anchouies*, *maccaroni*, *bo-
 uoli*, *fagioli*, and *cauiare*, because hee loues 'hem ; speakes as hee speakes,
 lookes, walkes, goes so in clothes, and fashion : is in all, as if he were moul-
 ded of him. Mary (before they met) he had other verie prettie sufficien-
 1000 cies, which yet he retaines some light impression of : as frequenting a dan-
 cing schoole, and grieuously torturing strangers, with inquisition after
 his grace in his galliard. He buyes a fresh acquaintance at any rate. His eye
 and his rayment confer much together as he goes in the street. He treades
 nicely, like the fellow that walkes vpon ropes ; especially the first *sunday* of
 1005 his silke-stockings : and when he is most neat, and new, you shall strip him
 with commendations.

CVP. Here comes another.

MER. I, but one of another straine, CVPID : This fellow weighs
 somewhat.

Crites passeth by.

1010 CVP. His name, HERMES ?

MER. CRITES. A creature of a most perfect and diuine temper. One,
 in whom the humours and elements are peaceably met, without emulation
 of precedencie : he is neyther to phantastikely melancholy, too slowly
 phlegmaticke, too lightly sanguine, or too rashly cholericke, but in all,
 1015 so composde & order'd, as it is cleare, *Nature* went about some ful worke,
 she did more then make a man, when she made him. His discourse is like
 his behaiour, vncommon, but not vnpleasing ; hee is prodigall of ney-
 ther. Hee striues rather to bee that which men call iudicious, then to bee
 thought so : and is so truly learned, that he affects not to shew it. Hee will
 1020 thinke, and speake his thought, both freely : but as distant from deprauing
 another mans merit, as proclaiming his owne. For his valour, tis such,
 that he dares as little to offer an iniurie, as receiue one. In summe, he hath
 a most ingenuous and sweet spirit, a sharp and season'd wit, a straight iudg-
 ment, and a strong mind. *Fortune* could neuer breake him, nor make him
 1025 lesse. He counts it his pleasure, to despise pleasures, and is more delighted
 with good deeds, then goods. It is a competencie to him that hee can bee
 vertuous. He doth neyther couet nor feare ; hee hath too much reason to
 doe eyther : and that commends all things to him.

CVP. Not better then MERCURY commends him.

1030 MER. O, CVPID, tis beyond my *deitie* to giue him his due prayses : I
 could leaue my place in heauen, to liue among mortals, so I were sure to
 be no other then he.

CVP. S'light, I beleeeue he is your minion, you seeme to be so rausht
 with him.

1035 MER. He's one, I would not haue a wry thought darted against, wil-
 lingly.

CVP.

CVP. No, but a straight shaft in his bosome, Ile promise him, if I am
CITHEREAS sonne.

MER. Shall we goe, CVPID?

1040 CVP. Stay, and see the ladies now : they'll come presently. Ile helpe
to paint them.

MER. What! lay colour vpon colour? that affords but an ill *blazon*.

Argurion pas- CVP. Here comes mettall to helpe it, the ladie ARGVRION.
seth by.

MER. Monie, monie.

1045 CVP. The same. A *Nymph* of a most wandring and giddy dispositi-
on, humorous as the aire, shee'le runne from gallant to gallant (as they sit
at *primero* in the presence) most strangely, and seldome stayes with any.
Shee spreads as shee goes. To day you shall haue her looke as cleere and
fresh as the morning, and to morrow as melancholike as mid-night. Shee
1050 takes speciall pleasure in a close obscure lodging, and, for that cause, visites
the city so often, where shee has many secret true-concealing fauourites.
When shee comes abroad, shee's more loose and scattering then dust, and
will flie from place to place, as shee were rapt with a whirle-winde. Your
yong student (for the most part) shee affects not, only salutes him, and a-
1055 way : a *poet*, nor a *philosopher*, shee is hardly brought to take any notice of;
no, though he be some part of an *alchemist*. Shee loues a *player* well, and
a *lawyer* infinitely : but your foole about all. Shee can doe much in court
for the obtayning of any sute whatsoever, no doore but flies open to her,
her presence is about a charme. The worst in her is want of keeping state,
1060 and too much descending into inferior and base offices, she's for any coorse
imployment you will put vpon her, as to be your procurer, or pandar.

MER. Peace, CVPID, here comes more worke for you, another chara-
cter or two.

Act II. Scene IIII.

1065 PHANTASTE, MORIA, PHILAVTIA,
MERCVRIE, CVPID.

S Tay, sweet PHILAVTIA, Ile but change my fanne, and goe pre-
sently.

MOR. Now (in very good serious) ladies, I will haue this order
1070 reuerst, the presence must be better maintayn'd from you : a quarter past
eleuen, and ne're a *Nymph* in *prospectiue*? beshrew my hand, there must be
a reform'd discipline. Is that your new ruffe, sweet lady-bird? By my
truth, 'tis most intricately rare.

MER. Good IOVE, what reuerend gentlewoman in yeeres might
1075 this be?

CVP. This, Madam MORIA, guardian of the *Nymphs*. One that is not
now to be perswaded of her wit, shee will thinke her selfe wise against all
the iudgements that come. A lady made all of voice, and aire, talkes any
thing of any thing. Shee is like one of your ignorant *Poetasters* of the
time,

1080 time, who when they haue got acquainted with a strange word, neuer rest
till they haue wroong it in, though it loosen the whole fabricke of their
sense.

MER. That was pretty and sharply noted, CVPID.

CVP. Shee will tell you, *Philosophie* was a fine reueller, when shee
1085 was yong, and a gallant, and that then (though she say it) she was thought
to be the Dame-DIDO, and HELLEN of the court : As also, what a sweet
dogge shee had this time foure yeeres, and how it was call'd *Fortune*, and
that (if the fates had not cut his thred) he had beene a dogge to haue gi-
uen entertainment to any gallant in this kingdome : and, vnlesse shee had
1090 whelpt it her selfe, shee could not haue lou'd a thing better i' this world.

MER. O, I pray thee no more, I am full of her.

CVP. Yes (I must needes tell you) shee composes a sack-posset well;
and would court a yong page sweetly, but that her breath is against it.

MER. Now, her breath (or something more strong) protect mee from
1095 her : th'other, th'other, CVPID.

CVP. O, that's my lady and mistris, Madam PHILAVTIA. Shee ad-
mires not her selfe for any one particularity, but for all : shee is faire, and
shee knowes it : shee has a pretty light wit too, and shee knowes it : shee
can dance, and shee knowes that too : play at shittle-cock, and that too :
1100 no quality shee has, but shee shall take a very particular knowledge of,
and most lady-like commend it to you. You shall haue her at any time
reade you the historie of her selfe, and very subtilly runne ouer another
ladies sufficiencies, to come to her owne. Shee has a good superficiall
iudgement in painting ; and would seeme to haue so in *poetry*. A most
1105 compleat lady in the opinion of some three, beside her-selfe.

PHI. Faith, how lik'd you my quippe to HEDON, about the garter?
was't not witty ?

MOR. Exceeding witty and integrate : you did so aggrauate the iest
withall.

1110 PHI. And did I not dance mouingly the last night ?

MOR. Mouingly ? out of measure (in troth) sweet *charge*.

MER. A happy commendation, to dance out of measure.

MOR. Saue only you wanted the *swim* i' the turne : ô ! when I was at
fourteene——

1115 PHI. Nay, that's mine owne from any *Nymph* in the court (I am sure
on't) therefore you mistake me in that, *Guardian* : both the *swimme* and
the *trip*, are properly mine, euery body will affirme it, that has any iudge-
ment in dancing : I assure you.

PHA. Come now, PHILAVTIA, I am for you, shall we goe ?

1120 PHI. I, good PHANTASTE : What ! haue you chang'd your head-tire ?

PHA. Yes faith, th'other was so neere the common : it had no extraor-
dinary grace ; besides, I had worne it almost a day, in good troth.

PHI. I'lè bee sworne, this is most excellent for the deuice, and rare.
'Tis after the *italian* print, we look'd on t'other night.

S

PHA.

1125 PHA. 'Tis so: By this fanne, I cannot abide any thing that sauours the
poore ouer-worne cut, that has any kindred with it; I must haue variety,
I: this mixing in fashion I hate it worse, then to burne juniper in my cham-
ber, I protest.

PHI. And yet we cannot haue a new peculiar court-tire, but these *re-*
1130 *tainers* will haue it; these *Suburbe-sunday-waiters*; these courtiers for *high*
dayes; I know not what I should call 'hem——

PHA. O, I, they doe most pittifully imitate, but I haue a tire a com-
ming (yfaith) shall——

MOR. In good certaine, Madam, it makes you looke most heauenly;
1135 but (lay your hand on your heart) you neuer skin'd a new beautie more
prosperously in your life, nor more metaphysically: looke, good lady,
sweet lady, looke.

PHI. 'Tis very cleere, and well, beleeeue me. But if you had seene mine
yesterday, when t'was yong, you would haue—who's your Doctor,
1140 PHANTASTE?

PHA. Nay, that's counsell, PHILAVTIA, you shall pardon mee: yet
(I'll assure you) hee's the most daintie, sweet, absolute rare man of the
whole colledge. O! his very lookes, his discourse, his behauiour, all hee
doo's is physicke, I protest.

1145 PHI. For heauens sake, his name; good, deare PHANTASTE——

PHA. No, no, no, no, no, no, (beleeeue me) not for a million of hea-
uens: I will not make him cheape. Fie——

CVP. There is a *Nymph* too, of a most curious and elaborate straine,
light, all motion, an *vbiquitarie*, shee is euery where, PHANTASTE——

1150 MER. Her very name speakes her, let her passe. But are these (CV-
PID) the starres of CYNTHIAS court? doe these *Nymphs* attend vpon
DIANA?

CVP. They are in her court (MERCVRIE) but not as starres, these
neuer come in the presence of CYNTHIA. The *Nymphs* that make her
1155 traine, are the diuine ARETE, TIMÈ, PHRONESIS, THAVMA, and o-
thers of that high sort. These are priuately brought in by MORIA in this
licentious time, against her knowledge: and (like so many meteors) will
vanish, when shee appeares.

Act II. Scene V.

1160 PROSAITES, GELAIÀ, COS, MER-
CVRIE, CVPID.

SONG.

1165 **C**ome follow me, my waggess, and say as I say.
There's no riches but in ragges; hey day, hey day.
You that professe this arte, come away, come away,
And helpe to beare a part. Hey day; hey day, &c.

MER.

MER. What ! those that were our fellow pages but now , so soone preferr'd to be yeomen of the bottles ? the mysterie , the mysterie , good waggess ?

1170 CVP. Some dyet-drinke , they haue the guard of.

PRO. No , sir , we are going in quest of a strange fountayne , lately found out.

CVP. By whom ?

COS. My master , or the great discoverer , AMORPHVS.

1175 MER. Thou hast well intitled him , COS , for hee will discover all hee knowes.

GEL. I , and a little more too , when the spirit is vpon him.

PRO. O , the good traailing gentleman yonder has caus'd such a drought i'the presence , with reporting the wonders of this new water ;
1180 that all the ladies , and gallants , lie languishing vpon the rushes , like so many pounded cattle i'the midst of haruest , sighing one to another , and gasping , as if each of them expected a cocke from the fountayne , to bee brought into his mouth : and (without we returne quickly) they are all (as a youth would say) no better then a few trowts cast a-shore , or a dish
1185 of eeles in a sand-bagge.

MER. Well then , you were best dispatch , and haue a care of them. Come , CVPID , thou and I'll goe peruse this drie wonder.

Act III. Scene I.

AMORPHVS , ASOTVS.

1190 **S**Ir , let not this dis-countenance , or dis-gallant you a whit : you must not sinke vnder the first disaster. It is with your young *grammaticall* courtier , as with your *neophyte*-player , a thing vsuall to bee daunted at the first presence , or enter-view : you saw , there was HEDON , and ANAIDES , (farre more practis'd gallants then your selfe) who were both
1195 out , to comfort you. It is no disgrace , no more , then ! for your aduentrous reueller , to fall by some in-auspicious chance in his galliard , or for some subtile *politique* , to vnder-take the bastinado , that the state might thinke worthily of him , and respect him as a man well beaten to the world. What ! hath your taylor provided the propertie (wee spake of)
1200 at your chamber , or no ?

ASO. I thinke he has.

AMO. Nay (I intreat you) be not so flat , and melancholique. Erect your mind : you shall redeeme this with the courtship I will teach you against after-noone. Where eate you to day ?

1205 ASO. Where you please , sir . any where , I.

AMO. Come , let vs goe and taste some light dinner , a dish of slic'd *cauiare* , or so , and after , you shall practise an houre at your lodging , some

few formes that I haue recall'd. If you had but so farre gathered your spirits to you, as to haue taken vp a rush (when you were out) and wagg'd it
 1210 thus, or elensd your teeth with it: or but turn'd aside, and fain'd some businesse to whisper with your page, till you had recouer'd your selfe, or but found some slight staine in your stocking, or any other prettie inuention (so it had beene sodaine,) you might haue come off with a most cleere, and courtly grace.

1215 A S O. A poyson of all, I thinke I was forespoke, I.

A M O. No, I must tell you, you are not audacious enough, you must frequent ordinaries, a moneth more, to initiate your selfe: In which time, it will not bee amisse, if (in priuate) you keepe good your acquaintance with CRITES, or some other, of his poore coate; visite his lodging se-
 1220 cretly, and often: become an earnest suter to heare some of his labours.

A S O. O LOVE! sir, I could neuer get him to reade a line to me.

A M O. You must then wisely mixe your selfe in ranke, with such, as you know can; and, as your eares doe meet with a new *phrase*, or an acute jest, take it in: a quicke nimble memory will lift it away, and, at your
 1225 next publike meale, it is your owne.

A S O. But I shall neuer vtter it perfectly, sir.

A M O. No matter, let it come lame. In ordinary talke you shall play it away, as you doe your light crownes at *primero*: It will passe.

A S O. I shall attempt, sir.

1230 A M O. Doe. It is your shifting age for wit, and I assure you, men must bee prudent. After this, you may to court, and there fall in, first with the wayting-woman, then with the lady. Put case they doe retaine you there, as a fit property, to hire coaches some paire of months, or so; or to read them asleep in afternoones vpon some pretty pamphlet, to breathe
 1235 you; why, it shall in time imbolden you to some farther atchivement: In the *interim*, you may fashion your selfe to bee carelesse, and impudent. ———

A S O. How if they would haue me to make verses? I heard *Hedon* spoke to for some.

1240 A M O. Why, you must prooue the aptitude of your *Genius*; if you find none, you must harken out a *veine*, and buy: provided you pay for the silence, as for the worke. Then you may securely call it your owne.

A S O. Yes, and I'll giue out my acquaintance with all the best writers, to countenance me the more.

1245 A M O. Rather seeme not to know'hem, it is your best. I. Be wise, that you neuer so much as mention the name of one, nor remember it mention'd; but if they be offerd to you in discourse, shake your light head, make betweene a sad and a smiling face, pittie some, raile at all, and commend your selfe: 't is your onely safe, and vnsuspected course. Come, you shall
 1250 looke back vpon the court againe to day, and be restor'd to your colours: I doe now partly aime at the cause of your repulse ——— (which was omenous indeed) for as you enter at the doore, there is oppos'd to you the

frame

frame of a wolfe in the hangings, which (surprizing your eye sodainely) gaue a false alarme to the heart; and that was it call'd your bloud out of
 1255 your face, and so rowted the whole ranke of your spirits: I beseech you labour to forget it. And remember (as I inculcated to you before, for your comfort) HEDON, and ANAIDES.

Act III. Scene II.

HEDON, ANAIDES.

1260 **H** Art, was there euer so prosperous an inuention thus vnluckily peruerted, and spoyl'd by a whore-sonne booke-worme, a candle-waster?

ANA. Nay, be not impatient, HEDON.

HED. S'light, I would faine know his name.

1265 ANA. Hang him, poore grogran-rascall, pray thee thinke not of him: I'll send for him to my lodging, and haue him blankett'd when thou wilt, man.

HED. By gods so; I would thou could'st. Looke, here hee comes.
 Laugh at him, laugh at him, ha, ha, ha.

Crites passeth by.

1270 ANA. Fough, he smels all lamp-oyle, with studying by candle-light.

HED. How confidently he went by vs, and carelesly! neuer moou'd! nor stirr'd at any thing! did you obserue him?

ANA. I, a poxe on him, let him goe, dormouse: he is in a dreame now. He has no other time to sleepe, but thus, when hee walkes abroad, to take
 1275 the ayre.

HED. Gods precious, this afflicts mee more then all the rest, that wee should so particularly direct our hate, and contempt against him, and hee to carrie it thus without wound, or passion! 'tis insufferable.

ANA. S'lid, (my deare *emie*) if thou but saist the word now, Ile vn-
 1280 doe him eternally for thee.

HED. How, sweet ANAIDES?

ANA. Mary halfe a score of vs get him in (one night) and make him pawne his wit for a supper.

HED. Away, thou hast such vnseasonable jests. By this heauen, I wonder at nothing more then our gentlemen-vshers, that will suffer a piece of
 1285 serge, or *perpetuana*, to come into the presence: mee thinkes they should (out of their experience) better distinguish the silken disposition of courtiers, then to let such terrible coorse ragges mixe with vs, able to fret any smooth or gentile societie to the threeds with their rubbing deuices.

1290 ANA. Vnlesse 't were *Lent*, *Ember weekes*, or *Fasting dayes*, when the place is most penuriously emptie of all other good outsides. Dam' mee, if I should aduenture on his companie once more, without a sute of buffe, to defend my wit; he does nothing but stab the slaue: how mischieuously he cross'd thy deuice of the *prophesie* there? And MORIA, shee comes
 1295 without her muffle too, and there my inuention was lost.

HED. Well, I am resolu'd what Ile doe.

ANA. What, my good spirituouse sparke?

HED. Mary, speake all the venome I can of him; and poyson his reputation in euery place, where I come.

1300 ANA. 'Fore god, most courtly.

HED. And if I chance to bee present where any question is made of his sufficiencies, or of any thing he hath done priuate, or publike, Ile censure it slightly, and ridiculously.——

ANA. At any hand beware of that, so thou maist draw thine owne
1305 iudgement in suspect. No, Ile instruct thee what thou shalt doe, and by a safer meanes: Approoue any thing thou hearest of his, to the receiue'd opinion of it; but if it bee extraordinarie, giue it from him to some other, whom thou more particularly affect'st. That's the way to plague him, and he shall neuer come to defend himselfe. S'lud, Ile giue out, all he does is dictated from other men, and sweare it too (if thou'lt ha'mee) and that I
1310 know the time, and place where he stole it, though my soule bee guiltie of no such thing; and that I thinke, out of my heart, hee hates such barren shifts: yet to doe thee a pleasure, and him a disgrace, I'll dam' my selfe, or doe any thing.

1315 HED. Gramercies, my deare *deuill*: weele put it seriously in practice, yfaith.

Act III. Scene III.

C R I T E S.

1320 **D**Oe, good *detractiō*, doe, and I the while
Shall shake thy spight off with a carelesse smile.
Poore pittious gallants! What leane idle sleights
Their thoughts suggest to flatter their staru'd hopes?
As if I knew not how to entertaine
These straw-deuices: but, of force, must yeeld
1325 To the weake stroke of their calumnious tongues.
What should I care what euery dor doth buzze
In credulous eares? it is a crowne to me,
That the best iudgements can report me wrong'd;
Them lyars; and their slanders impudent.
1330 Perhaps (vpon the rumour of their speeches)
Some griued friend will whisper to me, CRITES,
Men speake ill of thee; so they be ill men,
If they spake worse, 'twere better: for of such
To be disprais'd, is the most perfect praise.
1335 What can his censure hurt me, whom the world
Hath censur'd vile before me? If good C H R E S T V S,
E V T H V S, or P H R O N I M V S, had spoke the words,
They would haue moou'd me, and I should haue call'd

My

- My thoughts, and actions, to a strict accompt
 1340 Vpon the hearing: But when I remember,
 'Tis HEDON, and ANAIDES : alas, then,
 I thinke but what they are, and am not stirr'd.
 The one, a light voluptuous reueller,
 The other a strange arrogating puffe,
 1345 Both impudent, and ignorant inough ;
 That talke (as they are wont) not as I merit :
 Traduce by custome, as most dogges doe barke,
 Doe nothing out of judgement, but disease,
 Speake ill, because they neuer could speake well.
 1350 And who'd be angry with this race of creatures ?
 What wise physician haue we euer seene
 Moou'd with a frantike man ? the same affects
 That he doth beare to his sicke patient,
 Should a right minde carrie to such as these :
 1355 And I doe count it a most rare reuenge,
 That I can thus (with such a sweet neglect)
 Plucke from them all the pleasure of their malice.
 For that's the marke of all their inginous drifts,
 To wound my patience, howsoe're they seeme
 1360 To aime at other obiects : which if miss'd,
 Their enui's like an arrow, shot vpriht,
 That, in the fall, indangers their owne heads.

Act III. Scene IIII.

ARETE, CRITES.

- 1365 **VV** Hat, CRITES! where haue you drawne forth the day ?
 You haue not visited your jealous friends ?
 CRI. Where I haue seene (most honour'd ARETE,)
 The strangest pageant, fashion'd like a court,
 (At least I dream't I saw it) so diffus'd,
 1370 So painted, pyed, and full of rainbow straines,
 As neuer yet (eyther by time, or place)
 Was made the food to my distasted sence :
 Nor can my weake imperfect memorie
 Now render halfe the formes vnto my tongue,
 1375 That were conuolud within this thriftie roome.
 Here, stalkes me by a proud, and spangled sir,
 That lookes three hand-fuls higher then his fore-top ;
 Sauours himselfe alone, is onely kind
 And louing to himselfe : one that will speake
 1380 More darke, and doubtfull then six *oracles* ;
 Salutes a friend, as if he had a stitch,

- Is his owne *chronicle*, and scarce can eat
 For registering himselfe : is waited on
 By mimiques, jesters, pandars, parasites,
 1385 And other such like prodigies of men.
 He past, appeares some mincing marmoset
 Made all of clothes, and face; his limbes so set
 As if they had some voluntarie act
 Without mans motion, and must mooue iust so
 1390 In spite of their creation : one that weighes
 His breath betweene his teeth, and dares not smile
 Beyond a point, for feare t'vnstarch his looke ;
 Hath trauell'd to make legs, and seene the cringe
 Of seuerall courts, and courtiers ; knowes the time
 1395 Of giuing titles, and of taking wals ;
 Hath read court-common-places ; made them his :
 Studied the *grammar* of state, and all the rules
 Each formall vshe in that politike schoole,
 Can teach a man. A third comes giuing nods
 1400 To his repenting creditors, protests
 To weeping sutors, takes the comming gold
 Of insolent, and base ambition,
 That hourelly rubs his dry, and itchie palmes :
 Which grip't, like burning coales, he hurles away
 1405 Into the laps of bawdes, and buffons mouthes.
 With him there meets some subtle PROTEVS, one
 Can change, and varie with all formes he sees ;
 Be any thing but honest ; serues the time ;
 Houers betwixt two factions, and explores
 1410 The drifts of both ; which (with crosse face) he beares
 To the diuided heads, and is receiu'd
 With mutuall grace of eyther : one that dares
 Doe deeds worthie the hurdle, or the wheele,
 To be thought some bodie ; and is (in sooth)
 1415 Such as the *Satyr*ist points truly forth,
 That onely to his crimes owes all his worth.
 ARE. You tell vs wonders, CRITES.
 CRI. This is nothing.
 There stands a *Neophyte* glazing of his face,
 1420 Pruning his clothes, perfuming of his haire,
 Against his idoll enters ; and repeates
 (Like an vnperfect *prologue*, at third musike)
 His part of speeches, and confederate iests,
 In passion to himselfe. Another swears
 1425 His *Scene* of courtship ouer; bids, beleue him,
 Twentie times, ere they will ; anon, doth seeme

- As he would kisse away his hand in kindnesse;
 Then walkes of melancholike, and stands wreath'd,
 As he were pinn'd vp to the arras, thus.
- 1430 A third is most in action, swimmes, and friskes,
 Playes with his mistresse pappes, salutes her pumps,
 Adores her hems, her skirts, her knots, her curles,
 Will spend his patrimonie for a garter,
 Or the least feather in her bounteous fanne.
- 1435 A fourth, he onely comes in for a *mute* :
 Diuides the *act* with a dumbe shew, and *exit*.
 Then must the ladies laugh, straight comes their *Scene*,
 A sixt times worse confusion then the rest.
 Where you shall heare one talke of this mans *eye* ;
- 1440 Another, of his lip; a third, his nose ;
 A fourth commend his legge; a fift his foot;
 A sixt his hand; and euery one a limme :
 That you would thinke the poore distorted gallant
 Must there expire. Then fall they in discourse
- 1445 Of tires, and fashions, how they must take place,
 Where they may kisse, and whom, when to sit downe,
 And with what grace to rise; if they salute,
 What curt'sie they must vse : such cob-web stuffe,
 As would enforce the common'st sense abhorre
- 1450 Th'*Arachnean* workers.
 ARE. Patience, gentle CRITES.
 This knot of spiders will be soone dissolu'd,
 And all their webs swept out of CYNTHIAS court,
 When once her glorious *deitie* appeares,
- 1455 And but presents it selfe in her full light :
 Till when, goe in, and spend your houres with vs
 Your honour'd friends, TIME, and PHRONESIS,
 In contemplation of our goddesses name.
 Thinke on some sweet, and choice inuention, now,
- 1460 Worthie her serious, and illustrious eyes,
 That from the merit of it we may take
 Desir'd occasion to preferre your worth,
 And make your seruice knowne to CYNTHIA.
 It is the pride of ARETE to grace
- 1465 Her studious louers ; and (in scorne of time,
 Enuie, and ignorance) to lift their state
 Aboue a vulgar height. True happinesse
 Consists not in the multitude of friends,
 But in the worth, and choice. Nor would I haue
- 1470 Vertue a popular regard pursue:
 Let them be good that loue me, though but few.

CRI. I kisse thy hands, diuineſt ARETE,
And vow my ſelfe to thee, and CYNTHIA.

Act III. Scene v.

1475

AMORPHVS, ASOTVS.

A Little more forward : So, ſir. Now goe in , diſ-cloke your ſelfe,
and come forth. Taylor, beſtow thy abſence vpon vs ; and bee
not prodigall of this ſeeret, but to a deare customer. 'Tis well
enterd, ſir. Stay, you come on too faſt ; your paſe is too impetuous. I-
1480 magine this to be the *palace* of your *pleaſure*, or place, where your lady is
pleas'd to bee ſcene. Firſt, you preſent your ſelfe, thus : and ſpying her,
you fall off, and walke ſome two turnes ; in which time, it is to bee ſup-
pos'd, your paſſion hath ſufficiently whited your face : then (ſtifling a
ſigh or two, and cloſing your lips) with a trembling boldneſſe, and bold
1485 terroure, you aduance your ſelfe forward. Proue thus much, I pray you.

ASO. Yes, ſir, (pray LOVE I can light on it) Here , I come in , you
ſay, and preſent my ſelfe?

AMO. Good.

ASO. And then I ſpie her, and walke off?

1490 AMO. Very good.

ASO. Now, ſir, I ſtifle, and aduance forward?

AMO. Trembling.

ASO. Yes, ſir , trembling : I ſhall doe it better when I come to it.
And what muſt I ſpeake now?

1495 AMO. Mary, you ſhall ſay : Deare beautie, or, ſweet honour (or by
what other title you pleaſe to remember her) me thinkes you are mel-
ancholy. This is, if ſhee be alone now, and diſcompanied.

ASO. Well, ſir, Ile enter againe ; her title ſhall be, My deare LIN-
DABRIDES.

1500 AMO. LINDABRIDES?

ASO. I, ſir, the Emperour ALICANDROES daughter, and the Prince
MERIDIANS ſiſter (in the *Knight of the Sunne*) ſhee ſhould haue beene
married to him, but that the Princesſe CLARIDIANA——

AMO. O, you betray your reading.

1505 ASO. Nay, ſir, I haue read historie, I am a little *humanitian*. Inter-
rupt me not, good ſir. My deare LINDABRIDES, My deare LINDA-
BRIDES, My deare LINDABRIDES, me thinkes you are melancholy.

AMO. I, and take her by the roſie-finger'd hand.

ASO. Muſt I ſo? O, my deare LINDABRIDES, mee thinkes you are
1510 melancholy.

AMO. Or thus, ſir. All varietie of diuine pleaſures , choice ſports,
ſweet muſique, rich fare, braue attire, ſoft beds, and ſilken thoughts at-
tend this deare beautie.

Aso.

ASO. Beleeue mee , that's pretty. All varietie of diuine pleasures,
 1515 choice sports, sweet musique, rich fare, braue attires, soft beds, and silken thoughts, attend this deare beautie.

AMO. And then, offring to kisse her hand , if shee shall coily recoile, and signifie your repulse; you are to re-enforce your selfe, with , More then most faire ladie, let not the rigour of your iust disdaine thus cursly
 1520 censure of your seruants zeale : and, withall, protest her, to be the onely, and absolute vnparalleld creature you do adore and admire, and respect, and reuerence, in this court, corner of the world, or kingdome.

ASO. This is hard, by my faith. I'll begin it all, againe.

AMO. Doe so, and I will act it for your ladie.

1525 ASO. Will you vouchsafe, sir? All varietie of diuine pleasures, choice sports, sweet musique, rich fare, braue attire, soft beds, and silken thoughts attend this deare beautie.

AMO. So, sir, pray you away.

ASO. More then most faire ladie , let not the rigour of your iust dis-
 1530 daine, thus cursly censure of your seruants zeale, I protest, you are the onely, and absolute, vnapparelled——

AMO. Vnparalleld.

ASO. Vnparalleld creature, I doe adore, and admire, and respect, and reuerence, in this court, corner of the world, or kingdome.

1535 AMO. This is, if shee abide you. But now, put case shee should bee *passant* when you enter, as thus : you are to frame your gate thereafter, and call vpon her , Ladie , *Nymph* , Sweet refuge , Starre of our court. Then if shee be *guardant*, here : you are to come on, and (laterally disposing your selfe) sweare, by her blushing and well coloured cheekes , the
 1540 bright die of her haire, her iuorie teeth (though they be ebonie) or some such white, and innocent oth, to induce you. If *reguardant* , then maintaine your station, briske, and irpe, shew the supple motion of your pliant bodie, but (in chiefe) of your knee , and hand , which cannot but arride her proud humour exceedingly.

1545 ASO. I conceiue you, sir , I shall performe all these things in good time, I doubt not, they doe so hit me.

AMO. Well, sir, I am your ladie; make vse of any of these beginnings, or some other out of your owne inuention : and proue, how you can hold vp, and follow it. Say, say.

1550 ASO. Yes, sir, my deare LINDABRIDES.——

AMO. No, you affect that LINDABRIDES too much. And (let mee tell you) it is not so courtly. Your *pedant* should prouide you some parcells of *french*, or some pretty commoditie of *italian* to commence with, if you would be exoticke, and exquisite.

1555 ASO. Yes, sir, he was at my lodging t'other morning , I gaue him a doublet.

AMO. Double your beneuolence, and giue him the hose too , clothe you his bodie, he will helpe to apparell your mind. But now , see what
 your

your proper GENIUS can performe alone , without adiection of any o-
1560 ther MINERVA.

ASO. I comprehend you, sir.

AMO. I doe stand you, sir : fall backe to your first place. Good , pas-
sing well : Very properly persude.

ASO. Beautifull , ambiguous , and sufficient ladie , what ! are you
1565 all alone ?

AMO. We would be, sir, if you would leaue vs.

ASO. I am at your beauties appointment, bright angell; but——

AMO. What but ?

ASO. No harme, more then most faire feature.

1570 AMO. That touch relished well.

ASO. But, I protest——

AMO. And why should you protest ?

ASO. For good will (deare esteem'd Madam) and I hope, your ladi-
ship will so conceiue of it :

1575 *And will, in time, returne from your disdaine,
And rue the suffrance of our friendly paine.*

AMO. O , that peece was excellent ! if you could picke out more of
these *play-particles*, and (as occasion shall salute you) embroider, or da-
maske your discourse with them, perswade your soule, it would most in-
1580 diciously commend you. Come, this was a well discharg'd, and auspicious
bout. Proue the second.

ASO. Ladie, I cannot ruffle it in red and yellow.

AMO. Why, if you can reuell it in white, sir, 'tis sufficient.

ASO. Say you so, sweet ladie ? *Lan, tede, de, de, de, dant, dant, dant,*
1585 *dante, &c.* No (in good faith) Madame , whosoeuer told your ladiship
so, abusde you ; but I would be glad to meet your ladiship in a measure.

AMO. Me, sir ? belike you measure me by your selfe, then ?

ASO. Would I might, faire feature.

AMO. And what were you the better, if you might ?

1590 ASO. The better it please you to aske , faire ladie.

AMO. Why, this was rauishing, and most acutely continu'd. Well,
spend not your humour too much, you haue now competently exercised
your conceit : This (once or twice a day) will render you an accomplisht,
elaborate, and well leuelled gallant. Conuey in your courting-stock, wee
1595 will (in the heat of this) goe visit the *Nymphs* chamber.

Act IIII. Scene I.

PHANTASTE, PHILAVTIA, ARGVRION,
MORIA, CVPID.

1600 **I** Would this water would ariue once , our trauailing friend so com-
mended to vs.

ARG. So would I, for hee has left all vs in trauaile with expecta-
tion of it. PHA.

PHA. Pray LOVE, I neuer rise from this couch, if euer I thirsted more for a thing, in my whole time of being a courtier.

1605 PHI. Nor I, I'le be sworne : The very mention of it sets my lips in a worse heate, then if hee had sprinkled them with *mercurie*. Reach mee the glasse, sirrah.

CVP. Here, ladie.

MOR. They doe not peelee, sweet *Charge*, doe they ?

1610 PHI. Yes, a little, *Guardian*.

MOR. O, 'tis an eminent good signe. Euer when my lips doe so, I am sure to haue some delicious good drinke, or other approaching.

ARG. Mary, and this may be good for vs ladies : for (it seemes) tis far-fet by their stay.

1615 MOR. My palate for yours (deare *Honor*) it shall proue most elegant, I warrant you : O, I doe fancy this geare that's long a comming, with an vnmeasurable straine.

PHA. Pray thee sit downe, PHILAVTIA, that rebatu becomes thee singularly.

1620 PHI. Is't not queint ?

PHA. Yes faith. Me thinkes, thy seruant HEDON is nothing so obsequious to thee, as he was wont to be : I know not how, hee's growne out of his garbe a-late, hee's warpt.

MOR. In trewnesse, and so me thinkes too ; he's much conuerted.

1625 PHI. Tut, let him bee what hee will, 'tis an *animall* I dreame not of. This tire (me thinkes) makes me looke very ingeniously, quick, and spirited, I should be some LAVRA, or some DELIA, me thinkes.

MOR. As I am wise (faire *Honors*) that title shee gaue him, to bee her *Ambition*, spoild him : Before, hee was the most propitious, and obseruant

1630 young nouice——

PHA. No, no, you are the whole heauen awry, *Guardian* : 'tis the swaggering coach-horse ANAIDES, drawes with him there, has beene the diuerter of him.

1635 PHI. For CVPIDS sake, speake no more of him ; would I might neuer dare to looke in a mirror againe, if I respect ere a marmaset of 'hem al, otherwise, then I would a feather, or my shittle-cock, to make sport with, now and then.

PHA. Come, sit downe ; troth (and you be good *Beauties*) let's runne ouer 'hem all now : Which is the properst man amongst them ? I say, the 1640 trauailer, AMORPHVS.

PHI. O, fie on him, he lookes like a *Venetian* trumpetter, i' the battaile of *Lepanto*, in the gallerie yonder ; and speakes to the tune of a cuntry ladie, that comes euer i' the rereward, or traine of a fashion.

MOR. I should haue iudgement in a feature, sweet *Beauties*.

1645 PHA. A bodie would thinke so, at these yeeres.

MOR. And I preferre another now, far before him, a million at least.

PHA. Who might that be, *Guardian* ?

T

MOR.

MOR. Mary (*faire Charge*) ANAIDES.

PHA. ANAIDES! you talk't of a tune PHILAVTIA, there's one
1650 speakes in a key : like the opening of some Iustices gate, or a poste-boies
horne, as if his voice fear'd an arrest for some ill wordes it should giue, and
were loth to come forth.

PHI. I, and he has a very imperfect face.

PHA. Like a sea-monster, that were to rauish ANDROMEDA from
1655 the rocke.

PHI. His hand's too great too, by at least a strawes breadth

PHA. Nay, he has a worse fault then that, too.

PHI. A long heele?

PHA. That were a fault in a ladie, rather then him : No, they say, hee
1660 puts off the calues of his legs, with his stockings, euery night.

PHI. Out vpon him : turne to another of the pictures, for loues sake.
What saies ARGVRION? whom doo's shee commend, afore the rest?

CVP. I hope, I haue instructed her sufficiently for an answer.

MOR. Troth, I made the motion to her ladiship for one to day, i'the
1665 presence, but it appear'd shee was other-waies furnisht before : Shee
would none.

PHA. Who was that, ARGVRION?

MOR. Mary, the poore plaine gentleman, i'the blacke, there.

PHA. Who, CRITES?

1670 ARG. I, I, he. A fellow, that no body so much as lookt vpon, or re-
garded, and shee would haue had me done him particular grace.

PHA. That was a true trick of your selfe, MORIA, to perswade AR-
GVRION to affect the scholer.

ARG. Tut, but shee shall be no chuser for me. In good faith, I like
1675 the citizens sonne there, ASOTVS, mee thinkes, none of them all come
neere him.

PHA. Not, HEDON?

ARG. HEDON, in troth no. HEDON's a pretty slight courtier, and
he weares his clothes well, and sometimes in fashion : Mary, his face is
1680 but indifferent, and he has no such excellent body. No, th'other is a most
delicate youth, a sweet face, a streight body, a well proportion'd legge and
foot, a white hand, a tender voice.

PHI. How now, ARGVRION?

PHA. O, you should haue let her alone, shee was bestowing a copy of
1685 him vpon vs. Such a nose were inough to make me loue a man, now.

PHI. And then his seuerall colours he weares ; wherein he flourish-
eth changeably, euery day.

PHA. O, but his short haire, and his narrow eyes!

PHI. Why, shee dotes more palpably vpon him, then ere his father
1690 did vpon her.

PHA. Belceue mee, the young gentleman deserues it. If shee could
dote more, 'twere not amisse. Hee is an exceeding proper youth, and
would

would haue made a most neate barber-surgeon, if hee had beene put to it in time.

1695 PHI. Say you so? me thinkes, he lookes like a taylour alreadie.

PHA. I, that had sayed on one of his customers sutes. His face is like a squeezed orange, or——

ARG. Well, ladies, jest on: the best of you both would be glad of such a seruant.

1700 MOR. I, I'le be sworne would they, though hee be a little shame-fac'd.

PHA. Shame-fac'd, MORIA! out vpon him. Your shame-fac'd seruant is your onely gull.

MOR. Goe to, *Beauties*, make much of time, and, place, and occasion, and opportunitie, and fauourites, and things that belong to 'hem, for I'le
1705 ensure you, they will all relinquish; they cannot indure aboue another yeere; I know it out of future experience: and therefore take exhibition, and warning. I was once a reueller my selfe, and though I speak it (as mine owne trumpet) I was then esteem'd——

PHI. The very march-pane of the court, I warrant you?

1710 PHA. And all the gallants came about you like flyes, did they not?

MOR. Goe to, they did somewhat, that's no matter now.

PHA. Nay, good MORIA, be not angrie. Put case, that wee foure now had the grant from IVNO, to wish our selues into what happie estate wee could? what would you wish to be, MORIA?

1715 MOR. Who I? Let me see now. I would wish to be a wisewoman, and know all the secrets of court, citie, and countrie. I would know what were done behind the arras, what vpon the staires, what i' the garden, what i' the *Nymphs* chamber, what by barge, & what by coach. I would tel you which courtier were scabbed, and which not; which ladie had her owne face to lie
1720 with her a-nights, & which not; who put off their teeth with their clothes in court, who their haire, who their complexion; and in which boxe they put it. There should not a *Nymph*, or a widdow be got with childe i' the verge, but I would guesse (within one or two,) who was the right father: and in what moneth it was gotten; with what words; and which way. I
1725 would tell you, which Madame lou'd a *Monsieur*, which a player, which a page; who slept with her husband, who with her friend, who with her gentleman-vsher, who with her horse-keeper, who with her monkie, and who with all. Yes, and who jigg'd the cocke too.

PHA. Fye, you'd tell all, MORIA. If I should wish now, it should
1730 bee to haue your tongue out. But what sayes PHILAVTIA? who would she be?

PHI. Troth, the verie same I am. Onely I would wish my selfe a little more command, and soueraignetie; that all the court were subiect to my absolute becke, and all things in it depending on my looke; as if there
1735 were no other heauen, but in my smile, nor other hell, but in my frowne; that I might send for any man I list, and haue his head cut off, when I haue done with him; or made an *eunuch*, if he denyed mee: and if I saw a bet-

ter face then mine owne , I might haue my doctor to poyson it. What would you wish, PHANTASTE?

- 1740 PHA. Faith , I cannot (readily) tell you what : But (mee thinkes) I should wish my selfe all manner of creatures. Now, I would bee an em-
 presse ; and by and by a dutchesse ; then a great ladie of state ; then one of
 your *miscelany* madams ; then a waiting-woman ; then your cittizens
 wife ; then a course countrey gentlewoman ; then a deyrie maide ; then a
 1745 shepheards lasse ; then an empresse againe, or the queene of *fayries* : And
 thus I would prooue the vicissitudes, and whirle of pleasures, about, and
 againe. As I were a shepheardesse, I would bee pip'd and sung too ; as a
 deyrie wench, I would dance at *may*-poles , and make sillabubbes ; As a
 countrey gentlewoman, keep a good house, and come vp to terme, to see
 1750 motions ; As a cittizens wife, bee troubled with a iealous husband , and
 put to my shifts ; (others miseries should bee my pleasures) As a waiting-
 woman, I would taste my ladies delights to her ; As a *miscellany* madame
 inuent new tyres, and goe visite courtiers ; As a great ladie, lye a bed, and
 haue courtiers visite mee ; As a dutchesse, I would keepe my state : and as
 1755 an empresse, I'd doe any thing. And, in all these shapes, I would euer bee
 follow'd with th'affections of all that see mee. Mary, I my selfe would af-
 fect none ; or if I did, it should not bee heartily, but so as I might saue my
 selfe in 'hem still , and take pride in tormenting the poore wretches. Or,
 (now I thinke on't) I would, for one yeere, wish my selfe one woman, but
 1760 the richest, fairest, and delicatest in a kingdome, the very center of wealth,
 and beautie, wherein all lines of loue should meet ; and in that person I
 would prooue all manner of suters, of all humours , and of all complexi-
 ons, and neuer haue any two of a sort : I would see how *Loue* (by the po-
 wer of his object) could worke inwardly alike, in a cholericke man , and
 1765 a sanguine ; in a melancholique, and a phlegmatique ; in a foole, and a wise
 man ; in a clowne, and a courtier ; in a valiant man, and a coward : and how
 he could varie outward, by letting this gallant expresse himselfe in dumbe
 gaze ; another with sighing, and rubbing his fingers ; a third, with play-
 ends, and pittifull verses ; a fourth, with stabbing himselfe, and drinking
 1770 healths , or writing languishing letters in his blood ; a fifth, in colour'd
 ribbands , and good clothes ; with this lord to smile , and that lord to
 court, and the t'other lord to dote , and one lord to hang himselfe. And
 then, I to haue a booke made of all this, which I would call the booke of
 humours, and euery night reade a little peece, ere I slept, and laugh at it.
 1775 Here comes HEDON.

Act IIII. Scene II.

HEDON, ANAIDES, MERCVRIE, PHANTASTE,
PHILAVTIA, MORIA, ARGVRION,
CVPID.

1780 **S** Aue you, sweet and cleere beauties : By the spirit that moues in me,
you are all most pleasingly bestow'd , ladies. Onely , I can take it
for no good *omen*, to find mine *Honor* so deieted.

PHI. You need not feare , sir , I did of purpose humble my selfe a-
gainst your comming, to decline the pride of my *ambition*.

1785 HED. Faire *Honor*, *Ambition* dares not stoope ; but if it be your sweet
pleasure, I shall lose that title , I will (as I am HEDON) apply my selfe
to your bounties.

PHI. That were the next way to distille my selfe of *honor*. O , no,
rather be still *ambitious*, I pray you.

1790 HED. I will be any thing that you please, whilst it pleaseth you to bee
your selfe, ladie. Sweet PHANTASTE , deare MORIA, most beautifull
ARGVRION——

ANA. Farewell, HEDON.

HED. ANAIDES, stay, whither goe you ?

1795 ANA. S'light, what should I doe here ? and you engrosse 'hem all for
your owne vse, 'tis time for me to seeke out.

HED. I, engrosse 'hem ? Away, mischief, this is one of your extra-
uagantiests now, because I began to salute 'hem by their names——

ANA. Faith, you might haue sparde vs Madame *Prudence*, the
1800 *Guardian* there, though you had more couetously aym'd at the rest.

HED. S'heart, take 'hem all, man : what speake you to me of ayming,
or couetous ?

ANA. I, say you so ? nay , then, haue at 'hem : ladies , here's one hath
distinguish'd you by your names alreadie. It shall onely become me, to
1805 aske, How you doe ?

HED. Gods so, was this the designe you trauaill'd with ?

PHA. Who answeres the brazen head ? it spoke to some bodie.

ANA. Lady *Wisedome*, doe you interpret for these puppets ?

MOR. In truth, and sadnesse (*Honors*) you are in great offence for this,
1810 goe too : the gentleman (I'le vnder-take with him) is a man of faire li-
uing , and able to maintaine a ladie in her two carroches a day , besides
pages, munkeys, and parachitos, with such attendants as shee shall thinke
meet for her turne, and therefore there is more respect requirable , how-
soere you seeme to conniue. Harke you, sir , let mee discourse a sillable
1815 with you. I am to say to you, these ladies are not of that close, and open
behauour, as happily you may suspend ; their carriage is well knowne,
to be such as it should be, both gentle and extraordinarie.

MOR. O , here comes the other paire.

Act IIII. Scene III.

1820 AMORPHVS, ASOTVS, HEDON, ANAIDES,
 MERCVRIE, CVPID, PHANTASTE,
 PHILAVTIA, ARGVRION,
 MORIA.

1825 **T**Hat was your fathers loue, the *Nymph* ARGVRION. I would
 haue you direct all your courtship thither, if you could but en-
 deare your selfe to her affection, you were eternally en-gallanted.

ASO. In truth, sir? pray PHŒBVS I proue fauour-some in her
 faire eyes.

AMO. All diuine mixture, and increase of beautie to this bright beuy
 1830 of ladies; and to the male-courtiers, complement, and courtesie.

HED. In the behalfe of the males, I gratifie you, AMORPHVS.

PHA. And I, of the females.

AMO. Succinctly return'd. I doe vale to both your thanks, and kisse
 them: but primarily to yours, most ingenious, acute, and polite ladie.

1835 PHI. Gods my life, how hee doe's all to bee qualifie her! ingenious,
 acute, and polite? as if there were not others in place as ingenious, acute,
 and polite, as shee.

HED. Yes, but you must know, ladie, hee cannot speake out of a *di-*
ctionarie method.

1840 PHA. Sit downe, sweet AMORPHVS: When will this water come,
 thinke you?

AMO. It cannot now be long, faire ladie.

CVP. Now obserue, MERCURY.

ASO. How? most ambiguous beautie? loue you? that I will by this
 1845 hand-kercher.

MER. S'lid, he drawes his othes out of his pocket.

ARG. But, will you be constant?

ASO. Constant, Madam? I will not say for constantnesse, but by this
 purse (which I would be loth to sweare by, vnlesse 'twere embroider'd)
 1850 I protest (more then most faire ladie) you are the onely, absolute, and vn-
 paralelld creature, I doe adore, and admire, and respect, and reuerence in
 this court, corner of the world, or kingdome: Mee thinkes you are me-
 lancholy.

ARG. Do's your heart speake all this?

1855 ASO. Say you? ———

MER. O, he is groping for another oth.

ASO. Now, by this watch (I marle how forward the day is) I doe
 vnfeignedly vow my selfe (s'light 'tis deeper then I tooke it, past fiew)
 yours entirely addicted, Madame.

1860 ARG. I require no more, dearest ASOTVS, hence-forth let mee call
 you mine, and in remembrance of me, vouchsafe to weare this chaine, and
 this diamond.

ASO.

ASO. O god, sweet ladie !

CVP. There are new othes for him : what ? doth HERMES taste no
1865 alteration, in all this ?

MER. Yes, thou hast strooke ARGVRION inamour'd on ASOTVS,
me thinkes.

CVP. Alas, no ; I am no-body, I : I can doe nothing in this disguise.

MER. But thou hast not wounded any of the rest, CVPID ?

1870 CVP. Not yet : it is enough that I haue begun so prosperously.

ARG. Nay, these are nothing to the gems I will hourelly bestow vpon
thee : be but faithfull, and kind to me, and I will lade thee with my richest
bounties : behold, here my bracelets, from mine armes.

ASO. Not so, good ladie, By this diamond.

1875 ARG. Take 'hem, weare 'hem : my iewels, chaine of pearle, pendants,
all I haue.

ASO. Nay then, by this pearle, you make me a wanton.

CVP. Shall not shee answere for this, to maintayne him thus in
swearing ?

1880 MER. O, no, there is a way to weane him from this, the gentleman
may be reclaim'd.

CVP. I, if you had the ayring of his apparell, couss', I thinke.

ASO. Louing ? 'twere pittie I should be liuing else, beleene me. Saue
you, sir. Saue you, sweet ladie. Saue you, Monsieur ANAIDES. Saue you,
1885 deare Madame.

ANA. Do'st thou know him that saluted thee, HEDON ?

HED. No, some idle FVNGOSO, that hath got aboute the cup-board,
since yesterday.

ANA. S'lud, I neuer saw him till this morning, and he salutes me as fa-
1890 miliarly, as if we had knowne together, since the deluge, or the first yeere
of *Troy-action*.

AMO. A most right-handed, and auspicious encounter. Confine your
selfe to your fortunes.

PHI. For sports sake, let's haue some *riddles*, or *purposes* ; hough.

1895 PHA. No faith, your *prophecies* are best, the t'other are stale.

PHI. *Prophecies* ? we cannot all sit in at them ; wee shall make a con-
fusion. No ; what calld you that we had in the fore-noone ?

PHA. *Substantiues*, and *Adiectiues*. Ist not HEDON ?

PHI. I, that, who begins ?

1900 PHA. I haue thought ; speake your *Adiectiues*, sirs.

PHI. But doe not you change, then ?

PHA. Not I, who saies ?

MOR. Odoriferous.

PHI. Popular.

1905 ARG. Humble.

ANA. White-liuer'd.

HED. Barbarous.

AMO.

AMO. *Pythagoricall.*

HED. Yours, Signior.

1910 ASO. What must I doe, sir ?

AMO. Giue forth your *Adiectiue*, with the rest ; as, prosperous, good, faire, sweet, well——

HED. Any thing, that hath not beene spoken.

ASO. Yes, sir : well-spoken, shall be mine.

1915 PHA. What ? ha' you all done ?

ALL. I.

PHA. Then the *Substantiue* is Breeches. Why odoriferous Breeches, *Guardian* ?

MOR. Odoriferous, because odoriferous ; that which containes most
1920 varietie of sauour, and smell, we say is most odoriferous : now, Breeches
I presume are incident to that varietie, and therefore odoriferous
Breeches.

PHA. Well, we must take it howsoeuer, who's next ? PHILAVTIA.

PHI. Popular.

1925 PHA. Why popular Breeches ?

PHI. Mary, that is, when they are not content to be generally noted
in court, but will presse forth on common stages, and brokers stalls, to the
publique view of the world.

PHA. Good : why humble Breeches ? ARGVRION.

1930 ARG. Humble, because they vse to be sate vpon ; besides, if you tie
'hem not vp, their propertie is to fall downe about your heeles.

MER. Shee has worne the breeches, it seemes, which haue done so.

PHA. But why white-liuer'd ?

ANA. Why ? 'shart, are not their linings white ? besides, when they
1935 come in swaggering companie, and will pocket vp any thing, may they
not properly be said to be white-liuer'd ?

PHA. O, yes, wee must not denie it. And why barbarous, HEDON ?

HED. Barbarous, because commonly, when you haue worne your
1940 breeches sufficiently, you giue them to your Barber.

AMO. That's good : but now *Pythagoricall* ?

PHA. I, AMORPHVS. Why *Pythagoricall* Breeches ?

AMO. O, most kindly of all, 'tis a conceit of that fortune, I am bold to
hug my braine for.

1945 PHA. How ist, exquisite AMORPHVS ?

AMO. O, I am rapt with it, 'tis so fit, so proper, so happy——

PHI. Nay, doe not racke vs thus ?

AMO. I neuer truly relisht my selfe, before. Giue me your cares. Breeches
Pythagoricall, by reason of their transmigration, into seuerall shapes.

1950 MOR. Most rare, in sweet troth. Mary, this young gentleman, for his
well-spoken——

PHA. I, why well-spoken Breeches ?

ASO.

ASO. Well-spoken? mary well-spoken, because---whatsoever they speake, is well taken; and whatsoever is well taken, is well-spoken.

1955 MOR. Excellent! beleue me.

ASO. Not so, ladies, neither.

HED. But why Breeches, now?

PHA. Breeches, *quasi* beare-riches; when a gallant beares all his riches in his breeches:

1960 AMO. Most fortunately *etymologyz'd*.

PHA. Nay, we haue another sport afore this, of *A thing done*, and, *Who did it*, &c.

PHI. I, good PHANTASTE, let's haue that: Distribute the *places*.

PHA. Why, I imagine, *A thing done*; HEDON thinkes, *Who did it*; 1965 MORIA, *With what it was done*; ANAIDES, *Where it was done*; ARGVRION, *When it was done*; AMORPHVS, *For what cause it was done*; you PHILAVTIA, *What followed vpon the doing of it*; and this gentleman, *Who would haue done it better*. What? is't conceiu'd about?

ALL. Yes, yes.

1970 PHA. Then speake you, sir. *Who would haue done it better?*

ASO. How! do's it beginne at me

PHA. Yes, sir: This play is cal'd the *Crab*, it goes backward.

ASO. May I not name my selfe?

PHA. If you please, sir, and dare abide the venture of it.

1975 ASO. Then, I would haue done it better, what euer it is.

PHA. No doubt on't, sir: a good confidence. *What followed vpon the act*, PHILAVTIA?

PHI. A few heate drops, and a moneths mirth.

PHA. *For what cause*, AMORPHVS?

1980 AMO. For the delight of ladies.

PHA. *When*, ARGVRION?

ARG. Last progresse.

PHA. *Where*, ANAIDES?

ANA. Why, in a paire of pain'd slops.

1985 PHA. *With what*, MORIA?

MOR. With a glyster.

PHA. *Who*, HEDON?

HED. A trauailer.

PHA. Then, *The thing done* was, An oration was made. Rehearse. An 1990 oration was made.

HED. By a trauailer.

MOR. With a glyster.

ANA. In a paire of pain'd slops,

ARG. Last progresse.

1995 AMO. For the delight of ladies.

PHI. A few heat drops, and a moneths mirth followed.

PHA. And, this silent gentleman would haue done it better.

ASO.

ASO. This was not so good, now.

PHI. In good faith, these unhappie pages would be whipt, for stay-
2000 ing thus.

MOR. Beshrew my hand, and my heart, else.

AMO. I doe wonder at their protraction!

ANA. Pray VENVS, my whore haue not discouer'd her selfe to the ras-
cally boyes, and that be the cause of their stay.

2005 ASO. I must sute my selfe with another page: this idle PROSAITES
will neuer be brought to wait well.

MOR. Sir, I haue a kinsman I could willingly wish to your seruice, if
you would deigne to accept of him.

ASO. And I shall bee glad (most sweet ladie) to imbrace him: where
2010 is hee?

MOR. I can fetch him, sir, but I would bee loth to make you turne a-
way your other page.

ASO. You shall not, most sufficient ladie, I will keepe both: pray you
lets goe see him.

2015 ARG. Whither goes my loue?

ASO. Ile returne presently, I goe but to see a page, with this ladie.

ANA. As sure as fate, 't is so; shee has opened all: A poxe of all *cocka-*
trices. Dam'ne, if she haue plai'd loose with me, I'll cut her throat, within
a haire's breadth, so it may be heal'd againe.

2020 MER. What, is he jealous of his *Hermaphrodite*?

CVP. O, I, this will be excellent sport.

PHI. PHANTASTE! ARGVRION! what? you are sodainely strooke,
me thinkes! for loues sake let's haue some musike, till they come. *Ambition*,
reach the *lyra*, I pray you.

2025 HED. Any thing to which my *Honour* shall direct mee.

PHI. Come, AMORPHVS, cheare vp PHANTASTE.

AMO. It shall bee my pride, faire ladie, to attempt all that is in my
power. But here is an instrument that (alone) is able to infuse soule in the
most melancholique, and dull disposde creature vpon earth. O! let mee
2030 kisse thy faire knees. Beauteous eares attend it.

HED. Will you haue the Kisse, *Honour*?

PHI. I, good *Ambition*.

S O N G.

2035 O, That ioy so soone should waste!
or so sweet a blisse
as a kisse,
Might not for euer last!
So sugred, so melting, so soft, so delicious,
The dew that lyes on roses,
2040 When the morne her selfe discloses,
is not so preccious.

O,

O, rather then I would it smother,
 Were I to taste such another ;
 It should bee my wishing
 That I might dye, kissing.

2045

HED. I made this dittie, and the note to it, vpon a kisse that my *Honour* gaue me; how like you it, sir?

AMO. A prettie ayre! in generall, I like it well: but in particular, your long *die*-note did arride me most, but it was somewhat too long. I can shew
 2050 one, almost of the same nature, but much before it, and not so long, in a composition of mine owne. I thinke I haue both the note, and dittie about me.

HED. Pray you, sir, see.

AMO. Yes, there is the note; and all the parts if I mis-thinke not. I
 2055 will read the dittie to your beauties here, but first I am to make you familiar with the occasion, which presents it selfe thus. Vpon a time, going to take my leaue of the Emperour, and kisse his great hands; there being then present, the Kings of *France*, and *Arragon*, the Dukes of *Sauoy*, *Florence*, *Orleance*, *Bourbon*, *Brunswick*, the Lantgraue, Connt *Palatine*, all which
 2060 had seuerally feasted me; besides, infinite more of inferiour persons, as Counts and others: it was my chance the Emperour detain'd by some exorbitant affaire) to wait him the fift part of an houre, or much neere it. In which time (retyring my selfe into a bay-window) the beauteous ladie ANNABELL, neece to the Empresse, and sister to the King of *Arragon*,
 2065 who hauing neuer before eyde mee, (but only heard the common report of my vertue, learning, and trauaile) fell into that extremitie of passion, for my loue, that shee there immediately swounded: physicians were sent for, she had to her chamber, so to her bed; where (languishing some few daies) after many times calling vpon me, with my name in her lips, she expired.
 2070 As that (I must mourningly say) is the onely fault of my fortune, that, as it hath euer beene my hap to be sew'd to, by all ladies, and beauties, where I haue come, so, I neuer yet sojourn'd, or rested in that place, or part of the world, where some high-borne admirable faire feature died not for my loue.

2075 MER. O, the sweet power of trauaile! are you guiltie of this, CVPID?

CVP. No, MERCVRIE, and that his page (COS) knowes, if he were here present to be sworne.

PHI. But, how doth this draw on the dittie, sir?

MER. O, she is too quicke with him, he hath not deuis'd that yet.

2080 AMO. Mary, some houre before she departed, she bequeath'd to mee this *gloue*; which *golden legacie*, the Emperour himselfe tooke care to send after me, in sixe coaches, couer'd all with blacke vellet, attended by the state of his empire; all which he freely presented mee with, and I reciprocally (out of the same bountie) gaue to the lords who brought it: only re-
 2085 seruing the gift of the deceas'd ladie, vpon which I composde this *ode*, and set it to my most affected instrument, the *lyra*.

SONG.

SONG.

2090 **T**Hou more then most sweet gloue,
 Vnto my more sweet loue,
 Suffer me to store with kisses
 This emptie lodging, that now misses
 The pure rosie hand, that ware thee,
 Whiter then the kid, that bare thee.
 Thou art soft, but that was softer;
 2095 **C**VPIDS selfe hath kist it ofter,
 Then e're he did his mothers doues,
 Supposing her the Queene of loues,
 That was thy Mistresse,
 Best of gloues.

2100 **MER.** Blasphemie, blasphemie, **CVPID.**

CVP. I, I'll reuenge it time inough; **HERMES.**

PHI. Good **AMORPHVS**, let's heare it sung.

AMO. I care not to admit that, since it pleaseth **PHILAVTIA** to request it.

2105 **HED.** Heere, sir.
 After he hath sung.

AMO. Nay, play it, I pray you, you doe well, you doe well—— How like you it, sir?

HED. Verie well in troth.

AMO. But very well? O, you are a meere *mammothrept* in judgement,
 2110 then. Why, doe you not obserue how excellently the dittie is affected in euerie place? that I doe not marrie a word of short quantitie to a long note? nor an ascending sillable to a descending tone? Besides, vpon the word (*best*) there, you see how I doe enter with an odde *minnum*, and driue it thorow the *briefe*, which no intelligent Musician (I know) but wil
 2115 affirme to be verie rare, extraordinarie, and pleasing.

MER. And yet not fit to lament the death of a ladie, for all this.

CVP. Tut, heere be they will swallow any thing.

PHA. Pray you, let me haue a coppie of it, **AMORPHVS**.

PHI. And me too, in troth, I like it exceedingly.

2120 **AMO.** I haue denied it to princes, neuerthelesle to you (the true female twinnes of perfection) I am wonne, to depart withall.

HED. I hope, I shall haue my *Honours* coppie.

PHA. You are *ambitious* in that, **HEDON**.

Who is return'd
 from seeking his
 page.

AMO. How now, **ANAIDES**! what is it hath conjur'd vp this distemperature in the circle of your face?

ANA. S'llood, what haue you to doe? A pox vpo' your filthie trauailing face, hold your tongue.

HED. Nay, doo'st heare, *mischiefe*?

ANA. Away, muske-cat.

2130 **AMO.** I say to thee, thou art rude, debauch't, impudent, coorse, impolisht, a frapler, and base.

HED.

HED. Heart of my father, what a strange alteration has halfe a yeeres haunting of ordinaries wrought in this fellow! that came with a *tuff-taffata* ierkin to towne but the other day, and a paire of penillesse hose, and
 2135 now he is turn'd HERCVLES, he wants but a club.

ANA. Sir, you with the pencill on your chinne; I will garter my hose with your guts, and that shall be all.

MER. S'lid, what rare fireworkes be heere? flash, flash.

PHA. What's the matter HEDON? can you tell?

2140 HED. Nothing, but that hee lackes crownes, and thinkes weele lend him some, to be friends.

ASO. Come, sweet ladie, in good truth I'll haue it, you shall not de- *Asotus returnes with Moria, and Morus.*
 nie me. MORVS, perswade your aunt I may haue her picture, by any meanes.

2145 MOR. Yes, sir: good aunt now, let him haue it, hee will vse mee the better, if you loue me, doe, good aunt.

MOR. Well, tell him, he shall haue it.

MOR. Master, you shall haue it, she saies.

ASO. Shall I? thanke her, good page.

2150 CVP. What, has he entertain'd the *foole*?

MER. I, heele wait close, you shall see, though the *begger* hang off, a-while.

MOR. Aunt, my master thanks you.

MOR. Call him hither.

2155 MOR. Yes, master.

MOR. Yes, in veritie, and gaue me this purse, and he has promis'd me a most fine dogge; which he will haue drawne, with my picture, he saies: and desires most vehemently to bee knowne to your ladships.

PHA. Call him hither, 'tis good groping such a gull.

2160 MOR. Master ASOTVS, master ASOTVS.

ASO. For loues sake, let me goe: you see, I am call'd to the ladies.

ARG. Wilt thou forsake me then?

ASO. God so, what would you haue me doe?

MOR. Come hither, master ASOTVS. I doe ensure your ladships, he
 2165 is a gentleman of a verie worthie desert: and of a most bountifull nature. You must shew and insinuate your selfe responsible, and equiualent now to my commendment. Good *Honors*, grace him.

ASO. I protest (more then most faire ladies) I doe wish all varietie of diuine pleasures, choice sports, sweet musique, rich fare, braue attire, soft
 2170 beds, and silken thoughts attend these faire beauties. Will it please your ladship to weare this chaine of pearle, and this diamond, for my sake?

ARG. O.

ASO. And you, Madame, this iewell, and pendants.

ARG. O.

2175 PHA. Wee know not how to deserue these bounties, out of so slight merit, ASOTVS.

PHI. No, in faith, but there's my gloue for a fauour.

PHA. And soone, after the reuells, I will bestow a garter on you.

ASO. O Lord, ladies! it is more grace then euer I could haue hop'd,
2180 but that it pleaseth your ladiships to extend. I protest, it is enough, that
you but take knowledge of my—— if your ladiships want embroidered
gownes, tires of any fashion, rebatu's, iewells, or carkanets, any thing
whatsoever, if you vouchsafe to accept.

CVP. And for it, they will helpe you to shooe-ties, and deuices.

2185 ASO. I cannot vtter my selfe (deare beauties) but, you can conceiue——

ARG. O.

PHA. Sir, we will acknowledge your seruice, doubt not: henceforth,
you shall bee no more ASOTVS to vs, but our *gold-finch*, and wee
2190 your *cages*.

ASO. O VENVS, Madams! how shall I deserue this? if I were but
made acquainted with HEDON, now, I'll trie: pray you away.

MER. How he praies *Money* to goe away from him!

ASO. AMORPHVS, a word with you: here's a watch I would be-
2195 stow vpon you, pray you make me knowne to that gallant.

AMO. That I will, sir. Monsieur HEDON, I must intreat you to exchange
knowledge with this gentleman.

HED. 'Tis a thing (next to the water we expect) I thirst after, sir.
Good Monsieur ASOTVS.

2200 ASO. Good Monsieur HEDON, I would be glad to be lou'd of men
of your ranke, and spirit, I protest. Please you to accept this paire of
bracelets, sir: they are not worth the bestowing——

MER. O, HERCVLES, how the gentleman purchases! this must
needes bring ARGVRION to a consumption.

2205 HED. Sir, I shall neuer stand in the merit of such bountie, I feare.

ASO. O, VENVS, sir; your acquaintance shall bee sufficient. And if
at any time you neede my bill, or my bond.

ARG. O, ô.

*Argurion
swounes.*

AMO. Helpe the ladie there.

2210 MOR. Gods deare, ARGVRION! Madame, how doe you?

ARG. Sicke.

PHA. Haue her forth, and giue her aire.

ASO. I come againe strait, ladies.

MER. Well, I doubt, all the physique hee has will scarce recouer her:
2215 shee's too farre spent.

Act IIII. Scene IIII.

PHILAVTIA, GELAIA, ANAIDES, COS, PRO-
SAITES, PHANTASTE, MORIA, A-
MORPHVS, HEDON.

2220 **O** Here's the water come : fetch glâsses, page.

GEL. Heart of my body, here's a coile indeed, with your iealous humours. Nothing but whore, and bitch, and all the villanous swaggering names you can thinke on? S'lid, take your bottle, and put it in your guts for me, I'll see you poxt ere I follow you any longer.

2225 **ANA.** Nay, good punke, sweete rascall; dam' mee, if I am iealous now.

GEL. That's true indeede: pray let's goe.

MOR. What's the matter, there?

GEL. S'light, he has mee vpon intergatories, (nay, my mother shall
2230 know how you vse me) where I haue beene? and, why I should stay so long? and, how ist possible? and withall, calls me at his pleasure, I know not how many cockatrices, and things.

MOR. In truth and sadnesse, these are no good *epitaphs*, **ANAIDES**, to bestow vpon any gentlewoman; and (He ensure you) if I had knowne
2235 you would haue dealt thus with my daughter, she should neuer haue fancied you so deeply, as shee has done. Goetoo.

ANA. Why, doe you heare, mother **MORIA.** Heart!

MOR. Nay, I pray you, sir, doe not sweare.

ANA. Sweare? why? S'llood, I haue sworne afore now, I hope. Both
2240 you and your daughter mistake me. I haue not honor'd **ARETE**, that is held the worthiest ladie in court (next to **CYNTHIA**) with halfe that obseruance, and respect, as I haue done her in priuate, howsoever outwardly I haue carried my selfe carelesse, and negligent. Come, you are a foolish *punke*, and know not when you are well imploi'd. Kisse me, come on.
2245 Doe it, I say.

MOR. Nay, indeed I must confesse, shee is apt to misprision. But I must haue you leaue it, minion.

AMO. How now, **ASOTVS**? how do's the ladie?

ASO. Faith, ill. I haue left my page with her, at her lodging.

2250 **HED.** O, here's the rarest water that euer was tasted: fill him some.

PRO. What! has my master a new page?

MER. Yes, a kinsman of the ladie **MORIAS**: you must waite better now, or you are casheer'd, **PROSAITES**.

ANA. Come, gallants, you must pardon my foolish humour: when I
2255 am angrie, that any thing crosses mee, I grow impatient straight. Here, I drinke to you.

PHI. O, that we had five, or sixe bottles more of this liquor.

PHA. Now I commend your iudgement, AMORPHVS, who's that knockes? Looke, page.

2260 MOR. O, most delicious, a little of this would make ARGVRION well.

PHA. O, no, giue her no cold drinke, by any meanes.

ANA. S'llood, this water is the spirit of wine, I'le be hang'd else.

CVP. Here's the ladie ARETE, Madame.

Act IIII. Scene V.

2265 ARETE, MORIA, PHANTASTE, PHILAVTIA,
ANAIDES, GELAIA, COS, PROSAITES,
AMORPHVS, ASOTVS, HEDON,
MERCVRIE, CVPID.

2270 **W** Hat! at your beuer, gallants?
MOR. Wilt please your ladship drinke? tis of the new
fountayne water.

ARE. Not I, MORIA, I thanke you. Gallants, you are for this night free, to your peculiar delights; CYNTHIA will haue no sports: when shee is pleas'd to come forth, you shall haue knowledge. In the meane
2275 time, I could wish you did prouide for solemne reuels, and some vnlook't-for deuice of wit, to entertaine her, against she should vouchsafe to grace your pastimes with her presence.

AMO. What say you to a *Masque*?

HED. Nothing better, if the proiect were new, and rare.

2280 ARE. Why, Ile send for CRITES, and haue his aduice; be you ready in your indeauours: He shall discharge you of the inuentiue part.

PHA. But, will not your ladship stay?

ARE. Not now, PHANTASTE.

PHI. Let her goe, I pray you, good ladie *Sobrietie*, I am glad wee are
2285 rid of her.

PHA. What a set face the gentlewoman has, as shee were still going to a sacrifice?

PHI. O, shee is the extraction of a dozen of *Puritans*, for a looke.

MOR. Of all *Nymphs* i' the court, I cannot away with her; 'tis the
2290 coursest thing ———

PHI. I wonder, how CYNTHIA can affect her so aboue the rest! Here be they are euery way as faire as shee, and a thought fairer, I trow.

PHA. I, and as ingenious, and conceited as shee.

MOR. I, and as politique as shee, for all shee sets such a fore-head on't.

2295 PHI. Would I were dead, if I would change to be CYNTHIA.

PHA. Or I.

MOR. Or I.

AMO. And there's her minion CRITES! why his aduice more then AMORPHVS? haue not I inuention, afore him? Learning, to better that
inuention,

2300 inuention, about him? and infanted, with pleasant trauaile——

ANA. Death, what talke you of his learning? he vnderstands no more then a schoole-boy; I haue put him downe my selfe a thousand times (by this aire) and yet I neuer talkt with him but twice in my life: you neuer saw his like. I could neuer get him to argue with me, but once, and then,
2305 because I could not construe an Author I quoted at first sight, hee went away, and laught at me. By HERCVLES, I scorne him, as I doe the sodden *Nymph*, that was here e'en now, his mistris ARETE: And I loue my selfe for nothing else.

HED. I wonder the fellow do's not hang himselfe, being thus scorn'd,
2310 and contemn'd of vs that are held the most accomplit societie of gallants!

MER. By your selues, none else.

HED. I protest, if I had no musique in me, no courtship, that I were not a reueller and could dance, or had not those excellent qualities that
2315 giue a man life, and perfection, but a meere poore scholer as he is, I thinke I should make some desperate way with my selfe, whereas now (would I might neuer breathe more) if I doe know that creature in this kingdome, with whom I would change.

CVP. This is excellent: well, I must alter this soone.

2320 MER. Looke you doe, CVPID. The bottles haue wrought, it seemes.

ASO. O, I am sorry the reuells are crost. I should ha' tickled it soone. I did neuer appeare till then. S'lid, I am the neatlyest-made gallant i' the companie, and haue the best presence; and my dancing——well, I know what our vscher said to me, last time I was at the schoole: would I might
2325 haue lead PHILAVTIA in the measures, and it had beene the gods will. I am most worthy, I am sure.

MORVS. Master, I can tell you newes, the ladie kist mee yonder, and plaid with me, and sayes shee lou'd you once, as well as shee do's me, but that you cast her off.

2330 ASO. Peace, my most esteemed page.

MORVS. Yes.

ASO. What lucke is this, that our reuells are dasht? Now was I beginning to glister, i' the very high way of preferment. And CYNTHIA had but seene me dance a straine, or doe but one trick, I had beene kept in
2335 court, I should neuer haue needed to looke towards my friends againe.

AMO. Containe your selfe. You were a fortunate yong man, if you knew your owne good: which I haue now proiected, and will presently multiply vpon you. *Beauties*, and *Valors*, your vouchsaf'd applause to a motion. The humorous CYNTHIA hath, for this night, with-drawne the
2340 light of your de-light——

PHA. Tis true AMORPHVS, what may we doe to redeeme it?

AMO. Redeeme that we cannot, but, to create a new flame, is in our power. Here is a gentleman my scholer, whom (for some priuate reasons me specially mouing) I am couetous to gratifie with title of Master, in

2345 the noble, and subtile science of *Courtship*: For which grace, he shall this
 might in court, and in the long gallery, hold his publique *Act*, by open
 challenge, to all *Masters* of the mysterie whatsoeuer, to play at the foure
 choice, and principall weapons thereof, viz. the *bare Accost*, the
better Regard, the *solemnne Adresse*, and the *perfect Close*. What
 2350 say you?

ALL. Excellent, excellent, AMORPHVS.

AMO. Well, let vs then take our time by the fore-head: I will instant-
 ly haue bills drawne, and aduanc'd in euery angle of the court. Sir, be-
 tray not your too much ioy. ANAIDES, wee must mixe this gentleman
 2355 with you in acquaintance, Monsieur ASOTVS.

ANA. I am easily intreated to grace any of your friends, AMORPHVS.

ASO. Sir, and his friends shall likewise grace you, sir. Nay, I begin to
 know my selfe, now.

AMO. O, you must continue your bounties.

2360 ASO. Must I? why, I'll giue him this ruby on my finger. Doe you
 heare, sir? I doe heartily wish your acquaintance, and I partly know my
 selfe worthy of it; please you, sir, to accept this poore ruby, in a ring, sir.
 The *poesie* is of my owne deuice. *Let this blush for me*, sir.

ANA. So it must for me, too. For I am not asham'd to take it.

2365 MORVS. Sweet man! by my troth, master, I loue you, will you loue
 me, too? for my aunts sake? Ile waite well, you shall see. Ile still bee here.
 Would I might neuer stirre, but you are a fine man in these clothes, Ma-
 ster, shall I haue 'hem, when you haue done with them?

ASO. As for that, MORVS, thou shalt see more hereafter: in the
 2370 meane time, by this aire, or by this feather, Ile doe as much for thee, as a-
 ny gallant shall doe for his page, whatsoeuer, in this court, corner of the
 world, or kingdome.

MER. I wonder, this gentleman should affect to keepe a foole! mee
 thinkes, he makes sport enough with himselfe.

2375 CVP. Well, PROSAITES, 'twere good you did waite closer.

PRO. I, Ile looke to it; 'tis time.

COS. The reuells would haue beene most sumptuous to night, if they
 had gone forward.

MER. They must needs, when al the choisest singularities of the court
 2380 were vp in pantofles; ne're a one of them, but was able to make a whole
 shew of it selfe.

Within. ASO. Sirrah, a torch, a torch.

PRO. O, what a call is there! I will haue a *canzonet* made, with no-
 thing in it, but *sirrah*; and the burthen shall be, *I come*.

2385 MER. How now, CVPID, how doe you like this change?

CVP. Faith, the thred of my deuice is crackt, I may goe sleepe till the
 reuelling musique awake me.

MER. And then too, CVPID, without you had preuented the *Foun-
 tayne*. Alas, poore god, that remembers not *selfe-Loue*, to bee prooffe
 against

2390 against the violence of his quier! Well, I haue a plot vpon these prizers,
for which, I must presently find out CRITES, and with his assistance, pur-
sue it to a high straine of laughter, or MERCVRIE hath lost of his mettall.

Act v. Scene I.

MERCVRIE, CRITES.

2395 **I**T is resolu'd on, CRITES, you must doe it.
CRI. The grace diuineſt MERCVRIE hath done me,
In this vouchsafde discouerie of himselfe,
Binds my obseruance in the vtmost terme
Of satisfaction, to his godly will :

2400 Though I professe (without the affectation
Of an enforc'd, and form'd austeritie)
I could be willing to enioy no place
With so vnequall natures. MER. We beleue it.
But for our sake, and to inflict iust paines

2405 On their prodigious follies, aide vs now :
No man is, presently, made bad, with ill.
And good men, like the sea, should still maintaine
Their noble taste, in midst of all fresh humours,
That flow about them, to corrupt their streames,

2410 Bearing no season, much lesse salt of goodnesse.
It is our purpose, CRITES, to correct,
And punish, with our laughter, this nights sport
Which our court-*Dors* so heartily intend :
And by that worthy scorne, to make them know

2415 How farre beneath the dignitie of man
Their serious, and most practis'd actions are.

CRI. I, but though MERCVRIE can warrant out
His vnder-takings, and make all things good,
Out of the powers of his *diuinitie*,
2420 Th'offence will be return'd with weight on me,
That am a creature so despisde, and poore ;
When the whole Court shall take it selfe abusde
By our *ironicall* confederacie.

MER. You are deceiu'd. The better race in court
2425 That haue the true nobilitie, call'd vertue,
Will apprehend it, as a gratefull right
Done to their separate merit : and approue
The fit rebuke of so ridiculous heads,
Who with their apish customes, and forc'd garbes,
2430 Would bring the name of courtier in contempt,
Did it not liue vnblemisht in some few,

Whom

Whom equall I OVE hath lou'd, and PHœBUS form'd
Of better mettall, and in better mould.

CRI. Well, since my leader on is MERCVRIE,
2435 I shall not feare to follow. If I fall,
My proper vertue shall be my reliefe,
That follow'd such a cause, and such a chiefe.

Act V. Scene II.

ASOTVS, AMORPHVS.

2440 **N**O more, if you loue mee, good master, you are incompatible to
line withall : Send mee for the ladies.

AMO. Nay, but intend me.

ASO. Feare me not, I warrant you, sir.

AMO. Render not your selfe a refractarie, on the sodaine. I can allow
2445 well, you should repute highly, heartily (and to the most) of your endowments; it giues you forth to the world the more assur'd: but with reservation of an eye, to be alwaies turn'd dutifully back vpon your teacher.

ASO. Nay, good, sir, leaue it to mee. Trust mee with trussing all the
points of this action, I pray. S'lid, I hope we shall find wit to performe the
2450 *science*, as well as another.

AMO. I confesse you to be of an aped, and docible humour. Yet, there
are certaine *puntilioes*, or (as I may more nakedly insinuate them) certaine
intrinsecate strokes, and wardes, to which your actiuitie is not yet amount-
ed. As your *gentiledor*, in colours. For supposition, your mistris appears
2455 heere in *prize*, ribbanded with greene, and yellow; now it is the part of e-
uery obsequious seruant, to be sure to haue daily about him copie, and va-
riety of colours, to be presently answerable to any hourelly, or half-hourelly
change in his mistris reuolution. —

ASO. (I know it, sir.

2460 AMO. Giue leaue, I pray you) which if your *Antagonist*, or player-
against-you shall ignorantly be without, and your selfe can produce; you
giue him the *dor*.

ASO. I, I, sir.

AMO. Or, if you can possesse your opposite, that the greene your mi-
2465 stris weares, is her reioycing or exultation in his seruice; the *yellow*, suspi-
cion of his truth, (from her height of affection :) and that he (greenly cre-
dulous) shall withdraw thus, in priuate, and from the abundance of his
pocket (to displace her jelous conceit) steale into his hat the colour, whose
bluenesse doth expresse truenesse; (shee being nor so, nor so affected) you
2470 giue him the *dor*.

ASO. Doe not I know it, sir?

AMO. Nay, good——swell not aboue your vnderstanding. There is
yet a third *dor*, in colours.

ASO. I know it too, I know it.

AMO.

2475 AMO. Doe you know it too? what is it? Make good your knowledge.

ASO. Why it is——no matter for that.

AMO. Doe it, on pœne of the *dor*.

ASO. Why? what is't, say you?

AMO. Loe, you haue giuen your selfe the *dor*. But I will remonstrate
2480 to you the third *dor*; which is not, as the two former *dors*, indicatiue, but
deliberatiue: As how? As thus. Your *Riuallis*, with a dutifull, and serious
care, lying in his bed, meditating how to obserue his mistris, dispatcheth
his lacquay to the chamber, early, to know what her colours are for the
day; with purpose to apply his weare that day, accordingly: You lay wait
2485 before, preoccupie the chamber-maide, corrupt her, to returne false co-
lours; He followes the fallacie; comes out accoutred to his belecu'd instru-
ctions; your mistresse smiles; and you giue him the *dor*.

ASO. Why, so I told you, sir, I knew it.

AMO. Tolde mee? It is a strange outrecuidance! your humour too
2490 much redoundeth.

ASO. Why, sir, what, doe you thinke you know more?

AMO. I know that a cooke may as soone, and properly be said to smel
wel, as you to be wise. I know these are most cleere, and cleane strokes. But
then, you haue your *passages*, and *imbroccata's* in *courtship*; as the bitter *Bob* in
2495 wit; the *Reuerse* in face, or wry-mouth; and these more subtle, and secure
offenders. I will example vnto you. Your opponent makes entrie, as you
are ingag'd with your mistresse. You seeing him, close in her eare, with
this whisper (here comes your *Babion*, disgrace him) and withall, stepping
off, fall on his bosome, and turning to her, politiquely, aloud say, ladie,
2500 regard this noble gentleman, a man rarely parted, second to none in this
court; and then, stooping ouer his shoulder, your hand on his brest, your
mouth on his back-side, you giue him the *Reuerse* stroke, with this *Sanna*,
or *Storkes-bill*, which makes vp your wits *Bob*, most bitter.

ASO. Nay, for heauens sake, teach me no more. I know all as well---
2505 S'lid, if I did not, why was I nominated? why did you chuse mee? why
did the ladies pricke out mee? I am sure there were other gallants. But me
of all the rest? By that light, and as I am a courtier, would I might neuer
stirre, but 't is strange. Would to the lord, the ladies would come once.

Act v. Scene III.

2510 MORPHIDES, AMORPHVS, ASOTVS, HEDON,
ANAIDES, THE THRONG. LADIES, CI-
TIZEN, WIFE, PAGES, TAYLOR,
MERCER, PERFVMER,
JEWELLER, &c.

2515 S Ignior, the gallants and ladies are at hand. Are you readie, sir?

AMO. Instantly. Goe, accomplish your attire: Cousin MORPHI-
DES, assist me, to make good the doore with your officious tyrannie.

CIT.

- CIT. By your leaue my masters there, pray you let's come by.
 PAG. You by? why should you come by, more then we?
 2520 WIF. Why, sir? Because he is my brother, that playes the *prizes*.
 MOR. Your brother?
 CIT. I, her brother, sir, and we must come in.
 TAY. Why, what are you?
 CIT. I am her husband, sir.
 2525 TAY. Then thrust forward your head.
 AMO. What tumult is there?
 MOR. Who's there? beare backe there. Stand from the doore.
 AMO. Enter none but the ladies, and their hang-bies; welcome *Beauties*, and your kind *Shadowes*.
 2530 HED. This countrie ladie, my friend, good signior AMORPHVS.
 ANA. And my *cockatrice*, heere.
 AMO. She is welcome.
 MOR. Knocke those same pages there; and goodman Cockescombe the cittizen, who would you speake withall?
 2535 AMO. With whom? your brother?
 MOR. Who is your brother?
 AMO. Master ASOTVS? Is hee your brother? Hee is taken vp with great persons. Hee is not to know you to night.
 ASO. O LOVE, master! and there come ere a cittizen gentlewoman
 2540 in my name, let her haue entrance, I pray you. It is my sister.
 WIF. Brother.
 CIT. Brother, master ASOTVS.
 ASO. Who's there?
 WIF. 'Tis I, brother.
 2545 ASO. Gods me! There she is, good master, intrude he.
 MOR. Make place. Beare backe there.
 AMO. Knocke that simple fellow, there.
 WIF. Nay, good sir; It is my husband.
 MOR. The simpler fellow hee. Away, backe with your head, sir.
 2550 ASO. Brother, you must pardon your *non-entry*: Husbands are not allow'd here in truth. Ile come home soone with my sister; pray you meet vs with a lanthorn, brother. Be merrie, sister: I shall make you laugh anon.
 PHA. Your *prizer* is not readie AMORPHVS.
 AMO. Apprehend your places, hee shall be soone; and at all points.
 2555 ANA. Is there any body come to answer him? Shal we haue any sport.
 AMO. Sport of importance; howsoever, giue me the gloues.
 HED. Gloues! why gloues, Signior?
 PHA. What's the ceremonie?
 AMO. Besides their receiud fitnessse, at all *prizes*, they are here properly accommodate to the nuptials of my *schollers* hauiour to the ladie *courtship*. Please you apparell your hands. Madam PHANTASTE, madam PHILAVTIA, Guardian, Signior HEDON, Signior ANAIDES, Gentlemen all, Ladies.

ALL.

*He distributes
gloues.*

ALL. Thankes, good AMORPHVS.

2565 AMO. I will now call forth my *prouost*, and present him.

ANA. Heart! why should not we be masters, aswell as he?

HED. That's true, and play our masters *prizes*, as well as the t'other?

MOR. In sadnesse, for vsing your court-weapons, me thinks, you may.

PHA. Nay, but why should not wee ladies play our *prizes*, I pray?

2570 I see no reason, but we should take 'hem downe, at their owne weapons.

PHI. Troth, and so we may, if we handle 'hem well.

WIF. Indeed, forsooth, Madame, if 'twere i' the citie, wee would thinke foule scorne, but we would, forsooth.

PHA. Pray you, what should we call your name?

2575 WIF. My name is, *Downefall*.

HED. Good mistris *Downefall*! I am sorry, your husband could not get in.

WIF. 'Tis no matter for him, sir.

ANA. No, no, shee has the more liberty for her selfe.

2580 PHA. Peace, peace: They come.

A flourish.

AMO. So. Keepe vp your ruffe: the tincture of your necke is not all so pure, but it will aske it. Maintayne your sprig vpright; your cloke on your halfe-shoulder falling; So: I will reade your bill, aduance it, and present you. Silence.

2585 *Be it knowne to all that professe courtship, by these presents (from the white sattin reueller, to the cloth of tissue, and bodkin) that we, VLYSSES-POLYTROPVS-AMORPHVS, Master of the noble, and subtile science of courtship, doe giue leaue and licence to our Prouost, ACOLASTVS-POLYPRAGMON-ASOTVS, to play his Masters prize, against all Masters whatsoeuer, in this subtile mysterie, at these*
 2590 *four, the choice, and most cunning weapons of court-complement, viz. the bare Accost; the better Reguard; the solemne Adresse; and the perfect Close. These are therefore to giue notice, to all commers, that hee, the said ACOLASTVS-POLYPRAGMON-ASOTVS, is here present (by the helpe of his Mercer, Taylor, Millaner, Sempster, and so forth) at his designed houre,*
 2595 *in this faire gallery, the present day of this present moneth, to performe, and doe his vttermost for the atchieuement, and bearing away of the prizes, which are these: viz. for the bare Accost, two Wall-eyes, in a face forced: For the better Reguard, a Face fauourably simpring, with a Fanne wauing: For the solemne Adresse, two Lips wagging, and neuer a wise word: For the*
 2600 *perfect Close, a Wring by the hand, with a Banquet in a corner. And*
 PHÆBVVS saue CYNTHIA.

The challenge

Appareth no man yet, to answere the *prizer*? No voice? Musique, giue them their summons.

Musique sounds.

PHA. The solemnity of this is excellent.

2605 AMO. Silence. Well, I perceiue your name is their terror; and keepeth them backe.

ASO. I faith, Master, Let's goe: no body comes. *Victus, victa, victum;*

victim ; *Victi*, *victæ* , *victi*——Let's bee retrogade.

AMO. Stay. That were disunct to the ladies. Rather, our selfe shall
2610 be your Encounter. Take your state, vp, to the wall : And,ladie,may we
implore you to stand forth, as first terme, or bound to our courtship.

A charge. HED. 'Fore heauen, 'twill shew rarely.

AMO. Sound a charge.

ANA. A poxe on't. Your vulgar will count this fabulous , and im-
2615 pudent, now : by that candle, they'le ne're conceit it.

PHA. Excellent well ! Admirable !

PHI. Peace.

They act their HED. Most fashionably, belecue it.

accost seuerally PHI. O, he is a well-spoken gentleman.

to the lady that PHA. Now the other.

stands forth. PHI. Very good.

HED. For a Scholer, *Honor*.

ANA. O, 'tis too *dutch*. He reeles too much.

A flourish. HED. This weapon is done.

2625 AMO. No, we haue our two bouts, at euey weapon, expect.

Act V. Scene IIII.

To them.

CRITES, MERCURIE.

VV Here be these gallants, and their braue *prizer* here ?

2630 MORP. Who's there ? beare backe : Keepe the dore.

AMOR. What are you, sir ?

CRIT. By your licence, grand-master. Come forward, sir.

ANAI. Heart ! who let in that rag there, amongst vs ? put him out, an
impecunious creature.

HEDO. Out with him.

2635 MORP. Come, sir.

AMOR. You must be retrograde.

CRIT. Soft, sir, I am *Truchman*, and doe flourish before this *Monsieur*,
or *french*-behau'd gentleman, here ; who is drawne hither by report of
your *chartells*, aduanced in court, to proue his fortune with your *prizer*, so
2640 he may haue faire play shewne him, and the libertie too choose his stickler.

AMOR. Is he a Master ?

CRIT. That, sir, he has to shew here ; and, confirmed vnder the hands
of the most skilfull , and cunning *complementaries* alieue : please you
reade, sir.

2645 AMOR. What shall we doe ?

ANAI. Death , disgrace this fellow i' the blacke-stuffe , what euer
you doe.

ANOR. Why, but he comes with the stranger.

HEDO. That's no matter. He is our owne countryman.

ANA.

2650 ANA. I, and he is a scholer besides. You may disgrace him here, with
authoritie.

AMO. Well, see these first.

ASO. Now shall I be obseru'd by yon'd scholer, till I sweat againe; I
would to LOVE, it were ouer.

2655 CRI. Sir, this is the wight of worth, that dares you to the encounter.
A gentleman of so pleasing, and ridiculous a carriage; as, euen standing,
carries meat in the mouth, you see; and I assure you, although no bred
courtling, yet a most particular man, of goodly hauings, well fashion'd
hauour, and of as hard'ned, and excellent a barke, as the most naturally-
2660 qualified amongst them, inform'd, reform'd, and transform'd, from his o-
riginall citticisme, by this *elixi'r*, or meere *magazine* of man. And, for your
spectators, you behold them, what they are: The most choice particulars
in court: This tels tales well; This prouides coaches; This repeates iests;
This presents gifts; This holds vp the arras; This takes downe from
2665 horse; This protests by this light; This sweares by that candle; This
delighteth; This adoreth. Yet, all but three men. Then for your ladies,
the most proud wittie creatures, all things apprehending, nothing vnder-
standing, perpetually laughing, curious maintayners of fooles, mercers,
and minstrels, costly to be kept, miserably keeping, all disdayning, but
2670 their painter, and pothecary, twixt whom and them there is this reciprock
commerce, their beauties maintaine their painters, and their painters their
beauties.

MER. Sir, you haue plaid the painter your selfe, and limb'd them to
the life. I desire to deserue before 'hem.

2675 AMO. This is *authentique*. Wee must resolue to entertaine the *Mon-* *Having read the*
sieur, howsoeuer we neglect him. *certificate.*

HED. Come, let's all goe together, and salute him.

ANA. Content, and not looke o' the other.

AMO. Well deuis'd: and a most punishing disgrace.

2680 HED. On.

AMO. *Monsieur*. We must not so much betray our selues to *discourt-*
ship, as to suffer you to be longer vnsaluted: Please you to vse the state, or-
dain'd for the *opponent*; in which nature, without enuy we receiue you.

HED. And embrace you.

2685 ANA. And commend vs to you, sir.

PHI. Beleeue it, he is a man of excellent silence.

PHA. He keepes all his wit for action.

ANA. This hath discountenanc'd our *scholaris*, most richly.

HED. Out of all *emphasis*. The *Monsieur* sees, we regard him not.

2690 AMO. Hold on: make it knowne how bitter a thing it is, not to bee
look't on in court.

HED. S'lud, will he call him to him yet? doe's not *Monsieur* perceiue
our disgrace?

ANA. Hart! he is a foole, I see. Wee haue done our selues wrong to
2695 grace him. X HED.

HED. S'light, what an asse was I, to embrace him?

CRI. Illustrious, and fearefull iudges——

HED. Turne away, turne away.

CRI. It is the sute of the strange opponent (to whom you ought not
2700 to turne your tailes, and whose noses I must follow) that he may haue the
iustice, before hee encounter his respected aduersarie, to see some light
stroke of his play, commene'd with some other.

HED. Answer not him, but the stranger, we will not beleue him.

AMO. I will demand him my selfe.

2705 CRI. O dreadfull disgrace, if a man were so foolish to feele it!

AMO. Is it your sute, *Monsieur*, to see some *pralude* of my scholer?
Now, sure the *Monsieur* wants language.

HED. And take vpon him to be one of the accomplit? S'light, that's
a good iest: would we could take him with that *nullitie*. *Non sapette voi*
2710 *parlar' Itagliano*?

ANA. S'foot, the carpe ha's no tongue.

CRI. *Signior*, in courtship, you are to bid your abettors forbear, and
satisfie the *Monsieurs* request.

AMO. Well, I will strike him more silent, with admiration, and terri-
2715 fie his daring hither. Hee shall behold my owne play, with my scholer.
Ladie, with the touch of your white hand, let me re-estate you. *Prouost*,
A charge. begin to me, at the *bare Accost*. Now, for the honor of my discipline.

HED. *Signior AMORPHVS*, reflect, reflect: what meanes hee by that
mouthed waue?

2720 CRI. He is in some distaste of your fellow disciple.

MER. *Signior*, your scholer might haue plaid well still, if hee could
haue kept his seate longer: I haue enough of him, now. He is a mere peece
of glasse, I see through him, by this time.

AMO. You come not to giue vs the scorne, *Monsieur*?

2725 MER. Nor to be frighted with a face. *Signior*! I haue seene the lyons.
You must pardon me. I shall bee loth to hazzard a reputation with one,
that ha's not a reputation to lose.

AMO. How!

CRI. Meaning your *pupil*, sir.

2730 ANA. This is that blacke deuill there.

AMO. You doe offer a strange affront, *Monsieur*.

CRI. Sir, he shall yeeld you all the honor of a competent aduersarie,
if you please to vnder-take him——

MER. I am prest for the encounter.

2735 AMO. Me? challenge me?

ASO. What! my Master, sir? S'light, *Monsieur*, meddle with me, doe
you heare? but doe not meddle with my Master.

MER. Peace, good squib, goe out.

CRI. And stinke, he bids you.

2740 ASO. Master?

AMO.

AMO. Silence, I doe accept him. Sit you downe, and obserue. Me? He neuer profest a thing at more charges. Prepare your selfe, sir. Challenge me? I will prosecute what disgrace my hatred can dictate to me.

CRI. How tender a trauailers spleene is? comparison, to men, that
2745 deserue least, is euer most offensiue.

AMO. You are instructed in our *chartell*, and know our weapons?

MER. I appeare not without their notice, sir.

ASO. But must I lose the *prizes*, *Master*?

AMO. I will win them for you, bee patient. Lady, vouchsafe the te-
2750 nure of this ensigne. Who shall be your stickler?

MER. Behold him.

AMO. I would not wish you a weaker. Sound musiques. I prouoke you, at the *bare Accost*.

PHA. Excellent comely!

A charge.

2755 CRI. And worthily studied. This is th' *exalted Fore-top*.

HED. O, his legge was too much produc'd.

ANA. And his hat was carried skiruilly.

PHI. Peace; Let's see the *Monsieur's Accost*: Rare!

PHA. Sprightly, and short.

2760 ANA. True, it is the *french curteau*: He lacks but to haue his nose slit.

HED. He do's hop. He do's bound too much.

A flourish.

AMO. The second bout, to conclude this weapon.

A charge.

PHA. Good, beleuee it!

PHI. An excellent offer!

2765 CRI. This is call'd the *solemnne band-string*.

HED. Foe, that cringe was not put home.

ANA. S'foot, he makes a face like a stab'd LVCRECE.

ASO. Well, he would needes take it vpon him, but would I had done it for all this. He makes me sit still here, like a *babioun* as I am.

2770 CRI. Making villanous faces.

PHI. See, the *French* prepares it richly.

CRI. I, this is y'cleped the *serious trifle*.

ANA. S'lud, 'tis the *horse-start out o' the browne studie*.

CRI. Rather the *bird-ey'd stroke*, sir. Your obseruance is too blunt, sir. *A flourish.*

2775 AMO. Iudges, award the *prize*. Take breath, sir. This bout hath beene laborious.

ASO. And yet your *Criticke*, or your *Besso'gno*, will thinke these things fopperie, and easie, now.

CRI. Or rather meere *lunacy*. For, would any reasonable creature
2780 make these his serious studies, and perfections? Much lesse, onely liue to these ends? to be the false pleasure of a few, the true loue of none, and the iust laughter of all?

HED. We must preferre the *Monsieur*, we courtiers must be partiall.

ANA. Speake, *Guardian*. Name the *prize*, at the *bare Accost*.

2785 MOR. A paire of wall-eyes, in a face forced.

ANA. Giue the *Monsieur*. AMORPHVS hath lost his eies.

AMO. I ! is the palate of your judgement downe ? Gentles, I doe appeale.

ASO. Yes master, to me. The judges be fooles.

2790 ANA. How now, sir ? Tie vp your tongue, Mungrill. He cannot appeale.

ASO. Say you, sir ?

ANA. Sit you still, sir.

ASO. Why, so I doe. Doe not I, I pray you ?

2795 MER. *Remercie, Madame*, and these honourable Censors.

AMO. Well, to the second weapon, The *better Reguard* : I will encounter you better. Attempt.

HED. Sweet *Honour*.

PHI. What sayes my good *Ambition* ?

2800 HED. Which take you at this next weapon ? I lay a *discretion*, with you, on AMORPHVS head.

PHI. Why, I take the *french*-behau'd gentleman.

HED. 'Tis done, a *discretion*.

CRI. A *discretion* ? A prettie court-wager ! would any discreet person hazard his wit, so ?

PHA. I'le lay a *discretion*, with you, ANAIDES.

ANA. Hang 'hem. I'le not venter a doibt of *discretion*, on eyther of their heads. —

CRI. No, he should venter all then.

2810 ANA. I like none of their playes.

A charge. HED. See, see, this is strange play !

ANA. 'Tis too full of vncertaine motion. He hobbles too much.

CRI. 'Tis call'd your *court-staggers*, sir.

HED. That same fellow talkes so, now he has a place.

2815 ANA. Hang him, neglect him.

MER. *Your good ladships affectioned*.

WIF. Gods so ! they speake at this weapon, brother !

ASO. They must doe so, sister, how should it bee the *better Reguard*, else ?

2820 PHA. Me thinkes, hee did not this respectiue inough.

PHI. Why, the *Monsieur* but dallies with him.

HED. Dallies ? Slight see, hee'l put him too't, in earnest. Well done,

AMORPHVS.

ANA. That puffe was good indeed.

2825 CRI. Gods mee ! This is desperate play. Hee hits himselfe o'the shinnes.

HED. And he make this good through, he carries it, I warrant him.

CRI. Indeed he displayes his feet, rarely.

HED. See, see; Hee do's the *respectiue Leere* damnably well.

2830 AMO. *The true idolater of your beauties, shall neuer passe their deities vndored: I rest your poore knight.*

HED.

HED. See, now *the oblique leere, or the Ianus*: He satisfies all, with that aspect, most nobly.

CRI. And most terribly he comes off: like your *Rodomantada*. *A flourish.*

2835 PHA. How like you this play, ANAIDES?

ANA. Good play; but 't is too rough, and boisterous.

AMO. I will second it with a stroke easier, wherein I will prooue his language.

ANA. This is filthie, and graue, now. *A charge.*

2840 HED. O, 't is coole, and warie play. Wee must not disgrace our owne camerade, too much.

AMO. *Signora, ho tanto obbligo per ye fauore rescuito da lei; che veramente dessidero con tutto il core, à remunerarla in parte: & sicuratiue signora mea cara, chè iosera sempre pronto à seruirla, & honorarla. Bascio le mane de vo' signoria.*

2845 CRI. The *venetian Dop* this.

PHA. Most vnexpectedly excellent! The *French* goes downe certaine.

ASO. *As buckets are put downe into a well;
Or as a schoole-boy.*——

2850 CRI. Trusse vp your *simile*, *Iacke-daw*, and obserue.

HED. Now the *Monsieur* is moou'd.

ANA. Boe-peepe.

HED. O, most antique.

CRI. The *french Quirke*, this sir.

2855 ANA. Heart, he will ouer-runne her!

MER. *Madamoyselle, Je voudroy que pouuoy monstren mon affection, mais ie suis tant mal heureuse, ci froid, ci layd, ci——Je ne scay qui di dire——excuse moy, Je suis tout vostre.*

A flourish.

PHI. O braue, and spirited! Hee's a right *Iouialist*.

2860 PHI. No, no: AMORPHVS grauitie outwaies it.

CRI. And yet your ladie, or your feather would outweigh both.

ANA. What's the *prize*, ladie, at this *better Reguard*?

MOR. *A Face fauourably simpring, and a fanne wauing.*

ANA. They haue done doubtfully. Diuide. Giue the *faouorable*
2865 *Face* to the *Signior*, and the *light waue* to the *Monsieur*.

AMO. You become the *simper*, well, ladie.

MER. And the *wag*, better.

AMO. Now, to our *solemne Adresse*. Please the well-grac'd PHILAVTIA to relieue the ladie *sentinell*; shee hath stood long.

2870 PHI. With all my heart, come, *Guardian*. Resigne your place.

AMO. *Monsieur*, furnish your selfe with what solemnitie of ornament you thinke fit for this third weapon; at which you are to shew all the cunning of stroke, your deuotion can possibly deuise.

MER. Let me alone, sir. Ile sufficiently decipher your amorous so-
2875 lemnities. CRITES, haue patience. See, if I hit not all their practicke obseruance, with which they lime twigs, to catch their phantasticke ladie-birds.

- CRI. I, but you should doe more charitably, to doe it more openly;
that they might discover themselves mockt in these monstrous affections.
- A charge. MER. *Lacquay*, where's the taylor?
- 2881 TAY. Heere, sir.
- HED. See, they haue their Taylor, Barber, Perfumer, Millaner, Jew-
eller, Feather-maker, all in common!
- ANA. I, this is prettie.
- They make them AMO. Here is a haire too much, take it off. Where are thy *mullets*?
shlues readie on MER. Is this pinke of equall proportion to this cut, standing of this
the stage. distance from it?
- TAY. That it is, sir.
- MER. Is it so, sir, you impudent *Poultroun*? you slaue, you list, you
2890 shreds, you. ———
- HED. Excellent. This was the best, yet.
- ANA. S'foot, we must vse our taylors thus. This is your true magna-
nimitie.
- MER. Come, goe to: put on. Wee must beare with you, for the times
2895 sake.
- AMO. Is the perfume rich, in this jerkin?
- PER. Taste, smell; I assure you sir, pure *beniamin*, the onely spirited
sent, that euer awak'd a *neapolitane* nostrill. You would wish your selfe all
nose, for the loue ont. I frotted a jerkin, for a new-reuenu'd gentleman,
2900 yeelded me threescore crownes, but this morning, and the same titillation.
- AMO. I sauour no *sampsuchine*, in it.
- PER. I am a *nulli-fidian*, if there be not three thirds of a scruple more
of *sampsuchinum*, in this confection, then euer I put in any. Ile tell you all
the ingredients, sir.
- 2905 AMO. You shall be simple, to discover your *simples*.
- PER. Simple? why sir? what recke I to whom I discover? I haue in
it, *muske*, *ciuet*, *amber*, *phænicobalanus*, the decoction of *turmericke*, *sesama*,
nard, *spikenard*, *calamus odoratus*, *stacte*, *opobalsamum*, *amomum*, *storax*, *lada-*
num, *aspalathum*, *opponax*, *oenanthe*. And what of all these now? what are
2910 you the better? Tut, it is the sorting, and the diuiding, and the mixing, and
the tempring, and the searcing, and the decocting, that makes the fumiga-
tion, and the suffumigation.
- AMO. Well, indue me with it.
- PER. I will, sir.
- 2915 HED. An excellent confection.
- CRI. And most worthie a true voluptarie. I OVE! what a coyle these
mukse-wormes take, to purchase anothers delight? for, themselves, who
beare the odours, haue euer the least sence of them. Yet, I doe like better
the prodigalitie of jewels, and clothes, whereof one passeth to a mans
2920 heires; the other, at least weares out time: This presently expires, and
without continuall riot in reparation is lost: which who so striues to keep,
it is one speciall argument to me, that (affecting to smell better then other
men) he doth indeed smell farre worse. MER.

MER. I know, you will say it sits well, sir.

2925 TAY. Good faith, if it doe not, sir, let your Mistris be judge.

MER. By heauen, if my Mistris doe not like it, I'll make no more conscience to vndoe thee, then to vndoe an oyster.

TAY. Belceue it, sir, there's ne're a Mistris i' the world can mislike it.

MER. No, not goodwife Taylor, your Mistris; that has onely the
2930 iudgment to heat your pressing toole. But for a *court*-Mistris, that studies these *decorums*, and knowes the proportion of euerie cut, to a haire, knowes why such a colour, is cut vpon such a colour, and, when a satten is cut vpon six taffataes, wil looke that we should diue into the depth of the cut. —
Giue me my scarffe. Shew some ribbands, sirra. Ha you the feather?

2935 FET. I, sir.

MER. Ha'you the jewell?

IEW. Yes, sir.

MER. What must I giue for the hire on't?

IEW. You'll giue me six crownes, sir?

2940 MER. Sixe crownes? By heauen 'twere a good deed to borrow it of thee, to shew: and neuer let thee haue it againe.

IEW. I hope your worship will not doe so, sir.

MER. By LOVE, sir, there bee such trickes stirring, I can tell you, and worthily too. Extorting knaues! that liue by these *Court-decorums*, and yet,

2945 ——— What's your jewell worth, I pray?

IEW. A hundred crownes, sir.

MER. A hundred crownes? And sixe, for the loane on't an houre? What's that i' the hundred for the yeere? These impostors would not bee hang'd? your thiefe is not comparable to 'hem, by HERCVLES, well,
2950 put it in, and the feather. You will ha't, and you shall; and the poxe giue you good on't.

AMO. Giue mee my confects, my *moscardini*, and place those colours in my hat.

MER. These are *bolognian* ribbands, I warrant you?

2955 MIL. In truth, sir: if they be not right *granado* silke ———

MER. A poxe on you, you'll all say so.

MIL. You giue me not a pennie, sir.

MER. Come sir, perfume my *deuant*; May it ascend, like solemne sacrifice, into the nostrils of the *Queene of Loue*.

2960 HED. Your *french ceremonies* are the best.

ANA. *Monsieur, Signior*, your *solemne Adresse* is too long. The ladies long to haue you come on.

AMO. Soft, sir, our comming on is not so easily prepar'd. Signior *Fig*.

PER. I, sir.

2965 AMO. Can you helpe my complexion, heere?

PER. O yes, sir, I haue an excellent *mineral Fucus*, for the purpose. The gloues are right, sir, you shall burie 'hem in a mucke-hill, a draught, seuen yeeres, and take 'hem out, and wash 'hem, they shall still retaine
their

their first sent, true *spanish*. There's *ambre* i'the *vmbre*.

2970 MER. Your price, sweet *Fig*.

PER. Giue me what you will, sir: The *Signior* payes me two crownes a paire, you shall giue me your loue, sir.

MER. My loue ? with a pox to you, goodman *sasafras*.

PER. I come, sir. There's an excellent *diaprasme* in a chaine too, if you
2975 like it.

AMO. Stay, what are the ingredients to your *fucus*?

PER. Nought, but *sublimate*, and *crude mercurie* , sir, well prepar'd, and dulcified, with the jaw-bones of a sow, burnt, beaten, and searced.

AMO. I approue it. Lay it on.

2980 MAR. Ile haue your chaine of pomander , sirrah; what's your price?

PER. Wee'le agree, *Monsieur* ; Ile assure you , it was both decocted, and dried, where no sun came, and kept in an *onyx* euer since it was ball'd.

MER. Come, inuert my *mustachio*, and we haue done.

AMO. 'Tis good.

2985 BAR. Hold still I pray you, sir.

PER. Nay, the *fucus* is exorbitant, sir.

MER. Death ! doost thou burne me, Harlot ?

BAR. I beseech you, sir.

A flourish. MER. Begger, Varlet, *Poultroun* ?

2990 HED. Excellent, excellent !

ANA. Your *french* Beate is the most naturall beate of the world.

ASO. O, that I had plaid at this weapon !

PHA. Peace, now they come on ; the second part.

A charge.

AMO. Madame, your beauties, being so attractiue, I muse you are left
2995 thus, alone.

PHI. Better be alone, sir; then ill-accompanied.

AMO. Nought can be ill, ladie, that can come neere your goodnesse.

MER. Sweet Madame, on what part of you soeuer a man casts his eye, he meets with perfection ; you are the liuely image of VENVS, through-
3000 out ; all the GRACES smile in your cheeks; your beautie nourishes, as well as delights ; you haue a tongue steep't in honie ; and a breath like a panther : your brests and forehead are whiter then goates milke, or *May-blossoms* ; a cloud is not so soft as your skinne. —————

HED. Well strooke, *Monsieur* : Hee charges like a *Frenchman* indeed,
3005 thicke, and hotly.

MER. Your cheekes are CVPIDS baths, wherein hee vses to steepe himselfe in milke, and nectar : Hee do's light all his torches at your eyes, and instructs you how to shoot, and wound, with their beames. Yet I loue nothing, in you, more then your innocence ; you retaine so natiue a sim-
3010 plicitie, so vnblam'd a behaiour. Mee thinks, with such a loue, I should find no head, nor foot of my pleasure : You are the veric spirit of a ladie.

ANA. Faire play, *Monsieur* ? you are too hot on the quarrie. Giue your competitor audience.

AMO.

AMO. Lady, how stirring soeuer the *Monsieurs* tongue is, hee will lie
3015 by your side, more dull then your *eunuch*.

ANA. A good stroke; That mouth was excellently put ouer.

AMO. You are faire, lady——

CRI. You offer foule, *Signior*, to close. Keepe your distance; for all
your *Brauo rampant*, here.

3020 AMO. I say you are faire, lady, let your choice be fit, as you are faire.

MER. I say, ladies doe neuer belecue they are faire, till some foole begins to dote vpon 'hem.

PHI. You play too rough, gentlemen.

AMO. Your *frenchified* foole is your onely foole, lady: I doe yeeld to
3025 this honorable *Monsieur*, in all ciuill, and humane courtesie.

MER. Buzze.

A flourish.

ANA. Admirable. Giue him the *prize*. Giue him the *prize*; That
mouth, againe, was most courtly hit, and rare.

AMO. I knew, I should passe vpon him with the *bitter Bob*.

3030 HED. O, but the *Reuerse* was singular.

PHA. It was most subtile, AMORPHVS.

ASO. If I had don't, it should haue beene better.

MER. How heartily they applaud this, CRITES!

CRI. You suffer 'hem too long.

3035 MER. I'll take off their edge instantly.

ANA. Name the *prize*, at the *solemne Adresse*.

PHI. Two *lips wagging*.

CRI. And neuer a wise word; I take it.

ANA. Giue to AMORPHVS. And, vpon him, againe; let him not
3040 draw free breath.

AMO. Thankes, faire deliuerer, and my honorable iudges, Madame
PHANTASTE, you are our worthy obieet at this next weapon.

PHA. Most couetingly ready, AMORPHVS.

HED. Your *Monsieur* is crest-falne.

3045 ANA. So are most of 'hem once a yeere.

AMO. You will see, I shall now giue him the gentle *dor*, presently, hee
forgetting to shift the colours, which are now chang'd, with alteration of
the Mistris. At your last weapon, sir. The *perfect Close*. Set forward, intend
your approach. *Monsieur*.

A charge.

3050 MER. 'Tis yours, *Signior*.

AMO. With your example, sir.

MER. Not I, sir.

AMO. It is your right.

MER. By no possible meanes.

3055 AMO. You haue the way.

MER. As I am noble——

AMO. As I am vertuous——

MER. Pardon me, sir.

AMO.

AMO. I will die first.

3060 MER. You are a tyranne in courtesie.

AMO. He is remou'd——Iudges beare witnesse.

*Amorphus staies
the other, on his
mouing.*

MER. What of that, sir?

AMO. You are remou'd, sir.

MER. Well.

3065 AMO. I challenge you; you haue receiued the *dor*. Giue me the *prize*.

MER. Soft, sir. How, the *dor*?

AMO. The common Mistris, you see, is changed.

MER. Right, sir.

AMO. And you haue still in your hat the former colours.

3070 MER. You lie, sir, I haue none : I haue pull'd 'hem out. I meant to play discolour'd.

CRI. The *dor*, the *dor*, the *dor*, the *dor*, the *dor* ! the palpable *dor*.

A flourish.

ANA. Heart of my bloud, AMORPHVS, what ha' you done ? Stuck a disgrace vpon vs all, and at your last weapon?

3075 ASO. I could haue done no more.

HED. By heauen, it was most vnfortunate lucke.

ANA. Lucke ! by that candle, it was meere rashnesse, and ouer-sight, would any man haue venterd to play so open, and forsake his ward ? Dam' me if he ha' not eternally vndone himselfe, in court ; and discountenanc'd

3080 vs, that were his maine countenance, by it.

AMO. Forgiue it, now. It was the *solacisme* of my starres.

CRI. The *Wring by the hand*, and the *Banquet* is ours.

MER. O, here's a *lady*, *feeles* like a wench of the first yeare; you would thinke her hand did melt in your touch ; and the bones of her fingers ran
3085 out at length, when you prest 'hem, they are so gently delicate ! Hee that had the grace to print a kisse on these lips, should taste wine, & rose-leaues. O, shee kisses as close as a cockle. Let's take 'hem downe, as deepe as our hearts, wench, till our very soules mixe. Adieu, *Signior*. Good faith, I shall drinke to you at supper, sir.

3090 ANA. Stay, *Monsieur*. Who awards you the *prize* ?

CRI. Why, his proper merit, sir : you see hee has plaid downe your grand garbe-Master, here.

ANA. That's not in your *logicke* to determine, sir : you are no cour-
tier. This is none of your seuen, or nine beggerly *sciences*, but a cer-
3095 taine mysterie aboute 'hem, wherein wee that haue skill must pronounce, and not such fresh-men as you are.

CRI. Indeed, I must declare my selfe to you no profest courtling ; nor to haue any excellent stroke, at your subtile weapons : yet if you please, I dare venter a hit with you, or your fellow, sir DAGONET, here.

3100 ANA. With me ?

CRI. Yes, sir.

ANA. Heart, I shall neuer haue such a fortune to saue my selfe in a fellow againe, and your two reputations, gentlemen, as in this. I'll vnder-
take him.

HED.

3105 HED. Doe, and swinge him soundly, good ANAIDES.

ANA. Let mee alone, I'le play other manner of play, then has beene seene, yet. I would the *prize* lay on't.

MER. It shall if you will, I forgiue my right.

ANA. Are you so confident? what's your weapon?

3110 CRI. At any, I, sir.

MER. The *perfect Close*, That's now the best.

ANA. Content, I'le pay your scholaritie. Who offers?

CRI. Mary, that will I. I dare giue you that aduantage, too.

ANA. You dare? Well, looke to your *liberall* skonce.

3115 AMO. Make your play still, vpon the answere, sir.

ANA. Hold your peace, you are a hobby-horse.

ASO. Sit by me, Master.

MER. Now CRITES, strike home.

CRI. You shall see me vndoe the assur'd swaggerer with a tricke, instantly: I will play all his owne play before him; court the wench, in his garbe, in his phrase, with his face; leaue him not so much as a looke, an eye, a stalke, or an imperfect oth, to expresse himselfe by, after me.

MER. Excellent, CRITES.

ANA. When begin you, sir? Haue you consulted?

A charge.

3125 CRI. To your cost, sir; which is the *Peece*, stands forth to bee courted? O, are you shee? Well, Madame, or sweet lady, it is so, I doe loue you in some sort, doe you conceiue? and though I am no *Monsieur*, nor no *Signior*, and do want (as they say) *logicke* and *sophistrie*, and good words, to tell you why it is so; yet by this hand, and by that candle, it is so; And 3130 though I bee no booke-worme, nor one that deales by arte, to giue you *rhetorike*, and causes, why it should be so, or make it good it is so, yet dam' me, but I know it is so, and am assur'd it is so, and I and my sword shall make it appeare it is so; and giue you reason sufficient, how it can be no otherwise, but so——

3135 HED. S'light, ANAIDES, you are mockt; and so we are all.

MER. How now, Signior! What, suffer your selfe to bee cossen'd of your courtship, before your face?

HED. This is plaine confederacy, to disgrace vs: Let's bee gone, and plot some reuenge.

3140 AMO. *When men disgraces share,
The lesser is the care.*

CRI. Nay stay, my deare *Ambition*, I can doe you ouer too. You that tell your Mistris, Her beautie is all composde of theft; Her haire stole from APOLLO'S goldy-locks; Her white and red, lillies, and roses stolne 3145 out of paradise; Her eyes, two starres, pluckt from the skie; Her nose, the *gnomon* of *Loues* diall, that tells you how the clocke of your heart goes: And for her other parts, as you cannot reckon 'hem, they are so many; so you cannot recount them, they are so manifest. Yours, if his owne, vnfortunate HOYDEN, in stead of HEDON.

A flourish.

ASO.

3150 A S O. Sister, come away, I cannot endure 'hem longer.

M E R. Goe, *Dors*, and you, my Madame *Courting-stocks*,
Follow your scorned, and derided mates ;
Tell to your guiltie breasts, what meere guilt blocks
You are, and how vnworthy humane states.

3155 C R I. Now, sacred god of wit, if you can make
Those, whom our sports taxe in these apish graces,
Kisse (like the fighting snakes) your peacefull rod ;
These times shall canonize you for a god.

M E R. Why, C R I T E S, thinke you any noble spirit,
3160 Or any, worth the title of a man,
Will be incerst, to see th' inchaunted vailes
Of selfe-conceit, and seruile flatterie
(Wrapt in so many folds, by time, and custome)
Drawne from his wronged, and bewitched eyes ?

3165 Who sees not now their shape, and nakednesse,
Is blinder then the sonne of earth, the mole :
Crown'd with no more humanitie, nor soule.

C R I. Though they may see it, yet the huge estate
Phansie, and forme, and sensuall pride haue gotten,
3170 Will make them blush for anger, not for shame ;
And turne shewne nakednesse, to impudence.
Humour is now the test, we trie things in ;
All power is iust : Nought that delights is sinne.
And, yet the zeale of euery knowing man,

3175 (Opprest with hills of tyrannie, cast on vertue
By the light phant'sies of fooles, thus transported)
Cannot but vent the *Ætna* of his fires,
T'enflame best bosomes, with much worthier loue
Then of these outward, and effeminate shades :

3180 That, these vaine ioyes, in which their wills consume
Such powers of wit, and soule, as are of force
To raise their beings to æternitie,
May be conuerted on workes, fitting men.
And, for the practice of a forced looke,

3185 An antique gesture, or a fustian phrase,
Studie the natiue frame of a true heart,
An inward comelinesse of bountie, knowledge,
And spirit, that may conforme them, actually,
To *Gods* high figures, which they haue in power :

3190 Which to neglect for a selfe-louing neatnesse,
Is sacrilege, of an vnpardon'd greatnesse.

M E R. Then let the truth of these things strengthen thee,
In thy exempt, and only man-like course :
Like it the more, the lesse it is respected ;

Though

3195 Though men faile, vertue is by gods protected.
See, here comes ARETE, I'll withdraw my selfe.

Act v. Scene v.

ARETE, CRITES.

3200 CRITES, you must provide strait for a masque,
'Tis CYNTHIAS pleasure. CRI. How, bright ARETE !
Why, 'twere a labour more for HERCVLES.

Better, and sooner durst I vnder-take
To make the different seasons of the yeere,
The windes, or elements to sympathize,

3205 Then their vnmeasurable vanitie
Dance truly in a measure. They agree ?
What though all concord's borne of contraries ?
So many follies will confusion proue,
And like a sort of jarring instruments,

3210 All out of tune : because (indeede) we see
There is not that analogie, twixt discords,
As betweene things but meerely opposite.

ARE. There is your error. For as HERMES wand
Charmes the disorders of tumultuous ghosts,

3215 And as the strife of *Chaos* then did cease,
When better light then *Natures* did arrive :
So, what could neuer in it selfe agree,
Forgetteth the *eccentrique* propertie,
And at her sight, turnes forth-with regular,

3220 Whose scepter guides the flowing *Ocean*.
And though it did not, yet the most of them
(Being either courtiers, or not wholly rude)
Respect of maiestie, the place, and presence,
Will keepe them within ring ; especially

3225 When they are not presented as themselues
But masqu'd like others. For (in troth) not so
T'incorporate them, could be nothing else,
Then like a state vngouern'd without lawes ;
Or body made of nothing but diseases :

3230 The one, through impotency poore, and wretched,
The other, for the *anarchie* absurd.

CRI. But, ladie, for the reuellers themselues,
It would be better (in my poore conceit)
That others were imploud : for such as are

3235 Vnfit to be in CYNTHIAES court, can seeme
No lesse vnfit to be in CYNTHIAES sports.

Y

ARE.

ARE. That, CRITES, is not purposed without
 Particular knowledge of the Goddesses mind,
 (Who holding true intelligence, what follies
 3240 Had crept into her palace) shee resolu'd,
 Of sports, and triumphs, vnder that pretext,
 To haue them muster in their pompe, and fulnesse :
 That so shee might more strictly, and to roote,
 Effect the reformation shee intends.

3245 CRI. I now conceiue her heauenly drift in all,
 And will apply my spirits, to serue her will.
 O thou, the very power, by which I am,
 And but for which, it were in vaine to be,
 Chiefe next DIANA, virgin, heauenly faire,
 3250 Admired ARETE (of them admir'd,
 Whose soules are not enkindled by the sense)
 Disdaine not my chaste fire, but feede the flame
 Deuoted truely to thy gracious name.

ARE. Leaue to suspect vs : CRITES well shall find,
 3255 As we are now most deare, wee'le proue most kind.
 Harke, I am call'd. CRI. I follow instantly.

PHŒBVΣ APOLLO : if with ancient rites,
 And due deuotions, I haue euer hung
 Elaborate *pæans*, on thy golden shrine,
 3260 Or sung thy triumphs in a loftie straine,
 Fit for a theater of gods to heare ;
 And thou, the other sonne of mighty LOVE,
 Cyllenian MERCVRV (sweet MAIAS ioy)
 If in the busie tumults of the mind,
 3265 My path thou euer hast illumined,
 For which, thine altars I haue oft perfum'd,
 And deckt thy statues with discoloured flowres :
 Now thriue inuention in this glorious court,
 That not of bountie only, but of right,
 3270 CYNTHIA may grace, and giue it life by sight.

Act V. Scene VI.

HESPERVS, CYNTHIA, ARETE, TYMÈ,
 PHRONESIS, THAVMA.

The Hymne.

3275 **Q**Veene, and Huntresse, chaste, and faire,
 Now the Sunne is laid to sleepe,

Seated,

- Seated, in thy siluer chaire,
 State in wonted manner keepe :
 HESPERVS intreats thy light,
 3280 Goddesse, excellently bright.
 Earth, let not thy enuious shade
 Dare it selfe to interpose ;
 CYNTHIAS shining orbe was made
 Heauen to cleere, when day did close :
 3285 Blesse vs then with wished sight,
 Goddesse, excellently bright.
 Lay thy bow of pearle apart,
 And thy cristall-shining quiner ;
 Giue vnto the flying hart
 3290 Space to breathe, how short soeuer :
 Thou that mak'st a day of night,
 Goddesse, excellently bright.

- CYN. When hath DIANA, like an enuious wretch,
 That glitters onely to his soothed selfe,
 3295 Denying to the world, the precious vse
 Of hoorded wealth, with-held her friendly aide ?
 Monthly, we spend our still-repaired shine,
 And not forbid our virgin-waxen torch
 To burne, and blaze, while nutriment doth last :
 3300 That once consum'd, out of IOVES treasure
 A new we take, and sticke it in our speare,
 To giue the mutinous kind of wanting men,
 Their look't--for light. Yet, what is their desert ?
 " Bountie is wrong'd, interpreted as due ;
 3305 " Mortalls can challenge not a ray, by right,
 " Yet doe expect the whole of CYNTHIAS light.
 But if that *Deities* with-drew their gifts,
 For humane follies, what could men deserue
 But death, and darknesse ? It behooues the high,
 3310 For their owne sakes, to doe things worthily.
 ARE. Most true, most sacred *Goddesse* ; for the heauens
 Receiue no good of all the good they doe.
 Nor IOVE, nor you, nor other heauenly power,
 Are fed with fumes, which doe from incense rise,
 3315 Or sacrifices reeking in their gore,
 Yet, for the care which you of mortalls haue,
 (Whose proper good it is, that they be so)
 You well are pleas'd with odours redolent :
 But ignorant is all the race of men,
 3320 Which still complains, not knowing why, or when.

- CYN. Else, noble ARETE, they would not blame,
 And taxe, for or vnjust, or for as proud,
 Thy CYNTHIA, in the things which are indeed
 The greatest glories in our starrie crowne ;
 3325 Such is our chastitie : which safely scornes
 (Not *Loue* ; for who more feruently doth loue
 Immortall honour, and diuine renowne ?
 But) giddie CYPID, VENVS franticke sonne.
 Yet ARETE, if by this veiled light,
 3330 Wee but discover'd (what we not discern)
 Any the least of imputations stand
 Readie to sprinkle our vnspotted fame,
 With note of lightnesse, from these reuells neere :
 Not, for the empire of the vniuerse,
 3335 Should night, or court, this whatsoeuer shine,
 Or grace of ours vnhappily enjoy.
 " Place, and occasion are two priue theeues ;
 " And from poore innocent ladies often steale
 " (The best of things) an honourable name :
 3340 " To stay with follies, or where faults may be,
 " Infers a crime, although the partie free.
 ARE. How *Cynthian-ly* (that is, how worthily
 And like herselfe) the matchlesse CYNTHIA speakes !
 Infinite iealousies, infinite regards,
 3345 Doe watch about the true virginitie :
 But PHœBE liues from all, not onely fault,
 But as from thought, so from suspicion free.
 " Thy presence *broad-scales* our delights for pure,
 " What's done in CYNTHIAS sight, is done secure.
 3350 CYN. That then so answer'd (dearest ARETE)
 What th'argument or of what sort our sports
 Are like to be this night, I not demaund.
 Nothing which dutie, and desire to please
 Beares written in the forehead, comes amisse.
 3355 But vnto whose inuention, must we owe,
 The complement of this nights furniture ?
 ARE. Excellent Goddess, to a mans, whose worth,
 (Without hyperbole,) I thus may praise ;
 One (at least) studious of deseruing well,
 3360 And (to speake truth) indeed deseruing well :
 " Potentiall merit stands for actuall,
 " Where onely oportunitie doth want,
 " Not will, nor power : both which in him abound.
 One, whom the MVSES, and MINERVA loue.
 3365 For whom should they, then CRITES, more esteeme,

Whom

- Whom PHœBUS (though not *Fortune*) holdeth deare ?
 And (which conuinceth excellence in him,)
 A principall admirer of your selfe.
 Euen, through th' vngentle injuries of *fate*,
 3370 And difficulties, which doe vertue choake,
 Thus much of him appeares. What other things
 Of farther note, doe lye vnborne in him,
 Them I doe leaue for cherishment to shew,
 And for a Goddesse graciously to judge.
 3375 CYN. We haue alreadie judg'd him, ARETE :
 Nor are we ignorant, how noble minds
 Suffer too much through those indignities,
 Which times, and vicious persons cast on them :
 Our selfe haue euer vowed to esteeme,
 3380 (As vertue, for it selfe, so) fortune base ;
 Who's first in worth, the same be first in place.
 Nor farther notice (ARETE) we craue
 Then thine approuals soueraigne warrantie :
 Let' be thy care, to make vs knowne to him,
 3385 " CYNTHIA shall brighten, what the world made dimme.

Act V. Scene VII.

The first Masque.

CVPID, like ANTEROS.

To them.

- 3390 **C**Leare pearle of heauen, and, not to bee farther ambitious in titles,
 CYNTHIA. The fame of this illustrious night, among others, hath
 also drawne these foure faire virgins from the palace of their Queene
Perfection (a word, which makes no sufficient difference, twixt hers, and
 thine) to visit thy imperiall court : for she, their soueraigne, not finding
 where to dwell among men, before her returne to heauen, aduised them
 3395 wholly to consecrate themselues to thy celestiall seruice, as in whose cleere
 spirit (the proper element, and sphere of vertues) they should behold not
 her alone, (their euer honour'd mistris) but themselues (more truly them-
 selues) to liue inthroniz'd. Her selfe would haue commended them vnto
 thy fauour more particularly, but that shee knowes no commendation is
 3400 more auailable with them, then that of proper vertue. Neuerthelesse.
 she will'd them to present this christall *mound*, a note of monarchie, and
 symbole of perfection, to thy more worthie *deitie*; which, as heere by me
 they most humbly doe, so amongst the rarities thereof, that is the chiefe,
 to shew whatsoeuer the world hath excellent, howsoeuer remote and va-
 3405 rious. But your irradiate iudgement will soone discover the secrets of this
 little cristall world. Themselues (to appeare more plainly) because they
 know nothing more odious, then false pretexts, haue chosen to expresse
 their

their seuerall qualities , thus in seuerall colours.

The first, in citron colour, is natural affection, which giuen vs to procure
 3410 our good, is sometime called *Storge*, and as euery one is neerest to himselfe,
 so this hand-maid of reason, allowable selfe-loue , as it is without harme,
 so are none without it : Her place in the court of perfection was to quic-
 ken mindes in the pursuit of honour. Her deuice is a perpendicular leuell,
 vpon a Cube, or Square. The word , *SE SVO MODVLO*. Alluding to
 3415 that true measure of ones selfe, which as euerie one ought to make, so is it
 most conspicuous in thy diuine example.

The second, in greene, is *AGLAIA* , delectable and pleasant Conuersa-
 tion, whose propertie is to moue a kindly delight, and sometime not with-
 out laughter : Her office, to entertaine assemblies, and keepe societies to-
 3420 gether with faire familiaritie. Her deuice within a *Ring of clouds* , a *Heart*
with shine about it. The Word , *CVRARVM NVBILA PELLO*. An Al-
 legorie of *CYNTHIAES* light, which no lesse cleares the skie, then her faire
 mirth the heart.

The third, in the discolour'd mantle spangled all ouer, is *EVPHANTAS-*
 3425 *TE*, a well conceited wittinesse, and imployd in honouring the court with the
 riches of her pure inuention. Her deuice, vpon a *Petatus*, or *Mercuriall*
 hat, a *Crescent*. The Word, *SIC LAVS INGENII*. Inferring , that the
 praise and glorie of wit, doth euer increase , as doth thy growing moone.

The fourth in white, is *APHELEIA*, a *Nymph* as pure and simple as the
 3430 soule , or as an abrase table, and is therefore called *simplicitie* ; without
 folds, without pleights , without colour , without counterfeit : and (to
 speake plainly) *Plainnesse* it selfe. Her deuice is no deuice. The word vn-
 der her *Siluer Shield*, *OMNIS ABEST FVCVS*. Alluding to thy spotlesse
 selfe, who art as farre from impuritie, as from mortalitie.

3435 My selfe (celestiall Goddess) more fit for the court of *CYNTHIA*, then
 the arbors of *CY THEREE*, am call'd *ANTEROS*, or *Loues enemy*; the more
 welcome therefore to thy court, and the fitter to conduct this *Quaternion*,
 who as they are thy professed votaries, and for that cause aduersaries to
Loue, yet thee (perpetuall *Virgin*) they both loue, and vow to loue eter-
 3440 nally.

Act v. Scene VIII.

CYNTHIA, ARETE, CRITES.

Not without wonder, nor without delight,
 Mine eyes haue view'd (in contemplations depth)
 3445 This worke of wit, diuine, and excellent :
 What shape ? what substance ? or what vnknowne power
 In virgins habite, crown'd with lawrell leaues,
 And oliue branches wouen in betweene,
 On sea-girt rockes, like to a Goddess shine?
 3450 O front ! ô face ! ô all cælestiall sure,

And

And more then mortall ! ARETE, behold
 Another CYNTHIA, and another Queene,
 Whose glorie (like a lasting *plenilune*)
 Seemes ignorant of what it is to wane.

3455 Not vnder heauen an object could be found
 More fit to please. Let CRITES make approach.
 Bountie forbids to pall our thanks with stay,
 Or to deferre our fauour, after view :

“ The time of grace is, when the cause is new.

3460 ARE. Loe, here the man (celestiall DELIA)
 Who (like a circle bounded in it selfe)
 Contaynes as much, as man in fulnesse may.
 Loe, here the man, who not of vsuall earth,
 But of that nobler, and more precious mould,

3465 Which PHŒBVS selfe doth temper, is compos'd ;
 And, who (though all were wanting to reward)
 Yet, to himselfe he would not wanting be :
 Thy fauours gaine is his ambitions most,
 And labours best ; who (humble in his height)

3470 Stands fixed silent in thy glorious sight.

CYN. With no lesse pleasure, then we haue beheld
 This precious christall, worke of rarest wit,
 Our eye doth reade thee (now enstil'd) our CRITES ;
 Whom learning, vertue, and our fauour last,

3475 Exempteth from the gloomy multitude.

“ With common eye the supreme should not see.
 Henceforth be ours, the more thy selfe to be.

CRI. Heau'ns purest light, whose orbe may be eclips'd,
 But not thy praise ; (diuine CYNTHIA)

3480 How much too narrow for so high a grace,
 Thine (saue therein) the most vnworthy CRITES
 Doth find himselfe ! for euer shine thy fame ;
 Thine honours euer, as thy beauties doe ;
 In me they must, my darke worlds chiefest lights,

3485 By whose propitious beames my powers are rais'd
 To hope some part of those most loftie points,
 Which blessed ARETE hath pleas'd to name,
 As markes, to which my'ndeours steps should bend:
 Mine, as begun at thee, in thee must end.

3490

Act v. Scene IX.

The second Masque.

MERCVRIE, as a PAGE.

Sister of PHÆBVS, to whose bright orbe we owe, that we not com-
 3495 **S**plaine of his absence; These foure brethren (for they are brethren,
 and sonnes of EVTAXIA, a lady knowne, and highly belou'd of your
 resplendent *deitie*) not able to be absent, when CYNTHIA held a solem-
 nitie, officiously insinuate themselues into thy presence: For, as there are
 foure cardinall vertues, vpon which the whole frame of the *court* doth
 moue, so are these the foure cardinall properties, without which, the body
 3500 of *complement* moueth not. With these foure siluer iauelins (which they
 beare in their hands) they support in Princes courts the state of the pre-
 sence, as by office they are obliged; which, though here they may seeme
 superfluous, yet, for honors sake, they thus presume to visite thee, hauing
 also beene employd in the palace of *Queene Perfection*. And though to
 3505 them, that would make themselues gracious to a Goddess, sacrifices were
 fitter then presents, or *Impreses*, yet they both hope thy fauour, and (in
 place of either) vse seuerall *Symboles*, contayning the titles of thy impe-
 riall dignitie.

First, the hethermost, in the changeable blew, and greene robe, is the
 3510 commendably-fashioned gallant, EVCOSMOS; whose courtly habite is
 the grace of the presence, and delight of the surueying eye: whom ladies
 vnderstand by the names of *neate*, and *elegant*. His *Symbole* is, DIVAE
 VIRGINI, in which he would expresse thy *deities* principall glory, which
 hath euer beene *virginitie*.

3515 The second, in the rich acoutrement, and robe of purple, empaled with
 gold, is EVPATHES; who entertaynes his mind with an harmelesse, but
 not incurious varietie: All the objects of his senses are sumptuous, him-
 selfe a gallant, that, without excesse, can make vse of superfluitie: goe
 richly in imbroideries, iewells (and what not?) without vanitie, and
 3520 fare delicately without gluttonie: and therefore not (not without cause)
 is vniuersally thought to be of *fine humour*. His *Symbole* is, DIVAE OP-
 TIMAE. An attribute to expresse thy *goodnesse*, in which thou so resem-
 blest LOVE thy father.

The third, in the blush-colour'd sute, is, EVTOLMOS, as duely respec-
 3525 ting others, as neuer neglecting himselfe; commonly knowne by the title
 of *good audacitie*: to courts, and courtly assemblies, a guest most acceptable.
 His *Symbole* is, DIVAE VIRAGINI. To expresse thy *hardy courage*, in chase
 of sauge beasts, which harbour in woods, and wilderness.

The fourth, in watchet tinsell, is the kind, and truly benefique EVCO-
 3530 LOS. Who imparteth not without respect, but yet without difficultie;
 and hath the happinesse to make euery kindnesse seeme double, by the
 timely

timely, and freely bestowing thereof. He is the chiefe of them, who (by the vulgar) are said to be of *good nature*. His *Symbole* is, DIVAE MAXIMAE. An adiunct to signifie thy *greatnesse*, which in heauen, earth, and
 3535 hell is formidable.

Act v. Scene X.

CVPID, MERCVRIE.

*The Maskes
 ioyne, and
 dance.*

IS not that AMORPHVS, the trauailer?

3540 MER. As though it were not ! doe you not see how his legs are
 in trauaile with a measure?

CVP. HEDON, thy master is next.

MER. What, will CVPID turne *nomenclator*, and cry them?

CVP. No faith, but I haue a *comédie* toward, that would not be lost
 for a kingdome.

3545 MER. In good time, for CVPID will proue the *comédie*.

CVP. MERCVRV, I am studying how to match them.

MER. How to mis-match them were harder.

CVP. They are the *Nymphs* must doe it, I shall sport my selfe with
 their passions aboue measure.

3550 MER. Those *Nymphs* would be tam'd a little indeed, but I feare thou
 hast not arrowes for the purpose.

CVP. O, yes, here be of all sorts, flights, rouers, and butt-shafts. But
 I can wound with a brandish, and neuer draw bow for the matter.

3555 MER. I cannot but beleue it, my inuisible archer, and yet me thinks
 you are tedious.

CVP. It behoues me to be somewhat circumspect, MERCVRV; for if
 CYNTHIA heare the twang of my bow, shee'le goe neere to whip mee
 with the string: therefore, to preuent that, I thus discharge a brandish
 vpon——it makes no matter which of the couples. PHANTASTE,
 3560 and AMORPHVS, at you.

MER. Will the shaking of a shaft strike 'hem into such a feuer of
 affection?

CVP. As well as the wincke of an eye: but I pray thee, hinder me not
 with thy prattle.

3565 MER. IOVE forbid I hinder thee. Mary, all that I feare, is CYNTHI-
 AS presence; which, with the cold of her chastitie, casteth such an *antipe-
 ristasis* about the place, that no heate of thine will tarry with the patient.

CVP. It will tarry the rather, for the *antiperistasis* will keepe it in.

MER. I long to see the experiment.

3570 CVP. Why, their marrow boiles already, or they are all turn'd
eunuchs.

MER. Nay, and't bee so, I'le giue ouer speaking, and bee a specta-
 tor onely.

AMO. CYNTHIA (by my bright soule) is a right exquisite, and splen-
 didious

*They haue dan-
 ced the first
 straine.*

3575 didious lady; yet AMORPHVS, I thinke, bath seene more fashions, I am
sure more countries: but whether I haue, or not, what neede wee gaze on
CYNTHIA, that haue our selfe to admire?

PHA. O, excellent CYNTHIA! yet if PHANTASTE sate where shee
doo's, and had such a tire on her head (for attire can doe much) I say no
3580 more--but goddesses are goddesses, and PHANTASTE is as shee is! I
would the reuells were done once, I might goe to my schoole of glasse, a-
gaine, and learne to doe my selfe right after all this ruffling.

MER. How now, CVPID? here's a wonderfull change with your
brandish! doe you not heare, how they dote?

3585 CVP. What prodigie is this? no word of loue? no mention? no
motion?

MER. Not a word, my little *Ignis fatue*, not a word.

CVP. Are my darts inchaunted? Is their vigour gone? is their ver-
tue——

3590 MER. What? CVPID turn'd iealous of himselfe? ha, ha, ha.

CVP. Laughs MERCURY?

MER. Is CVPID angrie?

CVP. Hath he not cause, when his purpose is so deluded?

MOR. A rare *comadie*, it shall be intitled, CVPIDS.

3595 CVP. Doe not scorne vs, HERMES.

MER. Choller, and CVPID, are two fiery things; I scorne 'hem not.
But I see that come to passe, which I presag'd in the beginning.

CVP. You cannot tell: perhaps the physicke will not worke so soone
vpon some, as vpon others. It may be, the rest are not so resty.

3600 MER. *Ex vngue*, you know the old *adage*, as these, so are the remainder.

CVP. I'le trie: this is the same shaft, with which I wounded AR-
GVRION.

MER. I, but let mee saue you a labour, CVPID: there were certayne
bottles of water fetcht, and drunke off (since that time) by these gallants.

3605 CVP. LOVE, strike me into earth: The *Fountainne of selfe-Loue*!

MER. Nay, faint not, CVPID.

CVP. I remembred it not.

MER. Faith, it was ominous to take the name of ANTEROS vpon
you, you know not what charme or enchantment lies in the word: you
3610 saw, I durst not venter vpon any deuice, in our presentment, but was con-
tent to be no other then a simple page. Your arrowes properties (to keepe
decorum) CVPID, are suted (it should seeme) to the nature of him you
personate.

CVP. Indignitie not to be borne.

3615 MER. Nay rather, an attempt to haue beene forborne.

*The second
straine.*

CVP. How might I reuenge my selfe on this insulting MERCURY?
there's CRITES, his minion, he has not tasted of this water. It shall be so.
Is CRITES turn'd dotard on himselfe too?

MER. That followes not, because the venome of your shafts cannot
3620 pierce him, CVPID. CVP.

CVP. As though there were one *antidote* for these , and another for him ?

MER. As though there were not ! or as if one effect might not arise of diuers causes ? What say you to CYNTHIA , ARETE , PHRONESIS ,
3625 TIME , and others there ?

CVP. They are diuine.

MER. And CRITES aspires to be so.

CVP. But that shall not serue him.

MER. 'Tis like to doe it, at this time. But CVPID is growne too co-
3630 uetous, that will not spare one of a multitude.

CVP. One is more then a multitude.

MER. ARETES fauour makes any one shot-prooffe against thee, CV- *The third*
PID. I pray thee, light hony-bee, remember thou art not now in ADO- *straine.*
NIS garden, but in CYNTHIAS presence , where thornes lie in garrison
3635 about the roses. Soft, CYNTHIA speakes.

Act V. Scene XI.

CYNTHIA, ARETE, CRITES,
MASQVERS.

3640 **L**adies, and gallants of our court, to end,
And giue a timely period to our sports,
Let vs conclude them with declining night ;
Our empire is but of the darker halfe.
And if you iudge it any recompence
For your faire paines, t'haue earn'd DIANAS thanks,
3645 DIANA grants them : and bestowes their crowne
To gratifie your acceptable zeale.
For you are they, that not (as some haue done)
Doe censure vs, as too seuer, and sowre,
But as (more rightly) gracious to the good ;
3650 Although we not denie, vnto the proud,
Or the prophane, perhaps indeede austere :
For so ACTAEON, by presuming farre,
Did (to our griefe) incurre a fatall doome ;
And so, swolne NIOBE (comparing more
3655 Then he presum'd) was trophæed into stone.
But are we therefore judged too extreme ?
Seemes it no crime, to enter sacred bowers,
And hallowed places, with impure aspect,
Most lewdly to pollute? Seemes it no crime,
3660 To braue a *deitie*? Let mortals learne
To make religion of offending heauen;

And

- And not at all to censure powers diuine.
 To men, this argument should stand for firme,
 " A Goddess did it, therefore it was good :
- 3665 " We are not cruell, nor delight in blood.
 But what haue serious repetitions
 To doe with reuells, and the sports of court ?
 We not intend to sowre your late delights
 With harsh expostulation. Let 't suffice,
- 3670 That we take notice, and can take reuenge
 Of these calumnious, and lewd blasphemies.
 For we are no lesse CYNTHIA, then we were,
 Nor is our power (but as our selfe) the same :
 Though we haue now put on no tyre of shine,
- 3675 But mortall eyes vndaz'led may indure.
 " Yeeres are beneath the spheres : and time makes weake
 " Things vnder heauen, not powers which gouerne heauen.
 And though our selfe be, in our selfe, secure,
 Yet let not mortals challenge to themselues
- 3680 Immunitie from thence. Loe, this is all :
 " Honour hath store of spleene, but wanteth gall.
 Once more, we cast the slumber of our thanks
 On your ta'ne toile, which here let take an end.
 And that we not mis-take your seuerall worths,
- 3685 Nor you our fauour, from your selues remooue
 What makes you not your selues, those cloudes of masque :
They vnmasque. " Particular paines, particular thanks doe aske.
 How ! let me view you ! ha ? Are we contemn'd ?
 Is there so little awe of our disdaine,
- 3690 That any (vnder trust of their disguise)
 Should mixe themselues with others of the court ?
 And (without forehead) boldly presse so far,
 As farther none ? How apt is lenitie
 To be abusde ? seueritie to be loth'd ?
- 3695 And yet, how much more doth the seeming face
 Of neighbour-vertues, and their borrowed names,
 Adde of lewd boldnesse, to loose vanities ?
 Who would haue thought that PHILAVTIA durst
 Or haue vsurped noble STORGES name ?
- 3700 Or with that theft haue ventred, on our eyes ?
 Who would haue thought, that all of them should hope
 So much of our conuience, as to come
 To grace themselues, with titles not their owne ?
 In stead of med'cines, haue we maladies ?
- 3705 And such impostumes, as PHANTASTE is,
 Grow in our palace ? we must lance these sores,

Or

- Or all will putrifie. Nor are these all,
 For we suspect a farder fraud then this :
 Take off our vaile, that shadowes may depart,
 3710 And shapes appeare, beloued ARETE———So.
 Another face of things presents it selfe,
 Then did of late : What ! featherd CVPID mask'd ?
 And mask'd like ANTEROS? And, stay ! more strange !
 Deare MERCVRIE, our brother like a page,
 3715 To countenance the ambush of the boy ?
 Nor endeth our discouerie as yet :
 GELAIA, like a *Nymph*, that but ere-while
 (In male attire) did serue ANAIDES ?
 CVPID came hither to find sport and game ,
 3720 Who, heretofore hath beene too conuersant
 Among our traine ; but neuer felt reuenge :
 And MERCVRIE bare CVPID companie.
 CVPID, we must confesse this time of mirth
 (Proclaim'd by vs) gaue opportunitie,
 3725 To thy attempts, although no priuiledge ;
 Tempt vs no farther, we cannot indure
 Thy presence longer : vanish hence, away.
 You, MERCVRIE, we must intreate to stay,
 And heare what we determine of the rest ;
 3730 For in this plot, we well perceiue your hand.
 But (for we meane not a *censorian* taske,
 And yet to lance these vlcers growne so ripe)
 Deare ARETE, and CRITES, to you two
 We giue the charge ; impose what paines you please :
 3735 Th' incurable cut off, the rest reforme,
 Remembring euer what we first decreed,
 Since reuells were proclaim'd let now none bleed.
 ARE. How well DIANA can distinguish times ?
 And sort her censures ? keeping to her selfe
 3740 The doome of gods, leauing the rest to vs ?
 Come, cite them, CRITES, first, and then proceed.
 CRI. First, PHILAVTIA (for she was the first,)
 Then light GELAIA, in AGLAIAS name,
 Thirdly PHANTASTE, and MORIA next,
 3745 Maine follies all, and of the female crew:
 AMORPHVS, or EVCOSMOS conterfeit,
 Voluptuous HEDON tane for EVPATHES,
 Brazen ANAIDES, and ASOTVS last,
 With his two pages, MORVS and PROSAITES;
 3750 And thou, the trauellers euill, COS, approch,
 Impostors all, and male deformities———

- ARE. Nay, forward, for I delegate my power.
 And will that at thy mercie they doe stand,
 Whom they so oft so plainly scorn'd before.
- 3755 " 'Tis vertue which they want, and wanting it,
 " Honour no garment to their backes can fit.
 Then, CRITES, practise thy discretion.
- CRI. Adored CYNTHIA, and bright ARETE;
 Another might seeme fitter for this taske,
- 3760 Then CRITES farre, but that you iudge not so :
 For I (not to appeare vindicative,
 Or mindfull of contempts, which I contemn'd
 As done of impotence) must be remisse,
 Who, as I was the authour, in some sort,
- 3765 To worke their knowledge into CYNTHIAS sight,
 So should be much seuerer to reuenge
 Th'indignitie, hence issuing to her name.
 But there's not one of these, who are vn timer'd,
 Or by themselues unpunished for vice
- 3770 Is like a furie to the vicious minde,
 And turnes delight it selfe to punishment.
 But we must forward to designe their doome ;
 You are offenders, that must be confest,
 Doe you confesse it ? ALL. We doe.
- 3775 CRI. And, that you merit sharpe correction ? ALL. Yes.
 CRI. Then we (reseruing vnto DELIAES grace,
 Her farther pleasure, and to ARETE
 What DELIA granteth) thus doe sentence you.
 That from this place (for pœnance knowne of all,
- 3780 Since you haue drunke so deeply of *selfe-Loue*)
 You (two and two) singing a *palinode*,
 March to your seuerall homes by NIOBES stone,
 And offer vp two teares apiece thereon ;
 That it may change the name, as you must change,
- 3785 And of a stone be called *Weeping Crosse* :
 Because it standeth crosse of CYNTHIAS way,
 One of whose names is sacred TRIVIA.
 And, after pœnance thus perform'd, you passe
 In like set order, not as MIDAS did,
- 3790 To wash his gold off into *Tagus* streame,
 But to the well of knowledge, *Helicon* ;
 Where purged of your present maladies,
 (Which are not few, nor slender) you become
 Such as you faine would seeme : and then returne,
- 3795 Offring your seruice to great CYNTHIA.
 This is your sentence, if the goddesse please.

To ratifie it with her high consent :

“ The scope of wise mirth vnto fruit is bent.

CYN. We doe approue thy censure, belou'd CRITES.

3800 Which MERCVRV, thy true propitious friend,

(A deitie, next LOVE, belou'd of vs)

Will vnder-take to see exactly done :

And for this seruice of discouerie

Perform'd by thee, in honor of our name,

3805 We vow to guerdon it with such due grace,

As shall become our bountie, and thy place.

“ Princes, that would their people should doe well,

“ Must at themselues begin, as at the head ;

“ For men, by their example, patterne out

3810 “ Their imitations, and regard of lawes :

“ A vertuous *Court* a world to vertue drawes.

PALINODE.

AMO. *From spanish shrugs , french faces , smirks , irps , and all affected humours:*

3815

CHORVS. Good MERCVRV defend vs.

PHA. *From secret friends, sweet seruants, loues , doues , and such phantastique humours.*

CHORVS. Good MERCVRV defend vs.

AMO. *From stabbing of armes, flap-dragons, healths, whiffes, and all such*
3820 *swaggering humours.*

CHORVS. Good MERCVRV defend vs.

PHA. *From waning of fannes, coy glaunces, glickes, cringes, and all such simpring humours.*

CHORVS. Good MERCVRV defend vs.

3825 AMO. *From making loue by atturny, courting of puppets, and paying for new acquaintance.*

CHORVS. Good MERCVRV defend vs.

PHA. *From perfum'd dogs, munkyes, sparrowes, dildo's, and parachito's.*

CHORVS. Good MERCVRV defend vs.

3830 AMO. *From wearing bracelets of haire , shooe-ties , gloues , garters , and rings with poesies.*

CHORVS. Good MERCURY defend vs.

PHA. *From pargetting , painting , slicking , glazing , and renewing old rineld faces.*

3835 CHORVS. Good MERCURY defend vs.

AMO. *From squiring to tilt-yards , play-houses , pageants , and all such publique places.*

CHORVS. Good MERCURY defend vs.

PHA. *From entertayning one gallant to gull an other , and making fooles*
3840 *of either.*

CHORVS. Good MERCURY defend vs.

AMO. *From belying ladies fauours , noble-mens countenance , coyning counterfet imployments , vaine-glorious taking to them other mens seruices , and all selfe-louing humours.*

3845 CHORVS. Good MERCURY defend vs.

SONG.

NOW each one drie his weeping eyes,
And to the well of knowledge haste ;
Where purged of your maladies,
3850 You may of sweeter waters taste :
And, with refined voice, report
The grace of CYNTHIA, and her court.

THE EPILOGUE.

3855 GEntles, be't knowne to you, since I went in
I am turn'd rimer ; and doe thus begin.
The Author (iealous, how your sense doth take
His trauailes) hath enioyned me to make
Some short, and ceremonious *epilogue* ;
But if I yet know what, I am a rogue :
3860 He ties me to such lawes, as quite distract
My thoughts ; and would a yeere of time exact.
I neither must be faint, remisse, nor sorry,
Sowre, serious, confident, nor peremptory :

But

- But betwixt these. Let's see ; to lay the blame
3865 Vpon the Childrens action, that were lame.
To craue your fauour, with a begging knee,
Were to distrust the writers facultie.
To promise better at the next we bring,
Prorogues disgrace, commends not any thing.
3870 Stifly to stand on this, and proudly approue
The play, might taxe the maker of *selfe-Loue*.
I'le onely speake, what I haue heard him say ;
By (---) 'tis good, and if you lik't, you may.

THE END.

- 3875 *Ecce rubet quidam, pallet, stupet, oscitat, odit.*

Hoc volo : nunc nobis carmina nostra placent.

This Comicall Satyre was first
acted , in the yeere

1 6 0 0.

3880

By the then Children of Queene

E L I Z A B E T H S

Chappell.

The principall Comœdians were,

3885

NAT. FIELD.	}	IOH. VNDERWOOD.
SAL. PAVY.		ROB. BAXTER.
THO. DAY.		IOH. FROST.

With the allowance of the Master of REVELLS.

POËTASTER,
OR
His Arraignement.

A Comickall Satyre.

Acted, in the yeere 1601. By the then
Children of Queene ELIZABETHS
CHAPPEL.

The Author B. I.

MART.

Et mihi de nullo fama rubore placet.

LONDON,
Printed by WILLIAM STANSBY,
for Matthew Lownes.

M. DC. XVI.

T O

THE VERTVOVS, AND MY WORTHY FRIEND,

5 M^r. Richard Martin.



10

*SIR, A thankefull man owes a courtesie euer : the vnthankefull, but when he needes it. To make mine ownemarke appeare, and shew by which of these seales I am known, I send you this peece of what may liue of mine ; for whose innocence, as for the Authors, you were once a noble and timely vndertaker, to the greatest Iustice of
15 this kingdome. Enioy now the delight of your goodnesse ; which is to see that prosper, you preseru'd : and posteritie to owe the reading of that, without offence, to your name ; which so much ignorance, and malice of the times, then conspir'd to haue suppress.*

20

Your true louer,

BEN. IONSON.

The Persons of the Play.

	AUGUSTVS CÆSAR.	LVPVS.
	MECÆNAS.	TVCCA.
25	MARC. OVID.	CRISPINVS.
	COR. GALLVS.	HERMOGENES.
	PROPERTIVS.	DE. FANNIVS.
	FVS. ARISTVS.	ALBIVS.
	PVB. OVID.	MINOS.
30	VIRGIL.	HISTRIO.
	HORACE.	PYRGVS.
	TREBATIVS.	LICTORS.
	IVLIA.	
	CYTHERIS.	
35	PLAVTIA.	
	CHLOE.	
	MAYDES.	

THE SCENE.

ROME.



POËTASTER.

After the second sounding.

ENVIE.

*Arising in the
midst of the
stage.*



45

50

Ight, I salute thee; but with wounded nerues:
Wishing thy golden splendor, pitchy dark-
nesse.

What's here? TH'ARRAIGNMENT? I: This,
this is it,

That our sunke eyes haue wak't for, all this
while :

Here will be subiect for my snakes, and me.
Cling to my necke, and wrists, my louing
wormes ,

And cast you round, in soft, and amorous foulds,

Till I doe bid, vncurle : Then, breake your knots,

55 Shoot out your selues at length, as your forc't stings

Would hide themselves within his malic't sides,

To whom I shall apply you. Stay : the shine

Of this assembly here offends my sight,

I'le darken that first, and out-face their grace.

60 Wonder not if I stare : These fiftene weekes

(So long as since the plot was but an *embrion*)

Haue I, with burning lights mixt vigilant thoughts,

In expectation of this hated play :

To which (at last) I am arriu'd as *Prologue*.

65 Nor would I, you should looke for other lookes,

Gesture, or complement from me, then what

Th'infected bulke of ENVIE can afford :

For I am risse here with a couetous hope,

To blast your pleasures, and destroy your sports,

70 With wrestings, comments, applications,

Spie-

- Spie-like suggestions, priue whisperings,
 And thousand such promooting sleights as these.
 Marke, how I will begin : The *Scene* is, ha !
 ROME? ROME? and ROME? Cracke ey-strings, and your balles
 75 Drop into earth ; let me be euer blind.
 I am preuented ; all my hopes are crost,
 Checkt, and abated ; fie, a freezing sweate
 Flowes forth at all my pores, my entrailes burne :
 What should I doe ? ROME ? ROME ? O my vext soule,
 80 How might I force this to the present state ?
 Are there no players here ? no poet-apes,
 That come with basiliskes eyes, whose forked tongues
 Are steep in venome, as their hearts in gall ?
 Eyther of these would helpe me ; they could wrest,
 85 Peruert, and poyson all they heare, or see,
 With senselesse glosses, and allusions.
 Now if you be good deuils, flye me not.
 You know what deare, and ample faculties
 I haue indow'd you with : Ile lend you more.
 90 Here, take my snakes among you, come, and eate,
 And while the squeez'd iuice flowes in your blacke iawes,
 Helpe me to damne the Authour . Spit it foorth
 Vpon his lines, and shew your rustie teeth
 At euerie word, or accent : or else choose
 95 Out of my longest vipers, to sticke downe
 In your deep throats ; and let the heads come forth
 At your ranke mouthes ; that he may see you arm'd
 With triple malice, to hisse, sting, and teare
 His worke, and him ; to forge, and then declame,
 100 Traduce, corrupt, apply, enforme, suggest :
 O, these are gifts wherein your soules are blest.
 What ? doe you hide your selues ? will none appeare ?
 None answeere ? what, doth this calme troupe affright you ?
 Nay, then I doe despaire : downe, sinke againe.
 105 This trauaile is all lost with my dead hopes.
 If in such bosomes, spight haue left to dwell,
 Enuie is not on earth, nor scarce in hell.

The third sounding.

PROLOGUE.

- 110 **S** Tay, Monster, ere thou sinke, thus on thy head
 Set we our bolder foot; with which we tread
 Thy malice into earth : So spight should die,

Despis'd

- Despis'd and scorn'd by noble industrie.
 If any muse why I salute the stage,
 115 An armed *Prologue* ; know, 'tis a dangerous age :
 Wherein, who writes, had need present his *Scenes*
 Fortie fold-prooffe against the coniuring meanes
 Of base detractors, and illiterate apes,
 That fill vp roomes in faire and formall shapes.
 120 'Gainst these, haue we put on this forc't defence :
 Whereof the *allegorie* and hid sence
 Is, that a well erected confidence
 Can fright their pride, and laugh their folly hence.
 Here now, put case our Authour should, once more,
 125 Sweare that his play were good ; he doth implore,
 You would not argue him of arrogance :
 How ere that common spawne of ignorance,
 Our frie of writers, may beslime his fame,
 And giue his action that adulterate name.
 130 Such ful-blowne vanitie he more doth lothe,
 Then base deiection : There's a meane'twixt both.
 Which with a constant firmenesse he pursues,
 As one, that knowes the strength of his owne *muse*.
 And this he hopes all free soules will allow,
 135 Others, that take it with a rugged brow,
 Their moods he rather pitties, then enuies:
 His mind it is aboue their iniuries.

Act I. Scene I.

OVID, LVSCVS.

- 140 **T** *Hen, when this bodie falls in funerall fire,
 My name shall liue, and my best part aspire.
 It shall goe so.*

- LVSC. Young master, master OVID, doe you heare? gods a mee ! a-way with your *songs*, and *sonnets* ; and on with your gowne and cappe,
 145 quickly : here, here, your father will be a man of this roome presently.
 Come, nay, nay, nay, nay, be briefe. These verses too, a poyson on 'hem,
 I cannot abide 'hem, they make mee readie to cast, by the bankes of *helicon*.
 Nay looke, what a rascally vntoward thing this *poetrie* is ; I could teare 'hem now.
 150 OVID. Giue me, how neere's my father ?

LVSC. Hart a'man : get a law-booke in your hand, I will not answere you else. Why so : now there's some formalitie in you. By Iove, and three or foure of the gods more, I am right of mine olde masters humour for that ; this villanous *poetrie* will vndoe you, by the welkin.

A a

OVID.

155 OVID. What, hast thou buskins on, LVSCVS, that thou swear'st so tragically, and high?

LVSC. No, but I haue bootes on, sir, and so ha's your father too by this time: for he call'd for 'hem, ere I came from the lodging.

OVID. Why? was he no readier?

160 LVSC. O no; and there was the madde skeldring captaine, with the veluet armes, readie to lay hold on him as hee comes downe: he that presses euerie man he meets, with an oath, to lend him money, and cries; (Thou must doo't, old boy, as thou art a man, a man of worship.)

OVID. Who? PANTILIVS TVCCA?

165 LVSC. I, hee: and I met little master LVPVS, the *Tribune*, going thither too.

OVID. Nay, and he be vnder their arrest, I may (with safetie inough) reade ouer my *elegie*, before he come.

LVSC. Gods a mee! What'll you doe? why, young master, you are 170 not *castalian* mad, lunatike, frantike, desperate? ha?

OVID. What ailest thou, LVSCVS?

LVSC. God be with you, sir, I'll leaue you to your *poeticall* fancies, and *furies*. I'll not be guiltie, I.

OVID. Be not, good ignorance: I'm glad th'art gone:

175 For thus alone, our eare shall better judge

The hastie errors of our morning *muse*.

Ouid.Lib.1.
Amo.Ele.15.

E Nuie, why twistst thou me, my time's spent ill?
And call'st my verse, fruits of an idle quill?
Or that (vnlike the line from whence I sprung)

180 Wars dustie honours I pursue not young?

Or that I studie not the tedious lawes;

And prostitute my voyce in euerie cause?

Thy scope is mortall; mine eternall fame:

Which through the world shall euer chaunt my name.

185 HOMER will liue, whil'st TENEDOS stands, and IDE,

Or, to the sea, fleet SIMOIS doth slide:

And so shall HESIOD too, while vines doe beare,

Or crooked sickles crop the ripened eare.

CALLIMACHVS, though in inuention lowe,

190 Shall still be sung: since he in art doth flowe.

No losse shall come to SOPHOCLES proud vaine.

With sunne, and moone, ARATVS shall remaine.

Whil'st slaues be false, fathers hard, and bawdes be whorish,

Whil'st harlots flatter, shall MENANDER flourish.

195 ENNIVS, though rude, and ACCIVS high-reard straine,

A fresh applause in euerie age shall gaine.

Of VARRO'S name, what care shall not be told?

Of IASONS ARGO? and the fleece of gold?

Then

200 Then shall LVCRETIVS loftie numbers die,
 When earth, and seas in fire and flames shall frie.
 TYTIRVS, Tillage, ÆNEE shall be read,
 Whil'st ROME of all the conquer'd world is head.
 Till CVPIDS fires be out, and his bowe broken,
 Thy verses (neate TIBVLLVS) shall be spoken.
 205 Our GALLVS shall be knowne from east to west :
 So shall LYCORIS, whom he now loues best.
 The suffering plough-share, or the flint may weare :
 But heavenly poesie no death can feare.
 Kings shall giue place to it, and kingly showes,
 210 The bankes ore which gold-bearing Tagus flowes.
 Kneele hindes to trash : me let bright PHOEBVS swell,
 With cups full flowing from the MVSES well.
 Frost-fearing myrtle shall impale my head,
 And of sad louers Ile be often read.
 215 " Emie, the liuing, not the dead, doth bite :
 " For after death all men receiue their right.
 Then, when this bodie fals in funerall fire,
 My name shall liue, and my best part aspire.

Act I. Scene II.

220 OVID Senior, OVID Iunior, LVSCVS,
 TVCCA, LVPVS, PYRGVS.

Y Our name shall liue indeed, sir ; you say true : but how infa-
 mously, how scorn'd and contemn'd in the eyes and eares of the
 best and grauest Romanes, that you thinke not on : you neuer so
 225 much as dreame of that. Are these the fruits of all my trauaile and expen-
 ses ? is this the scope and aime of thy studies ? are these the hopefull cour-
 ses, wherewith I haue so long flattered my expectation from thee ? verses ?
 poetrie ? OVID, whom I thought to see the pleader, become OVID the
 play-maker ?

230 OVID *iu.* No, sir.

OVID *se.* Yes, sir. I heare of a *tragædie* of yours comming foorth
 for the common players there, call'd MEDEA. By my household-gods, if
 I come to the acting of it, Ile adde one tragick part, more then is yet ex-
 pected, to it : beleue me when I promise it. What ? shall I haue my sonne
 235 a stager now ? an enghle for players ? a gull ? a rooke ? a shot-clogge ? to
 make suppers, and bee laught at ? PVBLIVS, I will set thee on the funerall
 pile, first.

OVID *iu.* Sir, I beseech you to haue patience.

LVSC. Nay, this tis to haue your eares damm'd vp to good counsell.
 240 I did augure all this to him afore-hand, without poring into an oxes panch
 for the matter, and yet he would not be scrupulous.

T V C C. How now, good man slaue? what, *rowle powle*? all riuals, rascall? why my Master, of worship, do'st heare? Are these thy best proiects? is this thy desseignes and thy discipline, to suffer knaues to bee competitors with commanders and gentlemen? are wee *parallels*, rascall? are wee *parallels*?

OVID. *se.* Sirrah, goe get my horses ready. You'll still be prating.

T V C C. Doe, you perpetuall stinkard, doe, goe, talke to tapsters and ostlers, you slaue, they are i' your element, goe: here bee the Emperours
250 captaines, you raggamuffin rascall; and not your *cam'rades*.

L V P V. Indeed, MARCVS OVID, these players are an idle generation, and doe much harme in a state, corrupt yong gentrie very much, I know it: I haue not beene a *Tribune* thus long, and obseru'd nothing: besides, they will rob vs, vs, that are magistrates, of our respect, bring vs vpon their
255 stages, and make vs ridiculous to the plebeians; they will play you, or me, the wisest men they can come by still; me: only to bring vs in contempt with the vulgar, and make vs cheape.

T V C C. Th'art in the right, my venerable cropshin, they will indeede: the tongue of the *oracle* neuer twang'd truer. Your courtier cannot kisse
260 his mistris slippers, in quiet, for 'hem: nor your white innocent gallant pawne his reuelling sute, to make his punke a supper. An honest decayed commander, cannot skelder, cheat, nor be seene in a bawdie house, but he shall be straight in one of their wormewood *comædies*. They are growne licentious, the rogues; libertines, flat libertines. They forget they are i'
265 the *statute*, the rascals, they are *blazond* there, there they are trickt, they and their pedigrees; they neede no other *heralds*, I wisse.

OVID. *se.* Mee thinkes, if nothing else, yet this alone, the very reading of the publike *edicts* should fright thee from commerce with them; and giue thee distaste enough of their actions. But this betrayes what a
270 student you are: this argues your proficiencie in the *law*.

OVID. *iu.* They wrong mee, sir, and doe abuse you more,
That blow your eares with these vntrue reports.
I am not knowne vnto the open stage,
Nor doe I traffique in their *theaters*.

275 Indeed, I doe acknowledge, at request
Of some neere friends, and honorable *Romanes*,
I haue begunne a *poeme* of that nature.

OVID. *se.* You haue, sir, a *poeme*? and where is't? that's the *law* you studie.

280 OVID. *iu.* CORNELIVS GALLVS borrowed it to reade.

OVID. *se.* CORNELIVS GALLVS? There's another gallant, too, hath drunke of the same poison: and TIBVLLVS, and PROPERTIVS. But these are gentlemen of meanes, and reuenew now. Thou art a yonger brother, and hast nothing, but thy bare exhibition: which I protest
285 shall bee bare indeed, if thou forsake not these vnprofitable by-courses, and that timely too. Name me a profest *poet*, that his *poetrie* did euer afford

ford him so much as a competencie. I, your god of *poets* there (whom all of you admire and reuerence so much) HOMER, he whose worme-eaten statue must not bee spew'd against, but with hallowed lips, and groueling
 290 adoration, what was he? what was he?

TVCC. Mary, I'll tell thee, old swaggrer; He was a poore, blind, riming rascall, that liu'd obscurely vp and downe in boothes, and tap-houses, and scarce euer made a good meale in his sleepe, the whoorson hungrie begger.

295 OVID. *se.* Hesaies well: Nay, I know this nettles you now, but answer me; Is't not true? you'll tell me his name shall liue; and that (now being dead) his workes haue eternis'd him, and made him diuine. But could this diuinitie feed him, while he liu'd? could his name feast him?

TVCC. Or purchase him a *Senators* reuenue? could it?

300 OVID. *se.* I, or giue him place in the common-wealth? worship, or attendants? make him be carried in his litter?

TVCC. Thou speakest sentences, old BIAS.

LVPV. All this the *law* will doe, yong sir, if youle follow it.

OVID. *se.* If he bemine, hee shall follow and obserue, what I will apt
 305 him too, or, I professe here openly, and vtterly to disclaime in him.

OVID. *iu.* Sir, let me craue you will, forgoe these moods;

I will be any thing, or studie any thing:

I'll proue the vnfashion'd body of the *law*

Pure elegance, and make her ruggedst straines

310 Runne smoothly, as PROPERTIVS *elegies*.

OVID. *se.* PROPERTIVS *elegies*? good!

LVPV. Nay, you take him too quickly, MARCVS.

OVID. *se.* Why, he cannot speake, he cannot thinke out of *poetrie*, he is bewitcht with it.

315 LVPV. Come, doe not mis-prize him.

OVID. *se.* *Mis-prize*? I, mary, I would haue him vse some such wordes now: They haue some touch, some taste of the *law*. Hee should make himselfe a stile out of these, and let his PROPERTIVS *elegies* goe by.

LVPV. Indeed, yong PVBLIVS, he that will now hit the marke, must
 320 shoot thorough the *law*, we haue no other *planet* raignes, & in that spheare, you may sit, and sing with angels. Why, the *law* makes a man happy, without respecting any other merit: a simple scholer, or none at all may be a lawyer.

TVCC. He tells thee true, my noble *Neophyte*; my little *Grammaticaster*,
 325 he do's: It shall neuer put thee to thy *Mathematiques*, *Metaphysiques*, *Philosophie*, and I know not what suppos'd sufficiencies; If thou canst but haue the patience to plod inough, talke, and make noise inough, be impudent inough, and 'tis inough.

LVPV. Three bookes will furnish you.

330 TVCC. And the lesse arte, the better: Besides, when it shall be in the power of thy cheu'rill conscience, to doe right, or wrong, at thy pleasure, my pretty ALCIBIADES.

LVPV. I, and to haue better men then himselfe by many thousand degrees, to obserue him, and stand bare.

335 TVCC. True, and he to carry himselfe proud, and stately, and haue the law on his side for't, old Boy.

OVID. *se.* Well, the day growes old, gentlemen, and I must leaue you. PVBLIVS, if thou wilt hold my fauour, abandon these idle fruitlesse studies that so bewitch thee. Send IANVS home his back-face againe,
340 and looke only forward to the *law*; Intend that: I will allow thee, what shall sute thee in the ranke of gentlemen, and maintaine thy societie with the best: and vnder these conditions, I leaue thee. My blessings light vpon thee, if thou respect them: if not, mine eyes may drop for thee, but thine owne heart wilake for it selfe; and so farewel, What, are my horses come?

345 LVSC. Yes, sir, they are at the gate without.

OVID. *se.* That's well. ASINIVS LVPVS, a word. Captaine, I shall take my leaue of you?

TVCC. No, my little old Boy, dispatch with COTHVRNVS there: I'll attend thee, I.

350 LVSC. To borrow some ten drachmes, I know his proiect.

OVID. *se.* Sir, you shall make me beholding to you. Now, captaine TVCCA, what say you?

TVCC. Why, what should I say? or what can I say, my flowre o' the order? Should I say, thou art rich? or that thou art honorable? or wise?
355 or valiant? or learned? or liberall? Why, thou art all these, and thou knowest it (my noble LVCVLLVS) thou knowest it: come, bee not ashamed of thy vertues, old stumpe. Honour's a good brooch to weare in a mans hat, at all times. Thou art the *man of warres* MECÆNAS, old boy. Why shouldst not thou bee grac't then by them, as well as hee is by his
360 *poets*? How now, my carrier, what newes?

LVSC. The boy has staid within for his *cue*, this halfe houre.

TVCC. Come, doe not whisper to me, but speake it out: what? it is no treason against the state, I hope, is't?

LVSC. Yes, against the state of my masters purse.

365 PYRG. Sir, AGRIPPA desires you to forbear him till the next weeke: his moyles are not yet come vp.

TVCC. His moyles? now the *bots*, the *spanin*, and the *glanders*, and some dozen diseases more, light on him, and his moyles. What ha' they the *yellowes*, his moyles, that they come no faster? or are they foundred?
370 ha? his moyles ha' the *staggers* belike: ha' they?

PYRG. O no, sir: then your tongue might be suspected for one of his moyles.

TVCC. Hee owes mee almost a talent, and hee thinks to beare it away with his moyles, does hee? Sirrah, you, nut-cracker: goe your waies to
375 him againe, and tell him I must ha' money, I: I cannot eate stones and turfes, say. What, will he clem me, and my followers? Aske him and he will clem me: doe, goe. He would haue mee frie my ierkin, would hee?

Away,

Away, setter, away. Yet, stay, my little tumbler : this old boy shall supply
now : I will not trouble him, I cannot bee importunate, I : I cannot bee
380 impudent.

PYRG. Alas, sir, no : you are the most maidenly blushing creature
vpon the earth.

TVCC. Do'st thou heare, my little *Sixe and fiftie*, or thereabouts?
Thou art not to learne the humours and tricks of that old bald cheater,
385 *Time* : thou hadst not this chaine for nothing. Men of worth haue their
chymæra's, as well as other creatures : and they doe see monsters, some-
times : they doe, they doe, braue boy.

PYRG. Better cheape then he shall see you, I warrant him.

TVCC. Thou must let me haue sixe, sixe, drachmes, I meane, old boy;
390 thou shalt doe it : I tell thee, old boy, thou shalt, and in priuate too, do'st
thou see? Goe, walke off : there, there. Sixe is the summe. Thy sonn's
a gallant sparke, and must not be put out of a sudden : come hither, CAL-
LIMACHVS. Thy father tells me thou art too poetically, boy, thou must
not be so : thou must leaue them, yong nouice, thou must : They are a sort
395 of poore starued rascalls ; that are euer wrapt vp in foule linnen : and can
boast of nothing but a leane visage, peering out of a seame-rent sute; the
very *emblems* of beggerie. No : dost heare? turne Lawyer, Thou shalt
be my solicitor : Tis right, old boy, Ist?

OVID. *se.* You were best tell it, Captaine.

400 TVCC. No : fare thou well mine honest horse-man, and thou old be-
uer. Pray thee *Romane*, when thou comest to towne, see me at my lodg-
ing, visit me sometimes : thou shalt be welcome, old boy. Doe not balke
me good swaggerer. I OVE keepe thy chaine from pawning, goe thy
waies, if thou lack money, I'll lend thee some : I'll leaue thee to thy horse
405 now. Adieu.

OVID. *se.* Farewell, good Captaine.

TVCC. Boy, you can haue but halfe a share now, boy.

OVID. *se.* 'Tis a strange boldnesse, that accompanies this fellow :
Come.

410 OVID. *iu.* I'll giue attendance on you, to your horse, sir, please you--

OVID. *se.* No : keepe your chamber, and fall to your studies; doe so:
the gods of *Rome* blesse thee.

OVID. *iu.* And giue me stomacke to digest this *law*,
That should haue followed sure, had I beene he.

415 O sacred *poesie*, thou spirit of *Romane artes*,
The soule of science, and the queene of 'soules,
What prophane violence, almost sacriledge,
Hath here beene offered thy diuinities!
That thine owne guiltlesse pouertie should arme

420 Prodigious ignorance to wound thee thus!
For thence, is all their force of argument
Drawne forth against thee; or from the abuse

- Of thy great powers in adultrate braines :
 When, would men learne but to distinguish spirits,
 425 And set true difference twixt those jaded wits
 That runne a broken pase for common hire,
 And the high raptures of a happy *Muse*,
 Borne on the wings of her immortall thought,
 That kickes at earth with a disdainfull heele,
 430 And beats at heauen gates with her bright hooues ;
 They would not then with such distorted faces,
 And desp'rate censures stab at *poesie*.
 They would admire bright knowledge and their minds
 Should ne're descend on so vnworthy obiects,
 435 As gold, or titles : they would dread farre more,
 To be thought ignorant, then be knowne poore.
 " The time was once, when wit drown'd wealth : but now,
 " Your onely barbarisme is t'haue wit, and want.
 " No matter now in vertue who excells,
 440 " He, that hath coine, hath all perfection else.

Act I. Scene III.

TIBVLLVS, OVID.

- OVID? OVID. Who's there? Come in. TIBV. Good mor-
 row, Lawyer.
 445 OVID. Good morrow (deare TIBVLLVS) welcome : sit downe.
 TIBV. Not I. What : so hard at it? Let's see, what's here?
 Nay, I will see it— OVID. Pray thee away——
 TIBV. *If thrice in field, a man vanquish his foe,*
'Tis after in his choice to serue, or no.
 450 How now OVID! *Law--cases in verse?*
 OVID. In troth, I know not : they runne from my pen
 Vnwisittingly, if they be verse. What's the newes abroad?
 TIBV. Off with this gowne, I come to haue thee walke.
 OVID. No, good TIBVLLVS, I'm not now in case,
 455 Pray' let me alone. TIBV. How? not in case!
 S'light thou'rt in too much case, by all this *law*.
 OVID. Troth, if I liue, I will new dresse the *law*,
 In sprightly *poesies* habillaments.
 TIBV. The hell thou wilt. What, turne *law* into verse?
 460 Thy father has school'd thee, I see. Here, reade that same.
 There's subiect for you : and if I mistake not,
 A *Supersedeas* to your melancholy.
 OVID. How! subscrib'd IVLIA! Ô, my life, my heauen!
 TIBV. Is the mood chang'd?
 465 OVID. Musique of wit! Note for th'harmonious spheares!

Celestiall

Celestiall accents, how you rauish me !

TIBV. What is it, OVID?

OVID. That I must meete my IVLIA, the Princesse IVLIA.

TIBV. Where?

470 OVID. Why, at——hart, I haue forgot : my passion so transports mee.

TIBV. Ile saue your paines : it is at ALBIVS house,
The iewellers, where the faire LYCORIS lies.

OVID. Who? CYTHERIS, CORNELIVS GALLVS loue?

475 TIBV. I, heele be there too, and my PLAVTIA.

OVID. And why not your DELIA?

TIBV. Yes, and your CORINNA.

OVID. True, but my sweet TIBVLLVS, keepe that secret :
I would not, for all ROME, it should be thought,

480 I vaile bright IVLIA vnderneath that name :

IVLIA the gemme, and iewell of my soule,
That takes her honours from the golden skie,
As beautie doth all lustre, from her eye.

The ayre respire the pure *elyzian* sweets,

485 In which she breathes : and from her lookes descend

The glories of the summer. Heauen she is,
Prays'd in her selfe aboue all praise : and he,
Which heares her speake, would sweare the tune-full orbes
Turn'd in his *zenith* onely. TIBV. PVBLIVS, thou'lt lose thy selfe.

490 OVID. O, in no labyrinth, can I safelier erre,

Then when I lose my selfe in praysing her.

Hence *Law*, and welcome, *Muses*; though not rich,

Yet are you pleasing : let's be reconcilde,

And now made one. Hencefoorth, I promise faith,

495 And all my serious houres to spend with you :

With you, whose musicke striketh on my heart,

And with bewitching tones steales forth my spirit,

In IVLIAS name ; faire IVLIA : IVLIAS loue

Shall be a law, and that sweet law I'll studie,

500 The law, and art of sacred IVLIAS loue :

All other obiects will but abiects prooue.

TIBV. Come, wee shall haue thee as passionate, as PROPERTIVS,
anon.

OVID. O, how does my SEXTVS?

505 TIBV. Faith, full of sorrow, for his CYNTHIAS death.

OVID. What, still?

TIBV. Still, and still more, his grieues doe grow vpon him,
As doe his houres. Neuer did I know

An vnderstanding spirit so take to heart

510 The common worke of *fate*. OVID. O my TIBVLLVS,

Let

Let vs not blame him : for, against such chances,
 The heartiest strife of vertue is not prooffe.
 We may read constancie, and fortitude,
 To other soules : but had our selues beene strooke
 515 With the like *planet*, had our loues (like his)
 Beene raiisht from vs, by injurious death,
 And in the height, and heat of our best dayes,
 It would haue crackt our sinnewes, shrunke our veines,
 And made our verie heart-strings iarre, like his.
 520 Come, let's goe take him foorth, and prooue, if mirth
 Or companie will but abate his passion.
 TIBV. Content, and I implore the gods, it may.

Act II. Scene I.

ALBIVS, CRISPINVS, CHLOE,

525 MAYDES, CYTHERIS.

MASTER CRISPINVS, you are welcome : Pray', vse a stoole, sir.
 Your cousin CYTHERIS will come downe presently. Wee are
 so busie for the receiuing of these courtiers here, that I can scarce
 be a minute with my selfe, for thinking of them: Pray you sit, sir, Pray you
 530 sit, sir.

CRIS. I am verie well, sir. Ne're trust me, but you are most delicately
 seated here, full of sweet delight and blandishment ! an excellent ayre, an
 excellent ayre !

ALBI. I, sir, 'tis a prettie ayre. These courtiers runne in my minde still;
 535 I must looke out: for IVPITERS sake, sit, sir. Or please you walke into the
 garden ? There's a garden on the back-side.

CRIS. I am most strenuously well, I thanke you, sir.

ALBI. Much good doe you, sir.

CHLO. Come, bring those perfumes forward a little, and strew some
 540 roses, and violets here ; Fye, herè bee roomes sauour the most pittifully
 ranke that euer I felt : I crie the gods mercie, my husband's in the winde
 of vs.

ALBI. Why, this is good, excellent, excellent : well said, my sweet
 CHLOE. Trimme vp your house most obsequiously.

545 CHLO. For VVLCANVS sake, breathe somewhere else : in troth you
 ouercome our perfumes exceedingly, you are too predominant.

ALBI. Heare but my opinion, sweet wife.

CHLO. A pinne for your pinnion. In sinceritie, if you be thus ful-
 some to me in euerie thing, I'll bee diuorc't ; Gods my bodie ? you know
 550 what you were, before I married you ; I was a gentlewoman borne, I ; I
 lost all my friends to be a citizens wife ; because I heard indeed, they kept
 their wiues as fine as ladies ; and that wee might rule our husbands, like
 ladies ; and doe what wee listed : doe you thinke I would haue married
 you, else ?

ALBI.

555 ALBI. I acknowledge, sweet wife, she speaks the best of any woman in *Italy*, and mooves as mightily: which makes me, I had rather she should make bumpes on my head, as big as my two fingers, then I would offend her. But sweet wife ———

CHLO. Yet againe? I'st not grace inough for you, that I call you
560 husband, and you call me wife: but you must still bee poking mee, against my will, to things?

ALBI. But you know, wife; here are the greatest ladies, and gallantest gentlemen of *ROME*, to bee entertain'd in our house now: and I would faine aduise thee, to entertaine them in the best sort, yfaith wife.

565 CHLO. In sinceritie, did you euer heare a man talke so idly? You would seeme to be master? You would haue your spoke in my cart? you would aduise me to entertaine ladies, and gentlemen? because you can marshall your pack-needles, horse-combes, hobby-horses, and wall-candlestickes in your ware-house better then I; therefore you can tell how to
570 entertaine ladies, and gentle-folkes better then I?

ALBI. O my sweet wife, vpbraide me not with that: "Gaine sauours sweetly from any thing; He that respects to get, must relish all commodities alike; and admit no difference betwixt oade, and frankincense; or the most precious balsamum, and a tar-barrell.

575 CHLO. Mary fough: You sell snuffers too, if you be remembred, but I pray you let mee buy them out of your hand; for I tell you true, I take it highly in snuffe, to learne how to entertaine gentlefolkes, of you, at these yeeres, I faith. Alas man; there was not a gentleman came to your house: your tother wiues time, I hope? nor a ladie? nor musique? nor
580 masques? Nor you, nor your house were so much as spoken of, before I disbast my selfe, from my hood and my fardingall, to these bumrowles, and your whale-bone-bodies.

ALBI. Looke here, my sweet wife; I am mum, my deare mummia, my balsamum, my *spermacete*, and my verie citie of ——— shee has the
585 most best, true, fæminine wit in *ROME*!

CRIS. I haue heard so, sir; and doe most vehemently desire to participate the knowledge of her faire features.

ALBI. Ah, peace; you shall heare more anon: bee not seene yet, I pray you; not yet: Obserue.

590 CHLO. 'Sbodie, giue husbands the head a little more, and they'll bee nothing but head shortly; whats he there?

MAYD. 1. I know not forsooth.

MAYD. 2. Who would you speake with, sir?

CRIS. I would speake with my cousin CYTHERIS.

595 MAYD. Hee is one forsooth would speake with his cousin CYTHERIS.

CHLO. Is she your cousin, sir?

CRIS. Yes in truth, forsooth, for fault of a better.

CHLO. Shee is a gentlewoman?

CRIS.

600 CRIS. Or else she should not be my cousin, I assure you.

CHLO. Are you a gentleman borne?

CRIS. That I am, ladie; you shall see mine armes, if't please you.

CHLO. No, your legges doe sufficiently shew you are a gentleman borne, sir: for a man borne vpon little legges, is alwayes a gentleman borne.

CRIS. Yet, I pray you, vouchsafe the sight of my armes, Mistresse; for I beare them about me, to haue 'hem seene: my name is CRISPINVS, or CRI-SPINAS indeed; which is well exprest in my armes, (a Face crying in chiefe; and beneath it a blouddie Toe, betweene three Thornes
610 *fungent.*)

CHLO. Then you are welcome, sir; now you are a gentleman borne, I can find in my heart to welcome you: for I am a gentlewoman borne too; and will beare my head high inough, though'twere my fortune to marrie a trades-man.

615 CRIS. No doubt of that, sweet feature, your carriage shewes it in any mans eye, that is carried vpon you with iudgement.

*Hee is still going
in and out.*

ALBI. Deare wife, be not angry.

CHLO. God's my passion!

ALBI. Heare me but one thing; let not your maydes set cushions in
620 the parlor windowes; nor in the dyning-chamber windowes; nor vpon stooles, in eyther of them, in any case; for 'tis tauerne-like; but lay them one vpon another, in some out-roome, or corner of the dyning-chamber.

CHLO. Goe, goe, meddle with your bed-chamber onely, or rather with your bed in your chamber, onely; or rather with your wife in your
625 bed onely; or on my faith, I'll not be pleas'd with you onely.

ALBI. Looke here, my deare wife, entertaine that gentleman kindly, I pre' thee; ————mum.

CHLO. Goe, I need your instructions indeede; anger mee no more, I aduise you. Citi-sin, quoth'a! she's a wise gentlewoman yfaith, will mar-
630 rie her selfe to the sinne of the citie.

ALBI. But this time, and no more (by heauen) wife: hang no pictures in the hall, nor in the dyning-chamber, in any case, but in the gallerie onely, for 'tis not courtly else, o' my word, wife.

CHLO. 'Sprecious, neuer haue done!

635 ALBI. Wife. ————

CHLO. Doe I not beare a reasonable corrigible hand ouer him, CRI-SPINVS?

CRIS. By this hand, ladie, you hold a most sweet hand ouer him.

ALBI. And then for the great gilt andyrans? ————

640 CHLO. Againe! would the andyrans were in your great guttes, for mee.

ALBI. I doe vanish, wife.

CHLO. How shall I doe, Master CRISPINVS? here will bee all the brauest ladies in court presently, to see your cousin CYTHERIS: ô the gods!

645 gods ! how might I behaue my selfe now , as to entertayne them most courtly ?

CRIS. Mary , ladie , if you will entertaine them most courtly , you must doe thus : as soone as euer your maide, or your man brings you word they are come ; you must say (A poxe on 'hem, what doe they here.) And

650 yet when they come, speake them as faire, and giue them the kindest welcome in wordes, that can be.

CHLO. Is that the fashion of courtiers, CRISPINVS ?

CRIS. I assure you, it is, ladie, I haue obseru'd it.

CHLO. For your'poxe, sir, it is easily hit on ; but, 'tis not so easily to
655 speake faire after, me thinkes ?

ALBI. O wife , the coaches are come , on my word , a number of coaches, and courtiers.

CHLO. A poxe on them : what doe they here ?

ALBI. How now wife ! wouldst thou not haue 'hem come ?

660 CHLO. Come? come, you are a foole, you : He knowes not the trick on't. Call CYTHERIS, I pray you : and good master CRISPINVS, you can obserue, you say ; let me intreat you for all the ladies behauiours, iewels, iests, and attires, that you marking as well as I, we may put both our markes together, when they are gone, and conferre of them.

665 CRIS. I warrant you , sweet ladie ; let mee alone to obserue, till I turne my selfe to nothing but obseruation.

Good morrow cousin CYTHERIS.

CYTH. Welcome kind cousin. What? are they come ?

ALBI. I, your friend CORNELIVS GALLVS, OVID, TIBVLLVS,
670 PROPERTIVS, with IVLIA the Emperors daughter, and the ladie PLAVTIA, are lighted at the dore ; and with them HERMOGENES TIGELLIVS, the excellent musician.

CYTH. Come, let vs goe meet them, CHLOE.

CHLO. Obserue, CRISPINVS.

675 CRIS. At a haire's breadth, ladie, I warrant you.

Act II. Scene II.

GALLVS, OVID, TIBVLLVS, PROPERTIVS,
HERMOGENES, IVLIA, PLAVTIA,
CYTHERIS, CHLOE, ALBIVS,
680 CRISPINVS.

H Ealth to the louely CHLOE : you must pardon me, Mistris, that I preferre this faire gentlewoman.

CYTH. I pardon, and praise you for it, sir ; and I beseech your Excellence, receiue her beauties into your knowledge and fauour.

685 IULI. CYTHERIS, shee hath fauour, and behauiour, that commands as much of me: and sweet CHLOE, know I doe exceedingly loue you, and

B b

that

that I will approue in any grace my father the Emperour may shew you.
Is this your husband?

ALBI. For fault of a better, if it please your highnesse.

690 CHLO. Gods my life! how hee shames mee!

CYTH. Not a whit, CHLOE, they all thinke you politike, and wittie;
wise women choose not husbands for the eye, merit, or birth, but wealth,
and soueraigntie.

OVID. Sir, we all come to gratulate, for the good report of you.

695 TIBV. And would be glad to deserue your loue, sir.

ALBI. My wife will answere you all, gentlemen; I'll come to you a-
gaine presently.

PLAV. You haue chosen you a most faire companion here, CYTHE-
RIS, and a very faire house.

700 CYTH. To both which, you and all my friends, are very welcome,
PLAVTIA.

CHLO. With all my heart, I assure your ladiship.

PLAV. Thankes, sweet Mistris CHLOE.

IVLI. You must needes come to court, ladie, yfaith, and there bee
705 sure your welcome shall be as great to vs.

OVID. Shee will well deserue it, Madame. I sec, euen in her lookes,
gentrie, and generall worthinesse.

TIBV. I haue not seene a more certaine character of an excellent
disposition.

710 ALBI. Wife.

CHLO. O, they doe so commend me here, the courtiers! what's the
matter now?

ALBI. For the banquet, sweet wife.

CHLO. Yes; and I must needes come to court, and bee welcome, the
715 Princesse sayes.

GALL. OVID, and TIBVLLVS, you may bee bold to welcome your
Mistresses here.

OVID. We find it so, sir.

TIBV. And thanke CORNELIVS GALLVS.

720 OVID. Nay, my sweet SEXTVS, in faith thou art not sociable.

PROP. Infaith, I am not, PVBLIVS; nor I cannot.

Sicke mindes, are like sicke men that burne with feuers,

Who when they drinke, please but a present tast,

And after beare a more impatient fit.

725 Pray, let me leaue you; I offend you all,

And my selfe most. GALL. Stay, sweet PROPERTIVS.

TIBV. You yeeld too much vnto your grieues, and fate,
Which neuer hurts, but when we say it hurts vs.

PROP. O peace, TIBVLLVS; your philosophie

730 Lends you too rough a hand to search my wounds.

Speake they of griefes, that know to sigh, and grieve;

- The free and vnconstrained spirit feelles
 No weight of my oppression. OVID. Worthy *Roman* !
 Me thinks I taste his miserie ; and could
- 735 Sit downe, and chide at his malignant starres.
 IVLI. Me thinks I loue him, that he loues so truly.
 CYTH. This is the perfect'st loue, liues after death.
 GALL. Such is the constant ground of vertue still.
 PLAV. It puts on an inseparable face.
- 740 CHLO. Haue you markt euery thing, CRISPINVS?
 CRIS. Euery thing, I warrant you.
 CHLO. What gentlemen are these ? doe you know them ?
 CRIS. I, they are *poets*, lady.
 CHLO. *Poets*? they did not talke of me since I went, did they ?
- 745 CRIS. O yes, and extold your perfections to the heauens.
 CHLO. Now in sinceritie, they be the finest kind of men , that euer I
 knew : *Poets* ? Could not one get the Emperour to make my husband a
Poet, thinke you ?
 CRIS. No, ladie, 'tis loue, and beautie make *Poets* : and since you like
- 750 *Poets* so well, your loue, and beauties shall make me a *Poet*.
 CHLO. What shall they ? and such a one as these ?
 CRIS. I, and a better then these : I would be sorry else.
 CHLO. And shall your lookes change ? and your haire change ? and
 all, like these ?
- 755 CRIS. Why, a man may be a *Poet*, and yet not change his haire, lady.
 CHLO. Well, wee shall see your cunning : yet if you can change your
 haire, I pray, doe.
 ALBI. Ladies, and lordings, there's a slight banquet staies within for
 you, please you draw neere, and accost it.
- 760 IVLI. We thanke you , good ALBIVS : but when shall wee see those
 excellent iewels you are commended to haue ?
 ALBI. At your ladships seruice. I got that speech by seeing a play
 last day, and it did me some grace now : I see, 'tis good to collect some-
 times ; I'll frequent these plaies more then I haue done, now I come to be
- 765 familiar with courtiers.
 GALL. Why, how now, HERMOGENES? what ailest thou trow ?
 HERM. A little melancholy, let me alone, pray thee.
 GALL. Melancholy ! how so ?
 HERM. With riding : a plague on all coaches for me.
- 770 CHLO. Is that hard-fauour'd gentleman a *poet* too ; CYTHERIS ?
 CYTH. No ; this is HERMOGENES, as humorous as a *poet* though :
 he is a *Musician*.
 CHLO. A *Musician* ? then he can sing.
 CYTH. That he can excellently ; did you neuer heare him ?
- 775 CHLO. O no : will he be intreated, thinke you ?
 CYTH. I know not. Friend, Mistresse CHLOE would faine heare

HERMOGENES sing : are you interested in him ?

GALL. No doubt, his owne humanitie will command him so farre, to the satisfaction of so faire a beautie ; but rather then faile, wee le all bee
780 suiters to him.

HERM. 'Cannot sing.

GALL. Pray thee, HERMOGENES.

HERM. 'Cannot sing.

GALL. For honour of this gentlewoman, to whose house, I know
785 thou maist be cuer welcome.

CHLO. That he shall in truth, sir, if he can sing.

OVID. What's that ?

GALL. This gentlewoman is wooing HERMOGENES for a song.

OVID. A song ? come, he shall not denie her. HERMOGENES ?

790 HERM. 'Cannot sing.

GALL. No, the ladies must doe it, hee staies but to haue their thankes acknowledged as a debt to his cunning.

IVLI. That shall not want : our selfe will be the first shall promise to pay him more then thankes, vpon a fauour so worthily vouchsaft.

795 HERM. Thanke you, Madame, but 'will not sing.

TIBV. Tut, the onely way to winne him, is to abstaine from intreating him.

CRIS. Doe you loue singing, ladie ?

CHLO. O, passingly.

800 CRIS. Intreat the ladies, to intreat me to sing then, I beseech you.

CHLO. I beseech your grace, intreat this gentleman to sing.

IVLI. That we will CHLOE ; can he sing excellently ?

CHLO. I thinke so, Madame : for he intreated me, to intreat you, to intreat him to sing.

805 CRIS. Heauen, and earth ! would you tell that ?

IVLI. Good sir, let's intreat you to vse your voice.

CRIS. Alas, Madame, I cannot in truth.

PLAV. The gentleman is modest : I warrant you, he sings excellently.

OVID. HERMOGENES, cleere your throat : I see by him, here's a gen-
810 tleman will worthily challenge you.

CRIS. Not I, sir, I'll challenge no man.

TIBV. That's your modestie, sir : but wee, out of an assurance of your excellencie, challenge him in your behalfe.

CRIS. I thanke you, gentlemen, I'll doe my best.

815 HERM. Let that best be good, sir, you were best.

GALL. O, this contention is excellent. What is't you sing, sir ?

CRIS. *If I freely may discouer, &c.* Sir, I'll sing that.

OVID. One of your owne compositions, HERMOGENES.

He offers you vantage enough.

820 CRIS. Nay truly, gentlemen, I'll challenge no man—— : I can sing but one staffe of the dittie neither.

GALL.

GALL. The better : HERMOGENES himselfe will bee intreated to sing the other.

SONG.

825 **I***F I freely may discover,*
What would please me in my louer :
I would haue her faire, and wittie,
Sauouring more of court, then cittie ;
830 *A little proud, but full of pittie :*
Light, and humorous in her toying.
Oft building hopes, and soone destroying,
Long, but sweet in the enjoying,
Neither too easie, nor too hard :
All extremes I would haue bard.

835 GALL. Beleeue me, sir, you sing most excellently.

OVID. If there were a praise aboue excellence, the gentleman highly deserves it.

HERM. Sir, all this doth not yet make mee enuie you : for I know I sing better then you.

840 TIBV. Attend HERMOGENES, now.

2.

Shee should be allowed her passions,
So they were but vs'd as fashions ;
Sometimes froward, and then frowning,
845 *Sometimes sickish, and then swooning,*
Euery fit, with change, still crowning.
Purely iealous, I would haue her,
Then onely constant when I craue her.
'Tis a vertue should not saue her.
850 *Thus, nor her delicates would cloy me,*
Neither her pecuishnesse annoy me.

IVLI. Nay, HERMOGENES, your merit hath long since beene both knowne, and admir'd of vs.

HERM. You shall heare me sing another : now will I begin.

855 GALL. We shall doe this gentlemans banquet too much wrong , that staies for vs, ladies.

IVLI. 'Tis true : and well thought on, CORNELIVS GALLVS.

HERM. Why'tis but a short aire, 'twill be done presently , pray' stay ; strike musique.

860 OVID. No, good HERMOGENES : wee'll end this difference within.

IVLI. 'Tis the common disease of all your musicians , that they know no meane, to be intreated, either to begin, or end.

ALBI. Please you lead the way, gentles ?

ALL. Thankes, good ALBIVS.

865 ALBI. O, what a charme of thanks was here put vpon me ! O LOVE,
 what a setting forth it is to a man , to haue many courtiers come to his
 house ! Sweetly was it said of a good olde house-keeper ; *I had rather want*
meate, then want ghests : specially, if they be courtly ghests. For, neuer trust
 me, if one of their good legges made in a house, be not worth all the good
 870 cheere, a man can make them. Hee that would haue fine ghests, let him
 haue a fine wife ; he that would haue a fine wife, let him come to me.

CRIS. By your kind leaue, Master ALBIVS.

ALBI. What, you are not gone, Master CRISPINVS ?

CRIS. Yes faith, I haue a desseigne drawes me hence : pray' sir, fashion
 875 me an excuse to the ladies.

ALBI. Will you not stay ? and see the iewels, sir ? I pay you stay.

CRIS. Not for a million, sir, now ; Let it suffice, I must relinquish ;
 and so in a word, please you to expiate this complement.

ALBI. Mum.

880 CRIS. He presently goe and enghle some broker, for a *Poets* gowne,
 and bespeake a garland : and then ieweller , looke to your best iewell
 yfaith.

Act III. Scene I.

HORACE, CRISPINVS.

Hot.li.i.Sat.9

HMh ? yes ; I will begin an *ode* so : and it shall be to MECÆNAS.

CRIS. 'Slid , yonder's HORACE ! they say hee's an excel-
 lent *Poet* : MECÆNAS loues him. He fall into his acquaintance, if
 I can ; I thinke he be composing, as he goes i' the street ! ha ? 't is a good hu-
 mour, and he be : He compose too.

890 HORA. *Swell me a bowle with lustie wine,*
Till I may see the plump LYÆVS swim
Above the brim :

I drinke, as I would wright,
In flowing measure, fill'd with flame, and spright.

895 CRIS. Sweet HORACE, MINERVA, and the *Muses* stand auspicious
 to thy desseignes. How far'st thou , sweete man ? frolicke ? rich ? gal-
 lant ? ha ?

HORA. Not greatly gallant, sir, like my fortunes ; well.
 I'm bold to take my leaue, sir, you'd naught else, sir, would you ?

900 CRIS. Troth, no, but I could wish thou did'st know vs, HORACE,
 we are a scholer, I assure thee.

HORA. A scholer, sir ? I shall bee couetous of your faire knowledge.

CRIS. Gramercie, good HORACE. Nay, we are new turn'd *Poet* too,
 which is more ; and a *Satyrist* too, which is more then that : I write iust in
 905 thy veine, I. I am for your *odes* or your *sermons*, or any thing indeed ; wee
 are a gentleman besides : our name is RVFVS LABERIVS CRISPINVS,
 we are a prettie *stoick* too.

HORA.

HORA. To the proportion of your beard, I thinke it, sir.

CRIS. By PHŒBVS, here's a most neate fine street, is't not? I protest
910 to thee, I am enamour'd of this street now, more then of halfe the streets
of *Rome*, againe; 'tis so polite, and terse! There's the front of a building
now. I studie architecture too: if euer I should build, I'de haue a house
iust of that *prospectiue*.

HORA. Doubtlesse, this gallants tongue has a good turne, when hee
915 sleepes.

CRIS. I doe make verses, when I come in such a street as this: O your
city-ladies, you shall ha'hem sit in euery shop like the *Muses*——offring
you the *castalian* dewes, and the *thespian* liquors, to as many as haue but
the sweet grace and audacitie to——sip of their lips. Did you neuer
920 heare any of my verses?

HORA. No, sir (but I am in some feare, I must, now.)

CRIS. I'le tell thee some (if I can but recouer 'hem) I compos'd e'en
now of a dressing, I saw a iewellers wife weare, who indeede was a iewell
her selfe: I preferre that kind of tire now, what's thy opinion, HORACE?

925 HORA. With your siluer bodkin, it does well, sir.

CRIS. I cannot tell, but it stirres me more then all your court-curles,
or your spangles, or your tricks: I affect not these high gable-ends, these
tuscane-tops, nor your coronets, nor your arches, nor your *pyramid's*;
giue me a fine sweet——little delicate dressing, with a bodkin, as you
930 say: and a mushrome, for all your other ornatures.

HORA. Is't not possible to make an escape from him?

CRIS. I haue remitted my verses, all this while, I thinke I ha' for-
got 'hem.

HORA. Here's he, could wish you had else.

935 CRIS. Pray LOVE, I can intreat 'hem of my memorie.

HORA. You put your memorie to too much trouble, sir.

CRIS. No, sweet HORACE, we must not ha' thee thinke so.

HORA. I crie you mercy; then, they are my eares
That must be tortur'd: well, you must haue patience, eares.

940 CRIS. Pray thee, HORACE, obserue.

HORA. Yes, sir: your sattin sleeue begins to fret at the rug that is vn-
derneath it, I doe obserue: And your ample veluet bases are not without
euident staines of a hot disposition, naturally.

CRIS. O—I'le die them into another colour, at pleasure: how many
945 yards of veluet dost thou thinke they containe?

HORA. Hart! I haue put him now in a fresh way
To vex me more: Faith, sir, your mercers booke
Will tell you with more patience, then I can;
(For I am crost, and so's not that, I thinke.)

950 CRIS. S'light, these verses haue lost me againe: I shall not inuite 'hem
to mind, now.

HORA. Racke not your thoughts, good sir; rather, deferre it

To

To a new time ; Ple meete you at your lodging,
Or where you please : Till then, LOVE keepe you, sir.

955 CRIS. Nay, gentle HORACE, stay : I haue it, now.

HORA. Yes, sir. APOLLO, HERMES, IVPITER, looke down vpon me.

CRIS. *Rich was thy hup, sweet, deintie cap,*

There to be placed :

Where thy smooth blacke, sleeke white may smacke,

960 *And both be graced.*

white, is there vsurpt for her brow ; her forehead : and then *sleeke* , as the
parallell to *smooth*, that went before. A kind of *Paranomasic*, or *Agnomina-*
tion : doe you conceiue, sir ?

HORA. Excellent. Troth, sir, I must be abrupt, and leaue you.

965 CRIS. Why, what haste hast thou ? pray thee, stay a little : thou shalt
not goe yet, by PHOEBVS.

HORA. I shall not ? what remedie ? Fie, how I sweat with suffering !

CRIS. And then——

HORA. Pray, sir, giue me leaue to wipe my face a little.

970 CRIS. Yes, doe, good HORACE.

HORA. Thanke you, sir.

Death ! I must craue his leaue to pisse anon ;

Or that I may goe hence with halfe my teeth :

I am in some such feare. This tyrannie

975 Is strange, to take mine eares vp by *commission*,
(Whether I will or no) and make them stalls
To his lewd *solacismes*, and worded trash.

Happy thou, bold BOLANVS, now, I say ;

Whose freedome, and impatience of this fellow,

980 Would, long ere this, haue call'd him foole, and foole,

And ranke, and tedious foole, and haue slung iests

As hard as stones, till thou hadst pelted him

Out of the place : whil'st my tame modestie

Suffers my wit be made a solemne asse

985 To beare his fopperies——

CRIS. HORACE, thou art miserably affected to be gone, I see. But---
pray thee, let's proue, to enioy thee awhile: Thou hast no businesse, I as-
sure me. Whether is thy iourney directed ? ha ?

HORA. Sir, I am going to visit a friend, that's sicke.

990 CRIS. A friend ? What's he ? doe not I know him ?

HORA. No, sir, you doe not know him ; and 'tis not the worse
for him.

CRIS. What's his name ? where's he lodg'd ?

HORA. Where, I shall be fearefull to draw you out of your way, sir ;

995 a great way hence : Pray', sir, let's part.

CRIS. Nay, but where is't ? I pray thee, say.

HORA. On the farreside of all *Tyber* yonder, by CAESARS gardens.

CRIS.

CRIS. O, that's my course directly ; I am for you. Come, goe : why stand'st thou ?

1000 HORA. Yes, sir : marry, the plague is in that part of the citie ; I had almost forgot to tell you, sir.

CRIS. Fow : It's no matter, I feare no pestilence , I ha' not offended
PHŒBUS.

HORA. I haue, it seemes ; or else this heaueie scourge
1005 Could ne're haue lighted on me——

CRIS. Come, along.

HORA. I am to goe downe some halfe mile, this way, sir, first, to speake with his physician : And from thence to his apothecary, where I shall stay the mixing of diuers drugs——

1010 CRIS. Why, it's all one. I haue nothing to doe, and I loue not to be idle, I'll beare thee companie. How call'st thou the pothecary ?

HORA. O, that I knew a name would fright him now. Sir RHADAMANTHVS, RHADAMANTHVS, sir.

There's one so cald, is a iust iudge, in hell,

1015 And doth inflict strange vengeance on all those,
That (here on earth) torment poore patient spirits.

CRIS. He dwells at the three *Furies*, by IANVS Temple ?

HORA. Your pothecary does, sir.

CRIS. Hart, I owe him money for sweet meates, and hee has laid to
1020 arrest me, I heare : but——

HORA. Sir, I haue made a most solemne vow : I will neuer baile any man.

CRIS. Well then, I'll sweare, and speake him faire, if the worst come. But his name is MINOS, not RHADAMANTHVS, HORACE.

1025 HORA. That may bee, sir : I but guest at his name by his signe. But your MINOS is a iudge too, sir ?

CRIS. I protest to thee, HORACE (doe but taste mee once) if I doe know my selfe, and mine owne vertues truely, thou wilt not make that esteeme of VARIVS, or VIRGIL, or TIBVLLVS, or any of 'hem indeed, as
1030 now in thy ignorance thou dost ; which I am content to forgiue : I would faine see, which of these could pen more verses in a day, or with more facilitie then I ; or that could court his mistris, kisse her hand, make better sport with her fanne, or her dogge——

HORA. I cannot baile you yet, sir.

1035 CRIS. Or that could moue his body more gracefully, or dance better : you shoo'd see mee, were it not i' the street——

HORA. Nor yet.

CRIS. Why, I haue beene a reueller, and at my cloth of siluer sute, and my long stocking, in my time, and will be againe——

1040 HORA. If you may be trusted, sir.

CRIS. And then for my singing, HERMOGENES himselfe enuies me ; that is your onely Master of musique you haue in *Rome*.

HORA.

HORA. Is your mother living, sir?

CRIS. Au : Convert thy thoughts to somewhat else, I pray thee.

1045 HORA. You haue much of the mother in you, sir : your father is dead?

CRIS. I, I thanke LOVE, and my grand-father too and all my kins-folkes, and well compos'd in their vrnes.

HORA. The more their happinesse ; that rest in peace,
1050 Free from th'abundant torture of thy tongue ;
Would I were with them too. CRIS. What's that, HORACE?

HORA. I now remember me, sir, of a sad fate
A cunning woman, one SABELLA sung,
When in her vrne, she cast my destinie,
1055 I being but a child CRIS. What was't I pray thee?

HORA. Shee told me, I should surely neuer perish
By famine, poyson, or the enemies sword ;
The *hetticke* feuer, cough, or pleurisie,
Should neuer hurt me ; nor the tardie gowt :
1060 But in my time, I should be once surpriz'd,
By a strong tedious talker, that should vex
And almost bring me to consumption.
Therefore (if I were wise) she warn'd me shunne
All such long-winded monsters, as my bane :

1065 For if I could but scape that one discourser,
I might (no doubt) proue an olde aged man.
By your leaue, sir?

CRIS. Tut, tut : abandon this idle humour, 'tis nothing but melancholy. 'Fore LOVE, now I thinke ont, I am to appeare in court here, to
1070 answer to one that has me in suit ; sweet HORACE, goe with mee, this is my houre : if I neglect it, the law proceedes against me. Thou art familiar with these things, pray thee, if thou lou'st me, goe.

HORA. Now, let me dye, sir, if I know your lawes ;
Or haue the power to stand still halfe so long
1075 In their loud courts, as while a case is Argued.
Besides, you know, sir, where I am to goe,
And the necessitie. —————

CRIS. 'Tis true : —————

HORA. I hope the houre of my release be come : Hee will (vpon this
1080 consideration) discharge me, sure.

CRIS. Troth, I am doubtfull, what I may best doe ; whether to leaue thee, or my affaires, HORACE?

HORA. O IVPITER, mee, sir ; mee, by any meanes : I beseech you, mee, sir.

1085 CRIS. No faith, I'll venture those now : Thou shalt see I loue thee, come HORACE.

HORA. Nay then, I am desperate : I follow you, sir. 'Tis hard
con-

contending with a man that ouer-comes thus.

CRIS. And how deales MECÆNAS with thee? liberally? ha?

1090 Is he open-handed? bountifull?

HORA. Hee's still himselfe, sir.

CRIS. Troth, HORACE, thou art exceeding happy in thy friends and acquaintance; they are all most choice spirits, and of the first ranke of *Romanes*: I doe not know that *poet*, I protest, ha's vs'd his fortune more
1095 prosperously, then thou hast. If thou would'st bring me knowne to MECÆNAS, I should second thy desert well; thou should'st find a good sure assistant of mee: one, that would speake all good of thee in thy absence, and be content with the next place, not enuying thy reputation with thy patron. Let me not liue, but I thinke thou and I (in a small time) should
1100 lift them all out of fauour, both VIRGIL, VARIVS, and the best of them; and enioy him wholly to our selues.

HORA. Gods, you doe know it, I can hold no longer;
This brize hath prickt my patience: Sir, your silkenesse
Cleerely mistakes MECÆNAS, and his house;
1105 To thinke, there breathes a spirit beneath his rooffe,
Subiect vnto those poore affections
Of vnder-mining enuie, and detraction,
Moodes, onely proper to base groueling minds:
That place is not in *Rome*, I dare affirme,
1110 More pure, or free, from such low common euils.
There's no man greeu'd, that this is thought more rich,
Or this more learned; each man hath his place,
And to his merit, his reward of grace:
Which with a mutuall loue they all embrace.

1115 CRIS. You report a wonder! 'tis scarce credible, this.

HORA. I am no torture, to enforce you to beleue it, but 'tis so.

CRIS. Why, this enflames mee with a more ardent desire to bee his, then before: but, I doubt I shall find the entrance, to his familiaritie, somewhat more then difficult, HORACE.

1120 HORA. Tut, you'll conquer him, as you haue done me; There's no standing out against you, sir, I see that. Either your importunitie, or the intimation of your good parts; or ———

CRIS. Nay, I'll bribe his porter, and the groomes of his chamber; make his doores open to mee that way, first: and then, I'll obserue my
1125 times. Say, he should extrude mee his house to day; shall I therefore desist, or let fall my suite, to morrow? No: I'll attend him, follow him, meet him i' the street, the high waies, run by his coach, neuer leaue him. What? Man hath nothing giuen him, in this life, without much labour.

HORA. And impudence.

1130 Archer of heauen, PHŒBUS, take thy bow,
And with a full drawne shaft, naile to the earth
This PYTHON; that I may yet run hence, and liue:

Or

Or brawnie HERCVLES, doe thou come downe,
 And (though thou mak'st it vp thy thirteenth labour)
 1135 Rescue me from this HYDRA of discourse, here.

Act III. Scene II.

ARISTIVS, HORACE, CRISPINVS.

HORACE, well met. HORA. O welcome, my releuer,
 ARISTIVS, As thou lou'st me, ransome me.
 1140 ARIS. What ayl'st thou, man? HORA. 'Death, I am seiz'd
 on here
 By a Land-*Remora*, I cannot stirre;
 Not moue, but as he please. CRIS. Wilt thou goe, HORACE?
 HORA. 'Hart! he cleaues to me like *ALCIDES* shirt,
 1145 Tearing my flesh, and sinnewes; ô, I ha' beene vext
 And tortur'd with him, beyond fortie feuers.
 For *LOVES* sake, find some meanes, to take me from him.
 ARIS. Yes, I will: but I'le goe first, and tell *MECÆNAS*.
 CRIS. Come, shall we goe?
 1150 ARIS. The iest will make his eyes runne, yfaith.
 HORA. Nay, ARISTIVS?
 ARIS. Farewell, HORACE.
 HORA. 'Death! will a'leaueme? *FVSCVS* ARISTIVS, doe you heare?
 Gods of *Rome*! you said, you had somewhat to say to me, in priuate.
 1155 ARIS. I, but I see, you are now impli'd with that gentleman: 'twere
 offence to trouble you. I'le take some fitter oportunitie, farewell.
 HORA. Mischiefe, and torment! ô, my soule, and heart,
 How are you crampt with anguish! Death it selfe
 Brings not the like convulsions. ô, this day,
 1160 That euer I should view thy tedious face——
 CRIS. HORACE, what passion? what humour is this?
 HORA. Away, good prodigie, afflict me not.
 (A friend, and mocke me thus!) neuer was man
 So left vnder the axe——how now.

1165 Act III. Scene III.

MINOS, LICTORS, CRISPINVS, HORACE.

THat's he, in the imbrodered hat, there, with the ash-colour'd feather: his name is *LABERIVS CRISPINVS*.
 1170 LICT. *LABERIVS CRISPINVS*; I arrest you in the Empe-
 rours name.
 CRIS. Me, sir? doe you arrest me?
 LICT. I, sir, at the sute of Master *MINOS* the pothecarie.
 HORA.

HORA. Thankes, great APOLLO : I will not slip thy fauour offered me in my escape, for my fortunes.

1175 CRIS. Master MINOS ? I know no master MINOS. Where's HORACE ? HORACE ? HORACE ?

MINO. Sir, doe not you know me ?

CRIS. O yes ; I know you, master MINOS : 'crie you mercy. But HORACE ? Gods me, is he gone ?

1180 MINO. I, and so would you too, if you knew how. Officer, looke to him.

CRIS. Doe you heare, master MINOS ? pray' let's be vs'd like a man of our owne fashion. By IANVS, and IVPITER, I meant to haue paied you next weeke, euery drachme. Seeke not to eclipse my reputation, thus

1185 vulgarly.

MINO. Sir, your oathes cannot serue you, you know I haue forborne you long.

CRIS. I am conscious of it, sir. Nay, I beseech you, gentlemen, doe not exhale me thus ; remember 'tis but for sweet meates——

1190 LIC. Sweet meat must haue sowre sawce, sir. Come along.

CRIS. Sweet, master MINOS : I am forfeited to eternall disgrace, if you doe not commiserate. Good officer, be not so officious.

Act III. Scene IIII.

TVCCA, PYRGVS, MINOS, LICTORS,

1195 CRISPINVS, HISTRIO, DE-

METRIVS.

1200 **VV**Hy, how now, my good brace of bloud-hounds ? whither doe you dragge the gent'man ? you mungrels, you currees, you bant-dogs, wee are Captaine TVCCA, that talke to you, you inhumane pilchers.

MINO. Sir, he is their prisoner.

TVCC. Their pestilence. What are you, sir ?

MINO. A citizen of *Rome*, sir.

TVCC. Then you are not farre distant from a foole, sir.

1205 MINO. A pothecarie, sir.

TVCC. I knew thou wast not a *physician* ; fough : out of my nostrils, thou stink'st of *lotium*, and the syringe : away, quack-saluer. Follower, my sword.

PYRG. Here, noble leader, youle doe no harme with it : I'll trust you.

1210 TVCC. Doe you heare, you, good-man slaue ? hooke, ramme, rogue, catch-pole, lose the gent'man, or by my veluet armes——

LIC. What will you doe, sir ?

TVCC. Kisse thy hand, my honourable actiue varlet : and imbrace thee, thus.

*The Officer
strikes vp his
heels.*

Cc

PYRG.

- 1215 PYRG. O patient *metamorphosis* !
 TVCC. My sword, my tall rascall.
 LICT. Nay, soft, sir : Some wiser then some.
 TVCC. What ? and a wit to ! By PLVTO , thou must bee cherish'd,
 slaue ; here's three drachmes for thee : hold.
- 1220 PYRG. There's halfe his lendings gone.
 TVCC. Giue mee.
 LICT. No, sir, your first word shall stand : I'll hold all.
 TVCC. Nay, but, rogue——
 LICT. You would make a rescue of our prisoner, sir, you ?
- 1225 TVCC. I, a rescue ? away inhumane varlet. Come, come, I neuer rel-
 ish about one iest at most ; doe not disgust me : Sirra, doe not. Rogue, I
 tell thee, rogue, doe not.
 LICT. How, sir ? rogue ?
 TVCC. I, why ! thou art not angrie, rascall ? art thou ?
- 1230 LICT. I cannot tell, sir, I am little better, vpon these termes.
 TVCC. Ha ! gods, and fiends ! why, do'st heare ? rogue, thou, giue me
 thy hand ; I say vnto thee, thy hand : rogue. What ? do'st not thou know
 me ? not me, rogue ? not Captaine TVCCA, rogue ?
 MINO. Come : pra'surrender the gentleman his sword, officer ; we'll
 1235 haue no fighting here.
 TVCC. What's thy name ?
 MINO. MINOS, an't please you.
 TVCC. MINOS ? come, hither, MINOS ; Thou art a wise fellow, it
 seemes : Let me talke with thee.
- 1240 CRIS. Was euer wretch so wretched, as vnfortunate I ?
 TVCC. Thou art one of the *centum-viri*, old boy, art' not ?
 MINO. No, indeed, master Captaine.
 TVCC. Goeto, thou shalt be, then : I'll ha' thee one, MINOS. Take
 my sword from those rascals, do'st thou see ? goe, doe it : I cannot at-
 1245 tempt with patience. What does this gentleman owe thee , little
 MINOS ?
 MINO. Fourescore *sesterties*, sir.
 TVCC. What ? no more ? Come , thou shalt release him , MI-
 NOS : what, I'll bee his baile, thou shalt take my word, old boy , and
 1250 casheere these furies : thou shalt do't, I say , thou shalt, little MINOS,
 thou shalt.
 CRIS. Yes, and as I am a gentleman, and a reueller, I'll make a peece
 of *poetrie*, and absolue all, within these fve daies.
 TVCC. Come , MINOS is not to learne how to vse a gent'man
 1255 of qualitie , I know ; My sword : If hee pay thee not , I will , and I
 must , old boy. Thou shalt bee my pothecary too : ha'st good *eringo's*,
 MINOS ?
 MINO. The best in *Rome*, sir.
 TVCC. Goe too then——Vermine, know the house.

1260 PYRG. I warrant you, Collonell.

TVCC. For this gentleman, MINOS?

MINO. I'll take your word, Captaine.

TVCC. Thou hast it, my sword——

MINO. Yes, sir : but you must discharge the arrest, Master CRI-

1265 SPINVS.

TVCC. How, MINOS? looke in the gentlemans face, and but reade his silence. Pay, pay; 'tis honour, MINOS.

CRIS. By LOVE, sweet Captaine, you doe most infinitely endear, and oblige me to you.

1270 TVCC. Tut, I cannot complement, by MARS: but IVPITER loue me, as I loue good wordes, and good clothes, and there's an end. Thou shalt giue my boy that girdle, and hangers, when thou hast worne them a little more——

CRIS. O IVPITER! Captaine, he 'shall haue them now, presently:

1275 please you to be acceptiue, young gentleman.

PYRG. Yes, sir, feare not; I shall accept: I haue a prettie foolish humour of taking, if you knew all.

TVCC. Not now, you shall not take, boy.

CRIS. By my truth, and earnest, but hee shall, Captaine, by your
1280 leaue.

TVCC. Nay, and a 'sweare by his truth, and earnest, take it boy: doe not make a gent'man forsworne.

LICT. Well, sir, there is your sword; but thanke master MINOS: you had not carried it as you doe, else.

1285 TVCC. MINOS is iust, and you are knaues, and——

LICT. What say you, sir?

TVCC. Passe on, my good scoundrell, passe on, I honour thee: But, that I hate to haue action with such base rogues as these; you should ha' seene me vnrip their noses now, and haue sent 'hem to the next barbers,
1290 to stitching: for, doe you see-- I am a man of humour, and I doe loue the varlets, the honest varlets; they haue wit, and valour: and are indeed good profitable——errant rogues, as any liue in an empire. Doest thou heare, POETASTER? second me. Stand vp (MINOS) close, gather, yet, so. Sir (thou shalt haue a quarter share, bee resolute) you shall, at my re-
1295 quest, take MINOS by the hand, here, little MINOS, I will haue it so; all friends, and a health: Be not inexorable. And thou shalt impart the wine, old boy, thou shalt do't, little MINOS, thou shalt: make vs pay it in our physicke. What? we must liue, and honour the gods, sometimes; now BACCHVS, now COMVS, now PRIAPVS: euery god, a little. What's he,
1300 that stalkes by, there? boy, PYRGVS, you were best let him passe, sirrah; doe, ferret, let him passe, doe.

PYRG. 'Tis a player, sir.

TVCC. A player? Call him, call the lowsie slaue hither: what, will he saile by, and not once strike, or vaile to a *Man of warre*? ha? doe you

1305 heare ? you, player, rogue, stalker, come backe here : no respect to men of worship, you slaue ? What, you are proud, you rascall, are you proud ? ha ? you grow rich, doe you ? and purchase, you two-penny teare-mouth ? you haue *fortune*, and the good yeere on your side , you stinkard ? you haue ? you haue ?

1310 HIST. Nay, sweet Captaine, be confin'd to some reason ; I protest I saw you not, sir.

TVCC. You did not ? where was your sight , OEDIPVS ? you walke with hares eies , doe you ? I'll ha' 'hem glaz'd , rogue ; and you say the word, they shall be glaz'd for you : come, we must haue you turne fiddler
1315 againe, slaue, 'get a base violin at your backe, and march in a tawnie coate, with one sleeue, to Goose-faire , and then you'll know vs ; you'll see vs then ; you will, gulch, you will ? Then, wil't please your worship to haue any musicke, Captaine ?

HIST. Nay, good Captaine.

1320 TVCC. What ? doe you laugh, *Owleglas* ? death , you perstemptuous varlet, I am none of your fellows : I haue commanded a hundred and fiftie such rogues, I.

I. PYR. I, and most of that hundred and fiftie, haue beene leaders of a legion.

1325 HIST. If I haue exhibited wrong, I'll tender satisfaction, Captaine.

TVCC. Sai'st thou so, honest vermine ? Giue me thy hand, thou shalt make vs a supper one of these nights.

HIST. When you please, by LOVE, Captaine, most willingly.

TVCC. Doest thou 'swear ? to morrow then ; say , and hold slaue.
1330 There are some of you plaiers honest gent'man-like scoundrels, and suspected to ha' some wit , as well as your *poets* ; both at drinking , and breacking of iests : and are companions for gallants. A man may skelder yee, now and then, of halfe a dozen shillings, or so. Doest thou not know that PANTALABVS there ?

1335 HIST. No, I assure you, Captaine.

TVCC. Goe, and bee acquainted with him, then ; hee is a gent'man, parcell-*poet*, you slaue : his father was a man of worship, I tell thee. Goe, he pens high, loftie, in a new stalking straine ; bigger then halfe the rimers i' the towne, againe : he was borne to fill thy mouth , MINOTAVRVS, he
1340 was : hee will teach thee to teare, and rand, Rascall, to him, cherish his *muse*, goe : thou hast fortie, fortie, shillings, I meane, stinkard, giue him in earnest, doe, he shall write for thee, slaue. If hee pen for thee once , thou shalt not need to trauell, with thy pumps full of grauell, any more, after a blinde iade and a hamper : and stalke vpon boords, and barrell heads, to an
1345 old crackt trumpet—

HIST. Troth, I thinke I ha' not so much about me, Captaine.

TVCC. It's no matter : giue him what thou hast : *Stiffe toe* , I'll giue my word for the rest : though it lacke a shilling, or two, it skils not : Goe, thou art an honest shister , I'll ha' the *statute* repeal'd for thee. MINOS,

I must

1350 must tell thee , MINOS , thou hast delected yon gent'mans spirit exceedingly : do'st obserue ? do'st note, little MINOS ?

MINO. Yes, sir.

TVCC. Goe to then, raise ; 'recouer, doe. Suffer him not to droop, in prospect of a player, a rogue, a stager : put twentie into his hand, twentie,
1355 sesterces, I meane, and let no bodie see : goe, doe it, the worke shall commend it selfe, be MINOS, I'll pay.

MINO. Yes forsooth, Captaine.

2. PYR. Doe not we serue a notable sharke ?

TVCC. And what new matters haue you now afoot , sirrah ? ha ? I
1360 would faine come with my cockatrice one day , and see a play ; if I knew when there were a good bawdie one : but they say , you ha' nothing but *humours, reuells, and satyres*, that girde, and fart at the time, you slaue.

HIST. No, I assure you, Captaine , not wee. They are on the other side of *Tyber* : we haue as much ribaldrie in our plaies, as can bee , as you
1365 would wish, Captaine : All the sinners, i' the suburbs, come, and applaud our action, daily.

TVCC. I heare, you'll bring me o' the stage there ; you'll play me, they say : I shall be presented by a sort of copper-lac't scoundrels of you : life of PLUTO, and you stage me, stinkard ; your mansions shall sweat for't,
1370 your tabernacles, varlets, your *Globes*, and your *Triumphs*.

HIST. Not we, by PHÆBUS, Captaine : doe not doe vs imputation without desert.

TVCC. I wu' not , my good two-penny rascall : reach mee thy neufe. Do'st heare ? What wilt thou giue mee a weeke, for my brace of beagles,
1375 here, my little point-trussers ? you shall ha' them act among yee. Sirrah, you, pronounce. Thou shalt heare him speake, in king DARIVS dolefull straine.

1. PYR. *O dolefull dayes ! O direfull deadly dump !
O wicked world ! and worldly wickednesse !*

1380 *How can I hold my fist from crying, thump,
In rue of this right rascall wretchednesse !*

TVCC. In an amorous vaine now, sirrah, peace.

1. PYR. *O, shee is wilder, and more hard, withall,
Then beast, or bird, or tree, or stoniewall.*

1385 *Yet might shee loue me, to vpreare her state :
I, but perhaps, shee hopes some nobler mate.
Yet might shee loue me, to content her sire :
I, but her reason masters her desire.
Yet might shee loue me as her beauties thrall :*

1390 *I, but I feare, shee cannot loue at all.*

TVCC. Now, the horrible fierce Souldier, you, sirrah.

1. PYR. *What ? will I braue thee ? I, and beard thee too.
A roman spirit scornes to beare a braine,
So full of base pusillanimitie.*

1395 DEMET. HIST. Excellent.

TVCC. Nay, thou shalt see that, shall rauish thee anon : prick vp thine eares, stinkard : the Ghost, boies.

1. PYR. *Vindicta.*

2. PYR. *Timoria.*

1400 1. PYR. *Vindicta.*

2. PYR. *Timoria.*

1. PYR. *Veni.*

2. PYR. *Veni.*

TVCC. Now, thunder, sirrah, you, the rumbling plaier.

1405 1. PYR. I, but some bodie must crie (*murder*) then, in a small voice.

TVCC. Your fellow-sharer, there, shall do't ; Crie, sirrah, crie.

1. PYR. *Murder, murder.*

2. PYR. *Who calls out murder ? lady, was it you ?*

DEMET. HIST. O, admirable good, I protest.

1410 TVCC. Sirrah, boy, brace your drumme a little straighter, and doe the t'other fellow there, hee in the—— what sha' call him—— and yet, stay too.

2. PYR. *Nay, and thou dalliest, then I am thy foe,*

And feare shall force, what friendship cannot win ;

1415 *Thy death shall burie what thy life conceales,*

Villaine ! thou diest, for more respecting her——

1. PYR. *O, stay my Lord.*

2. PYR. *Then me : yet speake the truth, and I will guerdon thee :*

But if thou dally once againe, thou diest.

1420 TVCC. Enough of this, boy.

2. PYR. *Why then lament therefore : damn'd be thy guts vnto king PLV-*

TOES hell, and princely EREBUS ; for sparrowes must haue foode.

HIST. 'Pray, sweet Captaine, let one of them doe a little of a ladie.

TVCC. O ! he will make thee eternally enamour'd of him, there : doe,

1425 sirrah, doe : 'twill allay your fellowes furie a little.

1. PYR. *Master, mocke on : the scorne thou giuest me,*

Pray I OVE, some lady may retorne on thee.

2. PYR. No : you shall see mee doe the *Moore* : Master, lend mee your scarfe a little.

1430 TVCC. Here, 'tis at thy seruice, boy.

2. PYR. You, master MINOS, harke hither a little.

*They with-draw
to make them-
selues ready.*

TVCC. How do'st like him ? art not rapt ? art not tickled now ? do'st not applaud, rascal ? do'st not applaud ?

HIST. Yes : what will you aske for 'hem a weeke, Captaine ?

1435 TVCC. No, you manganizing slaue, I will not part from 'hem : you'll sell 'hem for enggles you : let's ha' good cheere to morrow-night at supper, stalker, and then wee'll talke, good capon, and plouer, doe you heare, sirrah ? and doe not bring your eating plaier with you there ; I cannot a-way with him : He will eate a legge of mutton, while I am in my porridge,

the

1440 the leane POLYPHAGVS, his belly is like *Barathrum*, he looks like a mid-wife in mans apparell, the slaue. Nor the villanous-out-of-tune fiddler ÆNOBARBVS, bring not him. What hast thou there? sixe and thirtie? ha?

HIST. No, here's all I haue (Captaine) some fiue and twentie. Pray,
1445 sir, will you present, and accomodate it vnto the gentleman: for mine owne part, I am a meere stranger to his humour: besides, I haue some businesse inuites me hence, with Master ASINIVS LVPVS, the *tribune*.

TVCC. Well: goe thy waies: pursue thy proiects, let mee alone with this desseigne; my POETASTER shall make thee a play, and thou shalt
1450 be a man of good parts, in it. But stay, let mee see: Doe not bring your ÆSOPE, your polititian; vnlesse you can ram vp his mouth with cloues: the slaue smells ranker then some sixteene dung-hills, and is seuenteeene times more rotten: Mary, you may bring FRISKER, my *zany*: Hee's a good skipping swaggerer; and your fat foole there, my MANGO, bring
1455 him too: but let him not begge rapiers, nor scarfes, in his ouer-familiar playing face, nor rore out his barren bold iests, with a tormenting laughter, betweene drunke, and drie. Doe you heare, stiffe-toe? Giue him warning, admonition, to forsake his sawey glauering grace, and his goggle eie: it does not become him, sirrah: tell him so. I haue stood vp and defended
1460 you I, to gent'men, when you haue beene said to prey vpon pu'nees, and honest citizens, for socks, or buskins: or when they ha' call'd you vsurers, or brokers, or said, you were able to helpe to a peece of flesh—— I haue sworne, I did not thinke so. Nor that you were the common retreats for punkes decai'd i' their practice. I cannot belecue it of you——

1465 HIST. 'Thanke you, Captaine: IVPITER, and the rest of the gods confine your moderne delights, without disgust.

TVCC. Stay, thou shalt see the *Moore*, ere thou goest: what's he, with the halfe-armes there, that salutes vs out of his cloke, like a *motion*? ha?

HIST. O, sir, his dubblet's a little decai'd; hee is otherwise a very
1470 simple honest fellow, sir, one DEMETRIVS, a dresser of plaies about the towne, here; we haue hir'd him to abuse HORACE, and bring him in, in a play, with all his gallants: as, TIBVLLVS, MECÆNAS, CORNELIVS GALLVS, and the rest.

TVCC. And: why so, stinkard?

1475 HIST. O, it will get vs a huge deale of money (Captaine) and wee haue need on't; for this winter ha's made vs all poorer, then so many staru'd snakes: No bodie comes at vs; not a gentleman, nor a——

TVCC. But, you know nothing by him, doe you, to make a play of?

HIST. Faith, not much, Captaine: but our Author will deuise, that,
1480 that shall serue in some sort.

TVCC. Why, my PARNASSVS, here, shall helpe him, if thou wilt: Can thy Author doe it impudently enough?

HIST. O, I warrant you, Captaine, and spitefully inough, too; hee ha's one of the most ouer-flowing ranke wits, in *Rome*. He will slander any
1485 man that breathes, if he disgust him. TVCC.

*The boy comes
in on Minos
shoulders, who
stalkes, as he acts.*

TVCC. I'le know the poore, egregious, nitty rascall, and he haue these commendable qualities, I'le cherish him (stay, here comes the *Tartar*) I'le make a gathering for him, I : a purse, and put the poore slaue in fresh rags. Tell him so, to comfort him : well said, boy.

2. PYR. *Where art thou, boy ? where is CALIPOLIS ?
Fight earth-quakes, in the entrailles of the earth,
And easterne whirle-windes in the hellish shades :
Some foule contagion of th'infected heauens
Blast all the trees ; and in their cursed tops*
1495 *The dismall night-rauen, and tragicke owle
Breed, and become fore-runners of my fall.*

TVCC. Well, now fare thee well, my honest penny-biter : Commend me to seuen-shares and a halfe, and remember to morrow— if you lacke a seruice, you shall play in my name, rascalls, but you shall buy your owne
1500 cloth, and I'le ha' two shares for my countenance. Let thy author stay with mee.

DEME. Yes, sir.

TVCC. 'Twas well done, little MINOS, thou didst stalke well; forgiue me that I said thou stunkst, MINOS : 'twas the sauour of a *poet*, I met swea-
1505 ting in the street, hangs yet in my nostrills.

CRIS. Who ? HORACE ?

TVCC. I ; he, do'st thou know him ?

CRIS. O, he forsooke me most barbarously, I protest.

TVCC. Hang him fustie *satyre*, he smells all goate ; hee carries a ram,
1510 vnder his arme-holes, the slaue : I am the worse when I see him. Did not MINOS impart ?

CRIS. Yes, here are twentie drachmes, he did conuey.

TVCC. Well said, keepe 'hem, wee'll share anon ; come, little MINOS.

1515 CRIS. Faith, Captaine, I'le be bold to shew you a mistris of mine, a iewellers wife, a gallant, as we goe along.

TVCC. There spoke my *Genius*. MINOS, some of thy *eringoes*, little MINOS ; send : come hither, PARNASSVS, I must ha' thee familiar with my little locust, here, 'tis a good vermine, they say. See, here's HORACE,
1520 and old TREBATVS, the great lawier, in his companie ; let's auoid him, now : He is too well seconded.

Act III. Scene V.

HORACE, TREBATVS.

Hor. Sat. i. li. 2.
1525

T Here are, to whom I seeme excessiue sower ;
And past a *satyres* law, t'extend my power :
Others, that thinke what euer I haue writ
Wants pith, and matter to eternise it ;

And

- And that they could, in one daies light, disclose
A thousand verses, such as I compose.
- 1530 What shall I doe, TREBATVS? say. TREB. Surcease.
HORA. And shall my *Muse* admit no more encrease?
TREB. So I aduise. HORA. An ill death let mee die.
If 'twere not best; but sleepe auoids mine eye:
And I vse these, lest nights should tedious seeme.
- 1535 TREB. Rather, contend to sleepe, and liue like them,
That holding golden sleepe in speciall price,
Rub'd with sweet oiles, swim siluer *Tyber* thrice,
And euery eu'en, with neat wine steeped be:
Or, if such loue of writing rauish thee,
- 1540 Then dare to sing vnconquer'd CAESARS deeds;
Who cheeres such actions, with abundant meeds.
HORA. That, father, I desire; but when I trie,
I feele defects in euery facultie:
Nor is't a labour fit for euery pen,
- 1545 To paint the horrid troupes of armed men;
The launces burst, in GALLIA's slaughtred forces;
Or wounded *Parthians*, tumbled from their horses:
Great CAESARS warres cannot be fought with words.
TREB. Yet, what his vertue in his peace affords,
- 1550 His fortitude, and iustice thou canst show;
As wise LVCILIVS, honor'd SCIPIO.
HORA. Of that, my powers shall suffer no neglect,
When such sleight labours may aspire respect:
But, if I watch not a most chosentime,
- 1555 The humble wordes of FLACCVS cannot clime
The' attentue eare of CAESAR; nor must I
With lesse obseruance shunne grosse flatterie:
For he, reposed safe in his owne merit,
Spurnes backe the gloses of a fawning spirit.
- 1560 TREB. But, how much better would such accents sound,
Then, with a sad, and serious verse to wound
PANTOLABVS, railing in his sawcie iests?
Or NOMENTANVS spent in riotous feasts?
" In *satyres*, each man (though vntoucht) complaines
- 1565 " As he were hurt; and hates such biting straines.
HORA. What shall I doe? MILONIVS shakes his heeles
In ceaslesse dances, when his braine once feeles
The stirring feruour of the wine ascend;
And that his eyes false number apprehend.
- 1570 CASTOR his horse; POLLVX loues handie fights:
Thousand heads, a thousand choise delights.

- My pleasure is in feet, my words to close,
 As, both our better, old LVCILIVS does :
 He, as his trustie friends, his bookes did trust
 1575 With all his secrets ; nor, in things vniust,
 Or actions lawfull, ran to other men :
 So, that the old mans life, describ'd was seene
 As in a votive table in his lines ;
 And to his steps my *Genius* inclines,
 1580 *Lucanian*, or *Apulian*, I not whether ;
 For the *Venusian* colonie plowes either :
 Sent thither, when the *Sabines* were forc'd thence
 (As old fame sings) to giue the place defence
 'Gainst such, as seeing it emptie, might make rode
 1585 Vpon the empire ; or there fixe abode :
 Whether th' *Apulian* borderer it were,
 Or the *Lucanian* violence they feare.
 But this my stile no liuing man shall touch,
 If first I be not forc'd by base reproch ;
 1590 But, like a sheathed sword, it shall defend
 My innocent life ; for, why should I contend
 To draw it out, when no malicious thiefe
 Robs my good name, the treasure of my life ?
 O IVPITER, let it with rust be eaten,
 1595 Before it touch, or insolently threaten
 The life of any with the least disease ;
 So much I loue, and woe a generall peace.
 But, he that wrongs me (better, I proclame,
 He neuer had assai'd to touch my fame.)
 1600 For he shall weepe, and walke with euery tongue
 Throughout the citie, infamously song.
 SERVIVS, the *Prætor*, threats the lawes, and vrne,
 If any at his deedes repine or spurne ;
 The witch, CANIDIA, that ALBVCIVS got,
 1605 Denounceth witch-craft, where shee loueth not :
 THVRIVS, the iudge, doth thunder worlds of ill,
 To such, as striue with his iudiciall will ;
 " All men affright their foes in what they may,
 " Nature commands it, and men must obey.
 1610 Obserue with me ; " The wolfe his tooth doth vse :
 " The bull his horne. And, who doth this infuse,
 " But nature ? There's luxurious SCAEVA ; Trust
 His long-liu'd mother with him ; His so iust
 And scrupulous right hand no mischief will ;
 1615 No more, then with his heele a wolfe will kill,

Or Oxe with iaw : Mary, let him alone
With temper'd poison to remoue the croane.

But, briefly, if to age I destin'd bee,
Or that quick deaths black wings inuiron me ;
1620 If rich, or poore ; at *Rome* ; or fate command
I shall be banish't to some other land ;
What hiew soeuer, my whole state shall beare,
I will write *satyres* still, in sight of feare.

TREB. HORACE ; I feare, thou draw'st no lasting breath :
1625 And that some great mans friend will be thy death.

HORA. What? when the man that first did *satyrise*,
Durst pull the skin ouer the eares of vice ;
And make, who stood in outward fashion cleare,
Giue place, as foule within ; shall I forbear ?
1630 Did LAELIVS, or the man, so great with fame,
That from sackt *Carthage* fetcht his worthy name,
Storme, that LVCILIVS did METELLVS pierce ?
Or bury LVPVS quick, in famous verse ?
Rulers, and subiects, by whole tribes he checkt ;
1635 But vertue, and her friends did still protect :
And when from sight, or from the iudgement seat,
The vertuous SCIPIO, and wise LAELIVS met,
Vnbrac't, with him in all light sports, they shar'd ;
Till, their most frugall suppers were prepar'd.

1640 What e're I am, though both for wealth, and wit ;
Beneath LVCILIVS, I am pleas'd to sit,
Yet, enuy (spight of her empoisoned brest)
Shall say, I liu'd in grace here, with the best ;
And, seeking in weake trash to make her wound,
1645 Shall find me solid, and her teeth vnsound :
'Lesse, learn'd TREBATIVS censure disagree.

TREB. No, HORACE, I of force must yeeld to thee ;
Only, take heed, as being aduis'd by mee,
Lest thou incurre some danger : Better pause
1650 Then rue thy ignorance of the sacred lawes ;
There's iustice, and great action may be su'd
'Gainst such, as wrong mens fames with verses lewd.

HORA. I, with lewd verses ; such as libels bee,
And aym'd at persons of good qualitie.
1655 I reuerence and adore that iust decree :
But if they shall be sharp, yet modest rimes
That spare mens persons, and but taxe their crimes,
Such, shall in open court, find currant passe ;
Were CAESAR iudge, and with the makers grace.

TREB.

1660 TREB. Nay, I'll adde more; if thou thy selfe being cleare,
Shalt taxe in person a man, fit to beare
Shame, and reproch; his sute shall quickly bee
Dissolu'd in laughter, and thou thence sit free.

Act IIII. Scene 1.

1665

CHLOE, CYTHERIS.

BVt, sweet ladie, say: am I well inough attir'd for the court, in
sadnesse?

CYTH. Well inough? excellent well, sweet Mistris CHLOE,
this straight bodied city attire (I can tell you) will stir a courtiers bloud,
1670 more, then the finest loose sacks the ladies vse to be put in; and then you
are as well iewell'd as any of them, your ruffe, and linnen about you, is
much more pure then theirs: And for your beautie, I can tell you, there's
many of them would defie the painter, if they could change with you.
Mary, the worst is, you must looke to be enuied, and endure a few court-
1675 frumps for it.

CHLO. O IOVE, Madam, I shall buy them too cheape! Giue me my
muffe, and my doggethere. And will the ladies be any thing familiar with
me, thinke you?

CYTH. O IVNO! why, you shall see 'hem flock about you with their
1680 puffe wings, and aske you, where you bought your lawne? and what you
paid for it? who starches you? and entreat you to helpe 'hem to some pure
landresses, out of the citie.

CHLO. O CVPID! giue me my fanne, and my masque too: And will
the lords, and the *poets* there, vse one well too, ladie?

1685 CYTH. Doubt not of that: you shall haue kisses from them, goe pit-
pat, pit-pat, pit-pat, vpon your lips, as thick as stones out of flings, at the
assault of a citie. And then your eares will be so furd with the breath of
their complements, that you cannot catch cold of your head (if you
would) in three winters after.

1690 CHLO. Thanke you, sweet ladie. O heauen! And how must one be-
haue her selfe amongst 'hem? you know all.

CYTH. Faith, impudently inough, mistris CHLOE, and well inough.
Carrie not too much vnder-thought betwixt your selfe and them; nor
your citie mannerly word (forsooth) vse it not too often in any case; but
1695 plaine, I, Madam; and, No, Madam: Nor neuer say, your Lordship, nor
your Honor; but, you, and you my Lord, and my Ladie: the other, they
count too simple, and minsitiue. And though they desire to kisse heauen
with their titles, yet they will count them fooles that giue them too
humbly.

1700 CHLO. O intolerable, IVPITER! By my troth, ladie, I would not for
a world, but you had lyen in my house: and i' faith you shall not pay a
farthing,

farthing, for your boord, nor your chambers.

CYTH. O, sweet Mistresse CHLOE!

CHLO. I faith, you shall not ladie, nay, good ladie, doe not offer it.

1705

Act IIII. Scene II.

COR. GALLVS, TIBVLLVS, CY-
THERIS, CHLOE.

1710

Come, where be these ladies? By your leaue, bright starres, this gentleman and I are come to man you to court: where your late kind entertainment is now to bee requited with a heauenly banquet.

CYTH. A heauenly banquet, *Gallus*?

COR. GALL. No lesse, my deare, CYTHERIS.

1715

TIBV. That were not strange, ladie, if the *epithete* were onely giuen for the companie inuited thither; your selfe, and this faire gentlewoman.

CHLO. Are we inuited to court, sir?

TIBV. You are, ladie, by the great Princesse, IVLIA: who longs to greet you with any fauours, that may worthily make you an often courtier.

1720

CHLO. In sinceritie, I thanke her, sir. You haue a coach? ha' you not?

TIBV. The Princesse hath sent her owne, ladie.

CHLO. O VENVS! that's well: I doe long to ride in a coach most vehemently.

1725

CYTH. But, sweet GALLVS, pray you, resolute mee, why you giue that heauenly prayse, to this earthly banquet?

COR. GALL. Because (CYTHERIS) it must bee celebrated by the heauenly powers: All the Gods, and Goddesses will bee there; to two of which, you two must be exalted.

CHLO. A prettie fiction in truth.

1730

CYTH. A fiction indeed, CHLOE, and fit, for the fit of a *poet*.

COR. GALL. Why, CYTHERIS, may not *poets* (from whose diuine spirits, all the honours of the gods haue beene deduc't) intreate so much honor of the gods, to haue their diuine presence at a *poeticall* banquet?

1735

CYTH. Suppose that no fiction: yet, where are your habilities to make vs two goddesses, at your feast?

COR. GALL. Who knowes not (CYTHERIS) that the sacred breath of a true *poet*, can blow any vertuous humanitie, vp to *deitie*?

1740

TIBV. To tell you the femall truth (which is the simple truth) ladies; and to shew that *poets* (in spight of the world) are able to *deifie* themselves: At this banquet, to which you are inuited, wee intend to assume the figures of the Gods; and to giue our seuerall Loues the formes of Goddesses. OVID will be IVPITER; the Princesse IVLIA, IVNO; GALLVS here APOLLO; you CYTHERIS, PALLAS; I will bee BACCHVS; and my Loue PLAVTIA, CERES: And to install you, and your husband,

D d

faire

1745 faire CHLOE, in honours, equall with ours ; you shall be a Goddess, and your husband a God.

CHLO. A God ? O my god !

TIBV. A God ; but a lame God, ladie : for he shall be VULCAN, and you VENVS. And this will make our banquet no lesse then heauenly.

1750 CHLO. In sinceritie, it will bee sugred. Good LOVE, what a prettie foolish thing it is to be a *poet* ! But harke you, sweet CYTHERIS ; could they not possibly leaue out my husband ? mee thinkes, a bodies husband do's not so well at Court ; A bodies friend, or so——but husband, 'tis like your clog to your *marmaset*, for all the world, and the heauens.

1755 CYTH. Tut, neuer feare, CHLOE : your husband will be left without in the lobby, or the great chamber, when you shall be put in, i' the closet, by this lord, and by that lady.

CHLO. Nay, then I am certified : he shall goe.

Act IIII. Scene III.

1760 GALLVS, HORACE, TIBVLLVS, ALBIVS, CRISPINVS, TVCCA, DEMETRIVS, CYTHERIS, CHLOE.

HORACE ! Welcome.

1765 **H**ORA. Gentlemen, heare you the newes ?
TIBV. What newes, my QVINTVS ?

HORA. Our melancholike friend, PROPERTIVS, Hath clos'd himselfe, vp, in his CYNTHIAS tombe ; And will by no intreaties be drawne thence.

ALBI. Nay, good master CRISPINVS, pray you, bring neere the
1770 gentleman.

HORA. CRISPINVS ? Hidemee, good GALLVS : TIBVLLVS, shelter mee.

CRIS. Make your approch, sweet Captaine.

TIBV. What meanes this, HORACE ?

1775 HORA. I am surpriz'd againe, farewell. GALL. Stay, HORACE.

HORA. What, and be tir'd on, by yond' vulture ? No :

PHÆBVS defend me. TIBV. 'Slight ! I hold my life, This same is he met him in *holy street*.

GALL. Troth, 'tis like enough. This act of PROPERTIVS relisheth
1780 very strange, with me.

TVCC. By thy leaue, my neat scoundrell : what, is this the mad boy you talk't on ?

CRIS. I : this is master ALBIVS, Captaine.

TVCC. Giue me thy hand, AGAMEMNON ; we heare abroad, thou art
1785 the HECTOR of citizens : what sayest thou ? are we welcome to thee, noble NEOPTOLEMVVS ?

ALBI. Welcome, Captaine ? by LOVE, and all the Gods i' the capitol—
TVCC.

TVCC. No more, we conceiue thee. Which of these is thy wedlocke,
 1790 MENELAVS ? thy HELLEN ? thy LVCRECE ? that wee may doe her honor ; mad boy ?

CRIS. Shee i' the little fine dressing, sir, is my Mistris.

ALBI. For fault of a better, sir.

TVCC. A better, prophane rascall ? I crie thee mercy (my good
 1795 scroile) was't thou ?

ALBI. No harme, Captaine.

TVCC. Shee is a VENVS, a VESTA, a MELPOMENE : Come hither, PENELOPE ; what's thy name, IRIS ?

CHLO. My name is CHLOE, sir ; I am a gentlewoman.

1800 TVCC. Thou art in merit to be an empresse (CHLOE) for an eye, and a lip ; thou hast an emperors nose : kisse me againe : 'tis a vertuous punke, So. Before LOVE, the gods were a sort of goslings, when they suffred so sweet a breath, to perfume the bed of a stinkard : thou hadst ill fortune, THISBE ; the fates were infatuate ; they were, punke ; they were.

1805 CHLO. That's sure, sir : let me craue your name, I pray you, sir.

TVCC. I am know'n by the name of Captaine TVCCA, punke ; the noble *Roman*, punke : agent'man, and a commander, punke.

CHLO. In good time : a gentleman, and a commander ? that's as good as a *poet*, me thinkes.

1810 CRIS. A prettie instrument ! It's my cousin CYTHERIS viol, this : is't not ?

CYTH. Nay, play cousin, it wants but such a voice, and hand, to grace it, as yours is.

CRIS. Alas, cousin, you are merrily inspir'd.

1815 CYTH. 'Pray you play, if you loue me.

CRIS. Yes, cousin : you know, I doe not hate you.

TIBV. A most subtill wench ! How she hath baited him with a viol yonder, for a song !

CRIS. Cousin, 'pray you call mistris CHLOE ; shee shall heare an
 1820 essay of my *poetrie*.

TVCC. I'll call her. Come hither, cockatrice : here's one, will set thee vp, my sweet punke ; set thee vp.

CHLO. Are you a puet, so soone, sir ?

ALBI. Wife : mum.

1825 SONG.

Loue is blinde, and a wanton ;
 In the whole world, there is scant-
 one such another :
 No, not his Mother.

1830. He hath pluckt her doues, and sparrowes,
 To feather his sharpe arrowes,
 And alone preuaileth,
 Whilst sicke VENVS wailleth.

1835 *But if CYPRIſ once recouer
The wag ; it ſhall behoue her
To looke better to him :
Or ſhee will vndoe him.*

ALBI. O, moſt odoriferous muſicke!

TVCC. A, ha! ſtinkard. Another ORPHEVS, you ſlaue, another OR-
1840 PHEVS! an ARION, riding on the backe of a dolphin, rascall!

GALL. Haue you a copy of this dittie, ſir?

CRIS. Maſter ALBIVS ha's.

ALBI. I, but in truth, they are my wiues verſes; I muſt not ſhew
'hem.

1845 TVCC. Shew 'hem, bankrupt, ſhew 'hem; they haue ſalt in 'hem, and
will brooke the aire, ſtinkard.

GALL. How? to his bright miſtris, CANIDIA?

CRIS. I, ſir, that's but a borrowed name; as OVIDS CORINNA, or
PROPERTIVS his CYNTHIA, or your NEMESIS, or DELIA, TI-
1850 BVLLVS.

GALL. It's the name of HORACE his witch, as I remember.

TIBV. Why? the ditt's all borrowed; 'tis HORACES: hang him
plagiary.

TVCC. How? he borrow of HORACE? hee ſhall pawne himſelfe to
1855 ten brokers, ~~fiſt~~. Doe you heare, POETASTERS? I know you to be men
of worſhip——He ſhall write with HORACE, for a talent: and let ME-
CÆNAS, and his whole colledge of *criticks* take his part: thou ſhalt do't,
young PHŒBV: thou ſhalt, PHAETON; thou ſhalt.

DEME. Alas, ſir, HORACE! hee is a meere ſponge; nothing but hu-
1860 mours, and obſeruation, he goes vp and downe ſucking from euery ſocie-
tie, and when hee comes home, ſqueazes himſelfe drie againe. I know
him, I.

TVCC. Thou ſaiest true, my poore *poeticall Furie*, hee will pen all hee
knowes. A ſharpe thornie-tooth'd *ſatyricall* rascall, flie him; hee carries
1865 hey in his horne he wil ſooner loſe his beſt friend, then his leaſt ieſt. What
he once drops vpon paper, againſt a man, liues eternally to vpbraid him
in the mouth of euery ſlaue tankerd-bearer, or water-man; not a bawd,
or a boy that comes from the bake-houſe, but ſhall point at him: 'tis all
dogge, and ſcorpion; he carries poiſon in his teeth, and a ſting in his taile.
1870 Fough, body of LOVE! I'le haue the ſlaue whipt one of theſe daies for his
ſatyres, and his humours, by one caſheer'd clarke, or another.

CRIS. Wee'll vnder-take him, Capitaine.

DEME. I, and tickle him i' faith, for his arrogancie, and his impudence,
in commending his owne things; and for his translating: I can trace him
1875 i' faith. O, he is the moſt open fellow, liuing; I had as lieue as a new ſute,
I were at it.

TVCC. Say no more then, but doe it; 'tis the only way to get thee a
new ſute; ſting him, my little neufts; I'le giue you inſtructions: I'le bee
your

your intelligencer, we'll all ioyne, and hang vpon him like so many horse-
 1880 leaches, the plaiers and all. We shall sup together, soone ; and then wee'll
 conspire, i' faith.

GALL. O, that HORACE had staied still, here.

TIBV. So would not I : for both these would haue turn'd *Pythago-*
reans, then.

1885 GALL. What, mute ?

TIBV. I, as fishes i' faith : come, ladies, shall we goe ?

CYTH. We await you, sir. But mistris CHLOE askes, if you haue not
 a god to spare, for this gentleman.

GALL. Who, Captaine TVCCA ?

1890 CYTH. I ; hee.

GALL. Yes, if we can inuite him along, he shall be MARS.

CHLO. Ha's MARS any thing to doe with VENVS ?

TIBV. O, most of all, ladie.

CHLO. Nay, then, I pray' let him bee inuited : and what shall CRI-
 1895 SPINVS be ?

TIBV. MERCVRV, mistris CHLOE.

CHLO. MERCVRV ? that's a *Poet* ? is't ?

GALL. No, ladie ; but somewhat inclining that way : hee is a *Herald*
 at armes.

1900 CHLO. A *Herald* at armes ? good : and MERCVRV ? pretty : hee ha's
 to doe with VENVS, too ?

TIBV. A little, with her face, ladie ; or so.

CHLO. 'Tis very well ; pray' let's goe, I long to be at it.

CYTH. Gentlemen, shall we pray your companies along ?

1905 CRIS. You shall not only pray, but preuaile, ladie. Come, sweet
 Captaine.

TVCC. Yes, I follow : but thou must not talke of this now, my little
 bankrupt.

ALBI. Captaine, looke here : mum.

1910 DEME. I'll goe write, sir.

TVCC. Doe, doe, stay : there's a drachme, to purchase ginger-bread,
 for thy *muse*.

Act IIII. Scene IIII.

LVPVS, HISTRIO, LICTOR, MINOS, ME-

1915 CÆNAS, HORACE.

C Ome, let vs talke, here ; here we may bee priuate : shut the dore,
 LICTOR. You are a plaier, you say.

HIST. I, and't please your worship.

LVPV. Good : and how are you able to giue this intelligence ?

1920 HIST. Mary, sir, they directed a letter to me, and my fellow-sharers.

LVPV. Speake lower, you are not now i' your *theater*, Stager : my

D d 3 sword,

sword, knaue. They directed a letter to you, and your fellow-sharers : forward.

HIST. Yes, sir ; to hire some of our properties ; as a scepter, and a
1925 crowne, for I OVE ; and a *caduceus* for MERCURY : and a *petasus*—

LVPV. *Caduceus* ? and *petasus* ? Let me see your letter. This is a con-
iuration ; a conspiracy, this. Quickly, on with my buskins : I'll act a
tragædie, i' faith. Will nothing but our gods serue these *poets* to prophane?
dispatch. Plaier, I thanke thee. The Emperour shall take knowledge of
1930 thy good seruice. Who's there now ? Looke, knaue. A *crowne*, and a
scepter ? this is good : rebellion, now ?

LICT. 'Tis your pothecary, sir, master MINOS.

LVPV. What tell'st thou me of pothecaries, knaue ? Tell him ; I haue
affaires of state, in hand ; I can talke to no pothecaries, now. Heart
1935 of me ! Stay the pothecary there.

You shall see, I haue fish't out a cunning peccce of plot now : They
haue had some intelligence, that their proiect is discouer'd, and now haue
they dealt with my pothecary, to poison me ; 'tis so ; knowing, that I
meant to take physick to day : As sure as death, 'tis there. IVPITER, I
1940 thanke thee, that thou hast yet made me so much of a politician. You are
welcome, sir ; take the potion from him there, I haue an *antidote* more
then you wote off, sir ; throw it on the ground there : So. Now fetch in
the dogge ; And yet we cannot tarrie to trie experiments, now : arrest him,
you shall goe with me, sir ; I'll tickle you, pothecarie ; I'll giue you a gli-
1945 ster, i' faith. Haue I the letter ? I : 'tis here. Come, your *fascēs*, LICTORS :
The halfe pikes, and the halberds, take them downe from the *lares*, there.
Plaier, assist me.

MECÆ. Whither now, ASINIVS LVPVS, with this armorie ?

LVPV. I cannot talke now ; I charge you, assist me : Treason, treason.

1950 HORA. How ? treason ?

LVPV. I : if you loue the Emperour, and the state, follow me.

Act IIII. Scene V.

OVID, IVLIA, GALLVS, CYTHERIS, TIBVLLVS,
PLAVTIA, ALBIVS, CHLOE, TVCCA,
1955 CRISPINVS, HERMOGENES,
PYRGVS.

Gods, and Goddesses, take your seuerall seates. Now, MERCURY,
moue your *caduceus*, and in IVPITER'S name command silence.
CRIS. In the name of IVPITER ; silence.

1960 HERM. The cryer of the court hath too clarified a voice.

GALL. Peace, *Momus*.

OVID. Oh, he is the God of reprehension ; let him alone. 'Tis his of-
fice. MERCURY, goe forward, and proclaime after PHÆBVS, our high
pleasure,

pleasure, to all the *Deities* that shall partake this high banquet.

1965 CRIS. Yes, sir.

GALL. The great God, IVPITER,
Of his licentious goodnesse,
Willing to make this feast, no fast
From any manner of pleasure ;

CRIS. The great &c.
Of his, &c.
Willing, &c.
From any, &c.

1970 Nor to bind any God or Goddesse,

Nor to, &c.

To be any thing the more god or goddess, for their names:

To be, &c.

He giues them all free licence,

He giues, &c.

To speake no wiser, then persons of baser titles ;

To speake, &c.

And to be nothing better, then common men, or women.

And to, &c.

1975 And therefore no God

And there, &c.

Shall need to keep himselfe more strictly to his Goddesse,

Shall need, &c.

Then any man do's to his wife.

Then any, &c.

Nor any Goddesse

Nor any, &c.

Shall need to keepe her selfe more strictly to her God,

Shall need, &c.

1980 Then any woman do's to her husband.

Then any, &c.

But, since it is no part of wisdom,

But, since, &c.

In these daies, to come into bonds ;

In these, &c.

It shall be lawfull for euery loue,

It shall, &c.

To breake louing oathes,

To breake, &c.

1985 To change. their louers, and make loue to others,

To change, &c.

As the heate of euery ones blood,

As the, &c.

And the spirit of our *nectar* shall inspire.

And the, &c.

And IVPITER, saue IVPITER.

And IVPITER, &c.

TIBV. So : now we may play the fooles, by authoritie.

1990 HERM. To play the foole by authoritie, is wisdom.

IVLI. Away with your matterie sentences, *Momus* ; they are too
graue, and wise, for this meeting.

OVID. MERCURY, giue our iester a stoole, let him sit by ; and reach
him of our cates.

1995 TVCC. Do'st heare, mad IVPITER ? Wee'll haue it enacted ; He, that
speakes the first wise word, shall be made cuckold. What sai'st thou ? Is't
not a good motion ?

OVID. *Deities*, are you all agreed ?

ALL. Agreed, great IVPITER.

2000 ALBI. I haue read in a booke, that to play the foole wisely, is high
wisdom.

GALL. How now, VULCAN ! will you be the first wizard ?

OVID. Take his wife, MARS, and make him cuckold, quickly,

TVCC. Come, cockatrice.

2005 CHLO. No, let me alone with him, IVPITER : I'll make you take heed,
sir, while you liue againe ; if there be twelue in a companie, that you bee
not the wisest of 'hem.

ALBI. No more, I will not indeed, wife, hereafter ; I'll be here : mum.

OVID.

OVID. Fill vs a bowle of *nectar*, GANYMEDE : we will drinke to our
2010 daughter VENVS.

GALL. Looke to your wife, VULCAN : IVPITER begins to court her.

TIBV. Nay, let MARS looke to it : VULCAN must doe , as VENVS
doe's, beare.

TVCC. Sirrah , boy : catamite. Looke, you play GANYMEDE well
2015 now, you slaue. Doe not spill your *nectar*; Carrie your cup euen : so. You
should haue rub'd your face, with whites of egges, you rascall ; till your
browes had shone like our sooty brothers here, as sleeke as a horn-booke:
or ha' steept your lips in wine, till you made 'hem so plump , that IVNO
might haue beene iealous of 'hem. Punke, kisse me, punke.

2020 OVID. Here, daughter VENVS, I drinke to thee.

CHLO. 'Thanke you, good father IVPITER.

TVCC. Why, mother IVNO ! gods and fiends ! what , wilt thou suf-
fer this ocular temptation ?

TIBV. MARS is enrag'd , hee lookes bigge , and begins to stut, for
2025 anger.

HERM. Well plaid, Captaine MARS.

TVCC. Well said , minstrell MOMVS : I must put you in ? must I ?
When will you be in good fooling of your selfe, fiddler ? neuer ?

HERM. O, 'tis our fashion, to be silent, when there is a better foole in
2030 place, euer.

TVCC. 'Thanke you, rascall.

OVID. Fill to our daughter VENVS, GANYMEDE, who fills her fa-
ther with affection.

IVLI. Wilt thou be ranging, IVPITER, before my face ?

2035 OVID. Why not, IVNO ? why should IVPITER stand in awe of thy
face, IVNO ?

IVLI. Because it is thy wiues face, IVPITER.

OVID. What, shall a husband be afraid of his wiues face ? will shee
paint it so horribly ? Wee are a King, cot-queane ; and we will raigne in
2040 our pleasures ; and wee will cudgell thee to death , if thou finde fault
with vs.

IVLI. I will find fault with thee, King cuckold-maker : what, shall
the King of gods turne the King of good fellowes, and haue no fellow in
wickednesse ? This makes our *poets*, that know our prophanenesse, liue as
2045 prophane, as we : By my god-head, IVPITER ; I will ioyne with all the
other gods, here ; bind thee hand and foot ; throw thee downe into earth ;
and make a poore *poet* of thee, if thou abuse me thus.

GALL. A good smart-tongu'd Goddesses ; a right IVNO.

OVID. IVNO, we will cudgell thee, IVNO : we told thee so yesterday,
2050 when thou wert iealous of vs, for THETIS.

PYRG. Nay, to day shee had me in inquisition too.

TVCC. Well said, my fine *Phrygian* frie, informe, informe. Giue mee
some wine (King of *Heralds*) I may drinke to my cockatrice.

OVID.

OVID. No more, GANYMEDE, wee will cudgell thee, IVNO : by
2055 STYX, we will.

IVLI. I, 'tis well, Gods may grow impudent in iniquitie, and they
must not be told of it——

OVID. Yea, we will knocke our chinne against our brest ; and shake
thee out of *Olympus*, into an oyster-bote, for thy scolding.

2060 IVLI. Your nose is not long enough to doe it, IVPITER, if all thy
strumpets, thou hast among the starres, tooke thy part. And there is neuer
a starre in thy fore-head, but shall be a horne, if thou persist to abuse me.

CRIS. A good iest, i' faith.

OVID. We tell thee, thou anger'st vs, cot-queane ; and we will thun-
2065 der thee in peeces, for thy cot-queanitie.

CRIS. Another good iest.

ALBI. O, my hammers, and my *Cyclops* ! this boy fills not wine e-
nough, to make vs kind enough, to one another.

TVCC. Nor thou hast not collied thy face enough, stinkard.

2070 ALBI. I'll ply the table with *nectar*, and make them friends.

HERM. Heauen is like to haue but a lame skinker, then.

ALBI. " Wine, and good liuers, make true louers : I'll sentence them
together. Here father, here mother, for shame, drinke your selues drunke,
and forget this dissention : you two should cling together, before our fa-
2075 ces, and giue vs example of vnitie.

GALL. O, excellently spoken, VULCAN, on the sodaine !

TIBV. IVPITER, may doe well to preferre his tongue to some office,
for his eloquence.

TVCC. His tongue shall bee gent'man vsher to his wit, and still goe
2080 before it.

ALBI. An excellent fit office !

CRIS. I, and an excellent good iest, besides.

HERM. What, haue you hired MERCURY, to cry your iests you make ?

OVID. MOMVS, you are enuious.

2085 TVCC. Why, you whoreson block-head, 'tis your only blocke of wit
in fashion (now adaies) to applaud other folkes iests.

HERM. True : with those that are not artificers themselues. VUL-
CAN, you nod ; and the mirth of the iest droops.

PYRG. He ha's fild *nectar* so long, till his braine swims in it.

2090 GALL. What, doe we nod, fellow Gods ? sound musicke, and let vs
startle our spirits with a song.

TVCC. Doe, APOLLO : thou art a good musician.

GALL. What saies IVPITER ?

OVID. Ha ? ha ?

2095 GALL. A song.

OVID. Why, doe, doe, sing.

PLAV. BACCHVS, what say you ?

TIBV. CERES ?

PLAV. But, to this song ?

TIBV.

2100 TIBV. Sing, for my part.

IVLI. Your belly weighes downe your head , BACCHVS : here's a song toward.

TIBV. Begin, VULCAN——

ALBI. What else? what else?

2105 TVCC. Say, IVPITER——

OVID. MERCURY——

CRIS. I, say, say——

S O N G.

2110 **W**Ake, our mirth begins to die :
 Quicken it with tunes, and wine :
 Raise your notes, you're out : fie, fie,
 This drouzinesse, is an ill signe.
 We banish him the queere of Gods,
 That droops agen :
 2115 Then all are men,
 For here's not one, but nods.

OVID. I like not this sodaine and generall heauinesse , amongst our Godheads : 'Tis somewhat ominous. APOLLO , command vs lowder musicke, and let MERCURY , and MOMVS contend to please, and reuiue
 2120 our senses.

S O N G.

HERM. **T**Hen, in a free and lofty straine,
 Our broken tunes we thus repaire ;
 CRIS. And we answere them againe,
 2125 Running diuision on the panting aire :
 AMBO. To celebrate this feast of sense,
 As free from scandall, as offence.
 HERM. Here is beautie, for the eye ;
 CRIS. For the care, sweet melodie ;
 2130 HERM. Ambrosiack odours, for the smell ;
 CRIS. Delicious nectar, for the taste ;
 AMBO. For the touch, a ladies waste ;
 Which doth all the rest excell !

OVID. I : This hath wak't vs. MERCURY , our Herald ; Goe from
 2135 our selfe, the great God IVPITER , to the great Emperour, AVGVSTVS
 CAESAR: And command him, from vs (of whose bountie he hath recei-
 ued his sir-name, AVGVSTVS) that for a thanke-offring to our benefi-
 cence, he presently sacrifice as a dish to this banquet, his beautifull and
 wanton daughter IVLIA. Shee's a curst queane, tell him ; and plaies the
 2140 scold behind his backe: Therefore, let her be sacrific'd. Command him
 this, MERCURY, in our high name of IVPITER ALTITONANS.

IVLI. Stay, feather-footed MERCURY, and tell AVGVSTVS, from
 vs, the great IVNO SATVRNIA ; if he thinke it hard to doe, as IVPITER
 hath

hath commanded him, and sacrifice his daughter, that hee had better to
 2145 doe so ten times, then suffer her to loue the well-nos'd *poet*, OVID; whom
 he shall doe well to whip, or cause to bee whipt, about the capitoll, for
 soothing her, in her follies.

Act IIII. Scene VI.

CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, HORACE, LVPVS, HIS-
 2150 TRIO, MINOS, LICTORS, OVID, GALLVS,
 TIBVLLVS, TVCCA, CRISPINVS, AL-
 BIVS, HERMOGENES, PYRGVS,
 IVLIA, CYTHERIS, PLAV-
 TIA, CHLOE.

2155 **W**Hat sight is this? MECÆNAS! HORACE! say!
 Haue we our senses? Doe we heare? and see?
 Or, are these but imaginarie objects
 Drawne by our phantasie? Why speake you not?
Let vs doe sacrifice? Are they the Gods?

2160 Reuerence, amaze, and furie fight in me.
 What? doe they kneele? Nay, then I see 'tis true
 I thought impossible: Ô, impious sight!
 Let me diuert mine eyes; the very thought
 Euerts my soule, with passion: looke not, man.
 2165 There is a panther, whose vnnaturall eyes
 Will strike thee dead: turne then, and die on her
 With her owne death.

*He offers to kill
 his daughter.*

MECÆ. HORACE. What meanes imperiall CAESAR?
 CAESA. What, would you haue me let the strumpet liue,
 2170 That, for this pageant, earne so many deaths?
 TVCC. Boy, slinke boy.
 PYRG. 'Pray IVPITER, we be not follow'd by the sent, Master.
 CAESA. Say, sir, what are you?
 ALBI. I play VULCAN, sir.
 2175 CAESA. But, what are you, sir?
 ALBI. Your citizen, and ieweller, sir.
 CAESA. And what are you, dame?
 CHLO. I play VENVS, forsooth.
 CAESA. I aske not, what you play? but, what you are?
 2180 CHLO. Your citizen, and iewellers wife, sir.
 CAESA. And you, good sir?
 CRIS. Your gentleman, parcell-*poet*, sir.
 CAESA. O, that prophaned name!

And are these seemely companie for thee,
 2185 Degenerate monster? all the rest I know,

And

- And hate all knowledge, for their hatefull sakes.
 Are you, that first the *deities* inspir'd
 With skill of their high natures, and their powers,
 The first abusers of their vse-full light ;
 2190 Prophaning thus their dignities, in their formes :
 And making them like you, but counterfeits ?
 O, who shall follow vertue, and embrace her,
 When her false bosome is found nought but aire ?
 And yet, of those embraces, *centaures* spring,
 2195 That warre with humane peace, and poyson men.
 Who shall, with greater comforts, comprehend
 Her vnseene being, and her excellence ;
 When you, that teach, and should eternize her,
 Liue, as shee were no law vnto your liues :
 2200 Nor liu'd her selfe, but with your idle breaths ?
 If you thinke gods but fain'd, and vertue painted,
 Know, we sustaine an actuall residence ;
 And, with the title of an Emperour,
 Retaine his spirit, and imperiall power :
 2205 By which (in imposition too remisse,
 Licentious NASO, for thy violent wrong,
 In soothing the declin'd affections
 Of our base daughter) we exile thy feete
 From all approach, to our imperiall court,
 2210 On paine of death : and thy mis-gotten loue
 Commit to patronage of iron doores ;
 Since her soft-hearted sire cannot containe her.
 MECÆ. O, good my lord ; forgiue : be like the Gods.
 HORA. Let royall bountie (CAESAR) mediate.
 2215 CAESA. There is no bountie to be shewed to such,
 As haue no reall goodnesse : Bountie is
 A spice of vertue : and what vertuous act
 Can take effect on them, that haue no power
 Of equall habitude to apprehend it,
 2220 But liue in worship of that idoll vice,
 As if there were no vertue, but in shade
 Of strong imagination, meerely enforc't ?
 This shewes, their knowledge is meere ignorance ;
 Their farre-fetcht dignitie of soule, a phansy ;
 2225 And all their square pretext of grauitie
 A meere vaine glorie : hence, away with 'hem.
 I will preferre for knowledge, none, but such
 As rule their liues by it, and can becalme
 All sea of humour, with the marble *trident*
 2230 Of their strong spirits : Others fight below
 With gnats, and shaddowes, others nothing know.

Act IIII. Scene VII.

TVCCA, CRISPINVS, PYRGVS, HORACE, ME-
CÆNAS, LVPVS, HISTRIO.

2235 **V** Hat's become of my little punke, VENVS ! and the poul-
foot stinkard, her husband ? ha ?
CRIS. O, they are rid home i' the coach, as fast as the
wheeles can runne.

TVCC. God IVPITER is banisht, I heare : and his cockatrice, IVNO,
2240 lockt vp. 'Hart, and and all the *poetrie* in *Parnassus* get me to bee a player
again, I'll sell 'hem my share for a sesterce. But this is *humours*, HO-
RACE, that goat-footed enuious slaue ; hee's turn'd fawne now, an infor-
mer, the rogue : 'tis hee has betraid vs all. Did you not see him, with the
Emperour, crouching ?

2245 CRIS. Yes.

TVCC. Well, follow me. Thou shalt libell, and I'll cudgell the ras-
call. Boy, provide me a truncheon. Reuenge shall gratulate him, *tam*
MARTI, *quàm* MERCVRIO.

PYRG. I, but Master ; take heed how you giue this out, HORACE is a
2250 man of the sword.

CRIS. 'Tis true, in troth : they say, he's valiant.

TVCC. Valiant ? so is mine arse ; gods, and fiends ! I'll blow him into
aire, when I meet him next : He dares not fight with a puck-fist.

PYRG. Master, here he comes.

2255 TVCC. Where ? IVPITER saue thee, my good *poet* ; my noble *pro-* *Horace passes*
phet ; my little fat HORACE. I scorne to beate the rogue i' the court ; and
I saluted him, thus faire, because hee should suspect nothing, the rascall :
Come, wee'll goe see how forward our iourney-man is toward the vn-
trussing of him.

2260 CRIS. Doe you heare, Captaine ? I'll write nothing in it but inno-
cence : because I may sweare I am innocent.

HORA. Nay, why pursue you not the Emperour for your reward, now,
LVPVS ?

MECÆ. Stay, ASINIVS ;

2265 You, and your stager, and your band of *Lictors* :

I hope your seruice merits more respect,

Then thus, without a thanks, to be sent hence ?

HIST. Well, well, iest on, iest on.

HORA. Thou base vnworthy groome. LVPV. I, I, 'tis good.

2270 HORA. Was this the treason ? this, the dangerous plot,

Thy clamorous tongue so bellowed through the court ?

Hadst thou no other proiect to encrease

Thy grace with CAESAR, but this voluish traine ;

E e

To

- To prey vpon the life of innocent mirth,
 2275 And harmlesse pleasures, bred, of noble wit?
 Away, I lothe thy presence: such as thou,
 They are the moths, and scarabes of a state;
 The bane of empires; and the dregs of courts;
 Who (to endeare themselues to any 'employment)
 2280 Care not, whose fame they blast; whose life they endanger:
 And vnder a disguis'd, and cob-web masque
 Of loue, vnto their soueraigne, vomit forth
 Their owne prodigious malice; and pretending
 To be the props, and columnes of his safety,
 2285 The guards vnto his person, and his peace,
 Disturbe it most, with their false lapwing-cries.
 LVPV. Good. CAESAR shall know of this; beleeeue it.
 MECÆ. CAESAR doth know it (wolfe) and to his knowledge,
 Hee will (I hope) reward your base endeouours.
 2290 " Princes that will but heare, or giue accesse
 " To such officious spies, can ne're be safe:
 " They take in poyson, with an open eare,
 " And, free from danger, become slaues to feare.

Act IIII. Scene VIII.

- OVID.
- 2295
B Anisht the court? Let me be banisht life;
 Since the chiefe end of life is there concluded:
 Within the court, is all the kingdome bounded,
 And as her sacred speare doth comprehend
 2300 Ten thousand times so much, as so much place
 In any part of all the empire else;
 So euery body, moouing in her speare,
 Containes ten thousand times as much in him,
 As any other, her choice orbe excludes.
 2305 As in a circle, a magician, then
 Is safe, against the spirit, he excites;
 But out of it, is subiect to his rage,
 And loseth all the vertue of his arte:
 So I, exil'd the circle of the court,
 2310 Lose all the good gifts, that in it I ioy'd.
 " No vertue currant is, but with her stamp:
 " And no vice vicious, blaunch't with her white hand.
 The court's the abstract of all *Romes* desert;
 And my deare IVLIA, th'abstract of the court.

- 2315 Mee thinkes, now I come neere her, I respire
 Some aire of that late comfort, I receiu'd :
 And while the euening, with her modest vaile,
 Giues leaue to such poore shaddowes as my selfe,
 To steale abroad, I, like a heart-lesse ghost,
 2320 Without the liuing body of my loue,
 Will here walke, and attend her. For I know,
 Not farre from hence, shee is imprisoned,
 And hopes, of her strict guardian, to bribe
 So much admittance, as to speake to me,
 2325 And cheere my fainting spirits, with her breath.

Act IIII. Scene IX.

I V L I A, O V I D.

*Shee appeareth
 aboue, as at her
 chamber win-
 dow.*

- O V I D ? my loue ? O V I D. Here, heavenly I V L I A.
 I V L I. Here ? and not here ? O, how that word doth play
 2330 With both our fortunes, differing, like our selues,
 Both one ; and yet diuided, as oppos'd ?
 I high, thou low ? ô, this our plight of place
 Doubly presents the two lets of our loue,
 Locall, and ceremoniall height, and lownesse :
 2335 Both waies, I am too high, and thou too low.
 Our mindes are euen, yet : ô, why should our bodies,
 That are their slaues, be so without their rule ?
 I'll cast my selfe downe to thee ; If I die,
 I'll euer liue with thee : no height of birth,
 2340 Of place, of dutie, or of cruell power,
 Shall keepe mee from thee ; should my father locke
 This body vp within a tombe of brasse,
 Yet I'll be with thee. If the formes, I hold
 Now in my soule, be made one substance with it ;
 2345 That soule immortall ; and the same 'tis now ;
 Death cannot raze th'affects, shee now retayneth :
 And then, may shee be any where shee will.
 The soules of parents rule not childrens soules,
 When death sets both in their dissolu'd estates ;
 2350 Then is no child, nor father : then eternitie
 Frees all, from any temporall respect.
 I come, my O V I D, take me in thine armes :
 And let me breathe my soule into thy brest.
 O V I D. O, stay, my loue : the hopes thou do'st conceiue
 2355 Of thy quicke death, and of thy future life,
 Are not autenticall. Thou choosest death,

- So thou might'st ioy thy loue, in th'other life.
 But know (my princely loue) when thou art dead,
 Thou onely must suruiue in perfect soule ;
 2360 And in the soule, are no affections :
 We powre out our affections with our blood ;
 And with our bloods affections, fade our loues.
 " No life hath loue in such sweet state, as this ;
 " No essence is so deare to moodie sense,
 2365 " As flesh, and blood ; whose quintessence is sense.
 " Beautie, compos'd of blood, and flesh, moues more,
 " And is more plausible to blood, and flesh,
 " Then spirituall beautie can be to the spirit.
 Such apprehension, as we haue in dreames
 2370 (When sleepe, the bond of senses, locks them vp)
 Such shall we haue, when death destroies them quite.
 If loue be then thy obiect, change not life ;
 Liue high, and happy still : I still below,
 Close with my fortunes, in thy height, shall ioy.
 2375 I V L I. Ay me, that vertue, whose braue eagles wings
 With euery stroke, blow starres, in burning heauen ;
 Should like a swallow (preying toward stormes)
 Fly close to earth : and with an eager plume,
 Pursue those obiects, which none else can see,
 2380 But seeme to all the world, the emptie aire.
 Thus thou (poore OVID) and all vertuous men
 Must prey like swallowes, on inuisible foode ;
 Pursuing flies, or nothing : and thus loue,
 And euery worldly phansie, is transpos'd,
 2385 By worldly tyrannie, to what plight it list.
 O, father, since thou gau'st me not my mind,
 Striue not to rule it : Take, but what thou gau'st
 To thy disposure. Thy affections
 Rule not in me ; I must beare all my griefes,
 2390 Let me vse all my pleasures : vertuous loue
 Was neuer scandall to a Goddesse state.
 But, hee's inflexible ! and, my deare loue,
 Thy life may chance be shortned, by the length
 Of my vnwilling speeches to depart.
 2395 Farewell, sweet life : though thou be yet exil'd
 Th'officious court; enjoy me amply, still :
 My soule, in this my breath, enters thine eares,
 And on this turrets floore, will I lie dead,
 Till we may meet againe. In this proud height,
 2400 I kneele beneath thee, in my prostrate loue,
 And kisse the happy sands, that kisse thy feet.

" Great

“ Great I O V E submits a scepter, to a cell ;
 “ And louers, ere they part, will meet in hell.

OVID. Farewell, all companie ; and if I could
 2405 All light with thee : hells shade should hide my browes,
 Till thy deare beauties beames redeem'd my vowes.

I V L I. OVID, my loue : alas, may we not stay
 A little longer (think'st thou) vndescern'd ?

OVID. For thine owne good, faire Goddesses, doe not stay :
 2410 Who would ingage a firmament of fires,
 Shining in thee, for me, a falling starre ?
 Be gone, sweet life-bloud : if I should descerne
 Thy selfe but toucht, for my sake, I should die.

I V L I. I will be gone, then ; and not heauen it selfe
 2415 Shall draw me backe. OVID. Yet I V L I A, if thou wilt,
 A little longer, stay. I V L I. I am content.

OVID. O, mightie OVID ! what the sway of heauen
 Could not retire, my breath hath turned back.

I V L I. Who shall goe first, my loue ? my passionate eyes
 2420 Will not endure to see thee turne from mee.

OVID. If thou goe first, my soule will follow thee.

I V L I. Then we must stay. OVID. Ay me, there is no stay
 In amorous pleasures : if both stay, both die.
 I heare thy father ; hence, my *deitie*.

2425 Feare forgeth sounds in my deluded eares ;
 I did not heare him : I am mad with loue.
 There is no spirit, vnder heauen, that workes
 With such illusion : yet such witchcraft kill mee,
 Ere a sound mind, without it, saue my life.

2430 Here, on my knees, I worship the blest place
 That held my goddesses ; and the louing aire,
 That clos'd her body in his silken armes :
 Vaine OVID ! kneele not to the place, nor aire ;
 Shee's in thy heart : rise then, and worship there.

2435 “ The truest wisdome silly men can haue,
 “ Is dotage, on the follies of their flesh.

Act v. Scene I.

CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, GALLVS, TIBVLLVS,
 HORACE, EQVITES RO.

2440 V V E, that haue conquer'd still, to saue the conquer'd,
 And lou'd to make inflictions feard, not felt ;
 Grieu'd to reproue, and ioyfull to reward,
 More proud of reconcilment, then reuenge,

- Resume into the late state of our loue,
 2445 Worthy CORNELIVS GALLVS, and TIBVLLVS :
 You both are gentlemen, you, CORNELIVS,
 A souldier of renowne ; and the first *prouost*,
 That euer let our *Roman* eagles flie
 On swarthy *Ægypt*, quarried with her spoiles.
 2450 Yet (not to beare cold formes, nor mens out-termes,
 Without the inward fires, and liues of men)
 You both haue vertues, shining through your shapes ;
 To shew, your titles are not writ on posts,
 Or hollow statues, which the best men are,
 2455 Without *Promethean* stuffings reacht from heauen !
 Sweet *poesies* sacred garlands crowne your gentrie :
 Which is, of all the faculties on earth,
 The most abstract, and perfect ; if shee bee
 True borne, and nurst with all the sciences.
 2460 Shee can so mould *Rome*, and her monuments,
 Within the liquid marble of her lines,
 That they shall stand fresh, and miraculous,
 Euen, when they mixe with innouating dust ;
 In her sweet streames shall our braue *Roman* spirits
 2465 Chace, and swim after death, with their choise deeds
 Shining on their white shoulders ; and therein
 Shall *Tyber*, and our famous riuers fall
 With such attraction, that th'ambitious line
 Of the round world shall to her center shrinke,
 2470 To heare their musicke : And, for these high parts,
 CAESAR shall reuerence the *Pierian* artes.
 MECÆ. Your Maiesties high grace to *poesie*,
 Shall stand 'gainst all the dull detractions
 Of leaden soules ; who (for the vaine assumings
 2475 Of some, quite worthlesse of her soueraigne wreaths)
 Containe her worthiest *prophets* in contempt.
 GALL. Happy is *Rome* of all earths other states,
 To haue so true, and great a president,
 For her inferiour spirits to imitate,
 2480 As CAESAR is ; who addeth to the sunne,
 Influence, and lustre : in encreasing thus
 His inspirations, kindling fire in vs.
 HORA. PHÆBVS himselfe shall kneele at CAESARS shrine,
 And deck it with *bay*-garlands dew'd with wine,
 2485 To quite the worship CAESAR does to him :
 Where other Princes, hoisted to their thrones
 By fortunes passionate and disordered power,
 Sit in their height, like clouds, before the sunne,

Hindring his comforts ; and (by their excesse
 2490 Of cold in vertue, and crosse heate in vice)
 Thunder, and tempest, on those learned heads,
 Whom CAESAR with such honour doth aduance.

TIBV. All humane businesse fortune doth command
 Without all order ; and with her blinde hand,
 2495 Shee, blinde, bestowes blinde gifts : that still haue nurst
 They see not who, nor how, but still, the worst.

CAES. CAESAR, for his rule, and for so much stufte
 As fortune puts in his hand, shall dispose it
 (As if his hand had eyes, and soule, in it)
 2500 With worth, and iudgement. “ Hands, that part with gifts,
 “ Or will restraîne their vse, without desert ;
 “ Or with a miserie, numm’d to vertues right,
 “ Worke, as they had no soule to gouerne them,
 “ And quite reiect her : seu’ring their estates
 2505 “ From humane order. Whosoeuer can,
 “ And will not cherish vertue, is no man.

EQVES. VIRGIL is now at hand, imperiall CAESAR.

CAES. Romes honour is at hand then. Fetch a chaire,
 And set it on our right hand ; where ’tis fit,
 2510 Romes honour, and our owne, should euer sit.
 Now he is come out of *Campania*,
 I doubt not, he hath finisht all his *Æneids*,
 Which, like another soule, I long t’enioy.
 What thinke *you three, of VIRGIL, gentlemen,
 2515 (That are of his profession, though rankt higher)
 Or HORACE, what saist thou, that art the poorest,
 And likeliest to enuy, or to detract ?

HORA. CAESAR speakes after common men, in this,
 To make a difference of me, for my poorenesse :
 2520 As if the filth of pouertie sunke as deepe
 Into a knowing spirit, as the bane
 Of riches doth, into an ignorant soule.
 No, CAESAR, they be path-lesse, moorish minds,
 That being once made rotten with the dung
 2525 Of damned riches, euer after sinke
 Beneath the steps of any villanie.
 But knowledge is the *nectar*, that keepees sweet
 A perfect soule, euen in this graue of sinne ;
 And for my soule, it is as free, as CAESARS :
 2530 For, what I know is due, I’le giue to all.

“ He that detracts, or enuies vertuous merit,
 “ Is still the couetous, and the ignorant spirit.

CAES. Thankes, HORACE, for thy free, and holsome sharpnesse :

Which

*Viz. *Mecenas*,
Gallus, *Tibullus*

Which pleaseth CAESAR more, then seruile fawnes.

- 2535 " A flatterd prince soone turnes the prince of fooles.
And for thy sake, wee'll put no difference more
Betweene the great, and good, for being poore.
Say then, lou'd HORACE, thy true thought of VIRGIL.

HORA. I iudge him of a rectified spirit,

- 2540 By many reuolutions of discourse
(In his bright reason influence) refin'd
From all the tartarous moodes of common men ;
Bearing the nature, and similitude
Of a right heauenly bodie ; most seuer

- 2545 In fashion, and collection of himselfe :
And then as cleare, and confident, as LOVE.

GALL. And yet so chaste, and tender is his care,
In suffering any syllable to passe,
That, he thinkes, may become the honour'd name

- 2550 Of issue to his so examin'd selfe ;
That all the lasting fruits of his full merit
In his owne *poemes*, he doth still distaste :
As if his mindes peece, which he strove to paint,
Could not with fleshly pencils haue her right.

- 2555 TIBV. But, to approue his workes of soueraigne worth,
This obseruation (me thinkes) more then serues :
And is not vulgar. That, which he hath writ,
Is with such iudgement, labour'd, and distill'd
Through all the needfull vses of our liues,
2560 That could a man remember but his lines,
He should not touch at any serious point,
But he might breathe his spirit out of him.

CAES. You meane, he might repeat part of his workes,
As fit for any conference, he can vse ?

- 2565 TIBV. True, royall CAESAR. CAES. Worthily obseru'd:
And a most worthie vertue in his workes.
What thinks materiall HORACE, of his learning ?

HORA. His learning labours not the schoole-like glosse,
That most consists in *ecchoing* wordes, and termes,

- 2570 And soonest wins a man an empty name :
Nor any long, or far-fetcht circumstance,
Wrapt in the curious generalities of artes:
But a direct, and *analyticke* summe
Of all the worth and first effects of artes.

- 2575 And for his *poesie*, 'tis so ramm'd with life,
That it shall gather strength of life, with being,
And liue hereafter, more admir'd, then now.

CAES. This one consent, in all your doomes of him,

And

And mutuall loues of all your seuerall merits,
 2580 Argues a trueth of merit in you all.

Act v. Scene II.

CÆSAR, VIRGIL, MECÆNAS, GAL-
 LVS, TIBVLLVS, HORACE,
 EQVITES RO.

2585 **S**ee, here comes VIRGIL; we will rise and greet him :
 Welcome to CÆSAR, VIRGIL. CÆSAR, and VIRGIL
 Shall differ but in sound; to CÆSAR, VIRGIL
 (Of his expressed greatnesse) shall be made
 A second sur-name, and to VIRGIL, CÆSAR.

2590 Where are thy famous *Æneids*? doe vs grace
 To let vs see, and surfet on their sight.

VIRG. Worthlesse they are of CÆSARS gracious eyes,
 If they were perfect; much more with their wants :
 Which yet are more, then my time could supply.

2595 And, could great CÆSARS expectation
 Be satisfied with any other seruice,
 I would not shew them. CÆS. VIRGIL is too modest;
 Or seekes, in vaine, to make our longings more.
 Shew them, sweet VIRGIL. VIRG. Then, in such due feare,
 2600 As fits presenters of great workes, to CÆSAR,
 I humbly shew them. CÆS. Let vs now behold
 A humane soule made visible in life;
 And more refulgent in a senselesse paper,
 Then in the sensuall complement of Kings.

2605 Read, read, thy selfe, deare VIRGIL, let not me
 Prophane one accent, with an vntun'd tongue :
 " Best matter, badly showne, shewes worse, then bad.
 See then, this chaire, of purpose set for thee
 To reade thy *poeme* in : refuse it not.

2610 " Vertue, without presumption, place may take
 " Aboue best Kings, whom onely she should make.

VIRG. It will be thought a thing ridiculous
 To present eyes, and to all future times
 A grosse vntruth; that any *pœt* (void

2615 Of birth, or wealth, or temporall dignity)
 Should, with *decorum*, transcend CÆSARS chaire.
 " Poore vertue rais'd, high birth and wealth set vnder,
 " Crosseth heau'ns courses, and makes worldlings wonder.

CÆS. The course of heauen, and fate it selfe, in this
 2620 Will CÆSAR crosse; much more all worldly custome.

HORA.

HORA. " Custome, in course of honour, euer erres :

" And they are best, whom fortune least preferres.

CAES. HORACE hath (but more strictly) spoke our thoughts.

The vast rude swinge of generall confluence

2625 Is, in particular ends, exempt from sense :

And therefore reason (which in right should be

The speciall rector of all *harmonic*)

Shall shew we are a man, distinct by it,

From those, whom custome rapteth in her preasse.

2630 Ascend then, VIRGIL : and where first by chance

We here haue turn'd thy booke, doe thou first reade.

VIRG. Great CAESAR hath his will : I will ascend.

'Twere simple iniurie to his free hand,

That sweepes the cobwebs, from vn-vs'd vertue,

2635 And makes her shine proportion'd, to her worth,

To be more nice to entertaine his grace ;

Then he is choise, and liberall to afford it.

CAES. Gentlemen of our chamber, guard the doores,

And let none enter, peace. Begin, good VIRGIL.

Virg.lib.4. VIRG. *Meane while, the skies 'gan thunder ; and in taile*

Æneid. *Of that, fell powring stormes of sleet, and haile :*

The Tyrian lords, and Troian youth, each where

* Iulus. *With VENVS Dardane * nephew, now, in feare*

Seeke out for seuerall shelter through the plaine ;

2645 *Whil'st flouds come rowling from the hills amaine.*

* Æneas. *DIDO a caue, The Troian * Prince the same*

* Iuno. *Lighted vpon. There, earth, and heauens great * dame,*

That hath the charge of marriage, first gaue signe

Vnto this contract ; fire, and aire did shine,

2650 *As guiltie of the match ; and from the hill*

The nymphs, with shreekings, doe the region fill.

Here first began their bane ; This day was ground

Of all their ills : For now, nor rumours sound,

Nor nice respect of state mooues DIDO ought ;

2655 *Her loue, no longer now, by stealth is sought :*

Shee calls this wedlocke, and with that faire name

Couers her fault. Forth-with the bruit, and fame,

Through all the greatest Lybian townes, is gone ;

Fame, a fleet euill, then which is swifter none :

2660 *That mouing growes, and flying gathers strength ;*

Little at first, and fearefull ; but at length

Shee dares attempt the skies, and stalking proud

With feet on ground, her head doth pierce a cloud !

This child, our parent earth, stird vp with spight

2665 *Of all the gods, brought forth ; and, as some wright,*

Shee

- Shee was last sister of that Giant* race,
 That thought to scale IOVES court; right swift of pase,
 And swifter, far, of wing: a monster vast,
 And dreadfull. Looke, how many plumes are plac't*
 2670 *On her huge corps, so many waking eyes
 Sticke vnderneath: and (which may stranger rise
 In the report) as many tongues shee beares,
 As many mouthes, as many listning eares.
 Nightly, in midst of all the heauen, shee flies,*
 2675 *And through the earths darke shaddow, shreeking, cries;
 Nor doe her eyes once bend, to taste sweet sleepe:
 By day, on tops of houses, shee doth keepe,
 Or on high towers; and doth thence affright
 Cities, and townes of most conspicuous site.*
 2680 *As couetous shee is of tales, and lies,
 As prodigall of truth: This monster, &c.*

* *Cæus, Enceladus, &c.*

Act V. Scene III.

LVPVS, TVCCA, CRISPINVS, DEMETRIVS,
 HISTRIO, LICTORS, CÆSAR, VIR-
 2685 GIL, MECÆNAS, GALLVS,
 TIBVLLVS, HORACE,
 EQVITES RO.

- C Ome, follow me, assist me, second me: where's the Emperour?
 EQVES I. Sir, you must pardon vs.
 2690 EQVES 2. CÆSAR is priuate now, you may not enter.
 TVCC. Not enter? Charge 'hem, vpon their allegiance, crop-shin.
 EQVES I. We haue a charge to the contrary, sir.
 LVPV. I pronounce you all traytors, horrible traytors:
 What? doe you know my affaires?
 2695 I haue matter of danger, and state, to impart to CÆSAR.
 CÆS. What noise is there? who's that names CÆSAR?
 LVPV. A friend to CÆSAR. One that for CÆSARS good, would
 speake with CÆSAR.
 CÆS. Who is't? looke, CORNELIVS.
 2700 EQVES I. ASINIVS LVPVS.
 CÆS. O, bid the turbulent informer hence;
 We haue no vacant eare, now, to receiue
 The vnseason'd fruits of his officious tongue.
 MECÆ. You must auoid him there.
 2705 LVPV. I coniure thee, as thou art CÆSAR, or respect'st thine owne
 safetie; or the safetie of the state, CÆSAR: Heare mee, speake with mee,
 CÆSAR;

CAESAR ; 'tis no common businesse, I come about ; but such as, being neglected, may concerne the life of CAESAR.

CAES. The life of CAESAR ? Let him enter. VIRGIL, keepe thy seat.

2710 EQVITES. Beare backe there : whither will you ? keepe backe.

TVCC. By thy leaue good man vsheer : mend thy perruke, so.

LVPV. Lay hold on HORACE there ; and on MECÆNAS, *Lictors*.
Romans, offer no rescue, vpon your allegiance : Reade, royall CAESAR ;
I'lle tickle you, *Satyre*.

2715 TVCC. He will, *humours*, he will : He will squeeze you, *Poet* puckfist.

LVPV. I'lle lop you off, for an vnprofitable branch, you *satyricall*
varlet.

TVCC. I, and EPAMINONDAS your patron, here, with his flaggon
chaine ; Come, resigne : Though 'twere your great grand-fathers, the law
2720 ha's made it mine now, sir. Looke to him, my party-colour'd rascalls ;
looke to him.

CAES. What is this, ASINIVS LVPVS ? I vnderstand it not.

LVPV. Not vnderstand it ? A libell, CAESAR. A dangerous, seditious
libell. A libell in picture.

2725 CAES. A libell ?

LVPV. I, I found it in this HORACE his studie, in MECÆNAS his
house, here ; I challenge the penaltie of the lawes against 'hem.

TVCC. I, and remember to begge their land betimes ; before some of
these hungrie court-hounds sent it out.

2730 CAES. Shew it to HORACE : Aske him, if he know it.

LVPV. Know it ? His hand is at it, CAESAR.

CAES. Then 'tis no libell.

HORA. It is the imperfect body of an *embleme*, CAESAR, I began for
MECÆNAS.

2735 LVPV. An *embleme* ? right : That's *greecke* for a libell.

Doe but marke, how confident he is.

HORA. A iust man cannot feare, thou foolish *Tribune* ;

Not, though the malice of traducing tongues,

The open vastnesse of a tyrannes eare,

2740 The senselesse rigour of the wrested lawes,

Or the red eyes of strain'd authoritie

Should, in a point, meet all to take his life.

His innocence is armour 'gainst all these.

LVPV. Innocence ? Ô, impudence ! Let mee see, let mee see. Is not
2745 here an Eagle ? And is not that Eagle meant by CAESAR ? ha ? Do's not
CAESAR giue the eagle ? Answer me ; what saist thou ?

TVCC. Hast thou any euasion, stinkard ?

LVPV. Now hee's turn'd dumbe. I'lle tickle you, *Satyre*.

HORA. Pish. Ha, ha.

2750 LVPV. Dost thou pish me ? Giue me my long-sword.

HORA. With reuerence to great CAESAR, worthy *Romans*,

Obserue

Obserue but this ridiculous commenter :
The soule to my *deuice*, was in this *distich*.

Thus, oft, the base and rauinous multitude

2755 *Suruiue, to share the spoiles of fortitude.*

Which in this body, I haue figur'd here,

A VULTVRE————

LVPV. A Vulture? I; now, 'tis a Vulture. O, abominable! monstrous! monstrous! ha's not your Vulture a beake? ha's it not legges? and
2760 tallons? and wings? and feathers?

TVCC. Touch him, old *Buskins*.

HORA. And therefore must it be an Eagle?

MECÆ. Respect him not, good HORACE: Say your *deuice*.

HORA. A VULTVRE, and a WOLFE————

2765 LVPV. A Wolfe? good. That's I; I am the wolfe. My name's LVPVS, I am meant by the wolfe. On, on, a Vulture, and a Wolfe——

HORA. Preying vpon the carcassee of an ASSE——

LVPV. An Asse? Good still: That's I, too. I am the asse.

You meane me by the asse——

2770 MECÆ. 'Pray thee, leaue braying then.

HORA. If you will needes take it, I cannot with modestie giue it from you.

MECÆ. But, by that beast, the old *Ægyptians*

Were wont to figure in their *hieroglyphicks*,

2775 Patience, frugalitie, and fortitude;

For none of which, we can suspect you, *Tribune*.

CAES. Who was it, LVPVS, that inform'd you first,

This should be meant by vs? or was't your comment?

LVPV. No, CAESAR: A player gaue mee the first light of it, in-
2780 deede.

TVCC. I, an honest sycophant-like slaue, and a politician, besides.

CAES. Where is that player?

TVCC. He is without, here.

CAES. Call him in.

2785 TVCC. Call in the player, there: Master *ÆSOPE*, call him.

EQVITES. Player? where is the player? Beare backe: None, but the player, enter.

TVCC. Yes: this gent'man, and his *Achates* must.

CRIS. 'Pray you, master vs her; wee'll stand close, here.

2790 TVCC. 'Tis a gent'man of qualitie, this; though he be somewhat out of clothes, I tell yee. Come *ÆSOPE*: hast a bay-leafe i' thy mouth? Well said, be not out, stinkard. Thou shalt haue a *monopoly* of playing, confirm'd to thee and thy couey, vnder the Emperours broad seale, for this seruice.

2795 CAES. Is this hee?

LVPV. I, CAESAR: this is hee.

F f

CAES.

CAES. Let him be whipt. LICTORS, goe take him hence.
And LVPVS, for your fierce credulitie,
One fit him with a paire of larger eares :

2800 'Tis CAESARS doome, and must not be reuok't.
We hate, to haue our court, and peace disturb'd
With these quotidian clamours. See it done.

LVPV. CAESAR. CAES. Gag him, we may haue his silence.

VIRG. CAESAR hath done like CAESAR. Faire, and iust
2805 Is his award, against these brainelesse creatures.
'Tis not the wholesome sharpe moralitie,
Or modest anger of a *satyricke* spirit,
That hurts, or wounds the bodie of a state ;
But the sinister application

2810 Of the malicious, ignorant, and base
Interpreter : who will distort, and straine
The generall scope and purpose of an authour,
To his particular, and priuate spleene.

CAES. We know it, our deare VIRGIL, and esteeme it
2815 A most dishonest practice, in that man,
Will seeme too wittie in anothers worke.

*This while the
rest whisper
Cæsar.*

What would CORNELIVS GALLVS, and TIBVLLVS ?

TVCC. Nay, but as thou art a man, do'st heare ? a man of worship ;
and honourable : Holde, here, take thy chaine againe. Resume, mad ME-
2820 CÆNAS. What ? do'st thou thinke, I meant t' haue kept it, bold boy ? No ;
I did it but to fright thee, I, to try how thou would'st take it. What ? will
I turne sharke, vpon my friends ? or my friends friends ? I scorne it with
my three soules. Come, I loue bully HORACE, as well as thou do'st, I :
'tis an honest *hieroglyphick*. Giue mee thy wrist, *Helicon*. Do'st thou
2825 thinke, I'll second e're a *rhinoceros* of them all, against thee ? ha ? or thy
noble *Hippocrene*, here ? I'll turne stager first, and be whipt too : do'st thou
see, bully ?

CAES. You haue your will of CAESAR : vse it *Romanes*.
VIRGIL shall be your *Prætor* ; and our selfe
2830 Will here sit by, spectator of your sports ;
And thinke it no impeach of royaltie.
Our care is now too much prophan'd (graue MARO)
With these distates, to take thy sacred lines :
Put vp thy booke, till both the time and wee
2835 Be fitted with more hallowed circumstance
For the receiuing so diuine a worke.
Procede with your desseigne.

MECÆ. GALL. TIBV. Thankes, to great CAESAR.

GALL. TIBVLLVS, draw you the inditement then, whil'st HORACE
2840 arrests them, on the *statute* of *Calumny* : MECÆNAS, and I, will take our
places here. *Lictors*, assist him.

HORACE

HORA. I am the worst accuser, vnder heauen.

GALL. Tut, you must do't : 'Twill be noble mirth.

HORA. I take no knowledge, that they doe maligne me.

2845 TIBV. I, but the world takes knowledge.

HORA. 'Would the world knew,
How heartily I wish, a foole should hate me.

TVCC. Body of IVPITER ! What ? Will they arraigne my briske
POETASTER, and his poore iourney-man, ha ? Would I were abroad
2850 skeldring for a drachme, so I were out of this labyrinth againe : I doe
feelee my selfe turne stinkard, already. But I must set the best face I haue,
vpon't now : well said, my diuine, deft HORACE, bring the whorson de-
tracting slaues to the barre, doe. Make 'hem hold vp their spread golls :
I'll giue in euidence for thee, if thou wilt. Take courage, CRISPINVS,
2855 would thy man had a cleane band.

CRIS. What must we doe, Captaine ?

TVCC. Thou shalt see anon : Doe not make diuision with thy legs, so.

CAES. What's he, HORACE ?

HORA. I only know him for a motion, CAESAR.

2860 TVCC. I am one of thy Commanders, CAESAR ; A man of seruice,
and action ; My name is PANTILIVS TVCCA : I haue seru'di' thy warres
against MARKE ANTONY, I.

CAES. Doe you know him, CORNELIVS ?

GALL. Hee's one, that hath had the mustring, or conuoy of a com-
2865 panie, now, and then : I neuer noted him by any other imployment.

CAES. We will obserue him better.

TIBV. LICTOR, proclaime silence, in the court.

LICT. In the name of CAESAR, silence.

TIBV. Let the parties, the accuser, and the accused, present them-
2870 selues.

LICT. The accuser, and the accused ; present your selues in court.

CRIS. DEMETRIVS. Here.

VIRG. Reade the inditement.

TIBV. RVFVS LABERIVS CRISPINVS, and DEMETRIVS FAN-
2875 NIVS, hold vp your hands. You are, before this time, ioyntly and seuerally in-
dited, and here presently to be arraigned, vpon the Statute of Calumny, or
Lex Remmia (The one by the name of RVFVS LABERIVS CRISPINVS,
aliàs CRISPINAS, Poetaster, and plagiarie : the other, by the name of DE-
METRIVS FANNIVS, play-dresser, and plagiarie) That you (not hauing
2880 the feare of PHŒBVVS, or his shafts, before your eyes) contrary to the peace of
our liege lord, AVGVSTVS CAESAR, his crowne and dignitie, and against the
forme of a Statute, in that case made, and provided ; haue most ignorantly, foo-
lishly, and (more like your selues) maliciously, gone about to deprave, and calum-
niate the person and writings of QVINTVS HORACIVS FLACCVS, here
2885 present, poet, and priest to the Muses : and to that end haue mutually conspir'd,
and plotted, at sundry times, as by seuerall meanes, and in sundry places, for the

*better accomplishing your base and enuious purpose; taxing him, falsly, of selfe-loue, arrogancy, impudence, rayling, filching by translation, &c. Of all which calumnies, and euery of them, in manner and forme aforesaid, what an-
2890 swere you? Are you guillie, or not guillie?*

TVCC. Not guillie, say.

CRIS. DEMET. Not guillie.

TIBV. How will you be tryed?

TVCC. By the *Romane* Gods, and the noblest *Romanes*.

2895 CRIS. DEMET. By the *Romane* Gods, and the noblest *Romanes*.

VIRG. Here sits MECÆNAS, and CORNELIVS GALLVS:

Are you contented to be tryed by these?

TVCC. I, so the noble Captaine may bee ioyn'd with them in commision, say.

2900 CRIS. DEMET. I, so the noble Captaine may bee ioyn'd with them in commision.

VIRG. What sayes the plaintife?

HORA. I am content.

VIRG. Captaine, then take your place.

2905 TVCC. Alas, my worshipfull *Prætor*! 'tis more of thy gent'nesse, then of my deseruing, I wusse. But, since it hath pleas'd the court to make choice of my wisdom, and grauitie, come, my calumnious varlets: Let's heare you talke for your selues, now, an houre or two. What can you say? Make a noise. Act, act.

2910 VIRG. Stay, turne, and take an oath first. *You shall sweare,
By thunder-darting LOVE, the King of gods;
And by the Genius of AVGVSTVS CAESAR;
By your owne white, and vncorrupted soules;
And the deepe reuerence of our Romane iustice;
2915 To iudge this case, with truth and equitie:
As bound by your religion, and your lawes.*

Now reade the euidence: But first demand

Of either prisoner, if that *writ* be theirs.

TIBV. Shew this vnto CRISPINVS. Is it yours?

2920 TVCC. Say I: what? dost thou stand vpon it, pimpe? Doe not denie thine owne MINERVA, thy PALLAS, the issue of thy braine.

CRIS. Yes, it is mine.

TIBV. Shew that vnto DEMETRIVS. Is it yours?

DEME. It is.

2925 TVCC. There's a father, will not denie his owne bastard, now, I warrant thee.

VIRG. Reade them aloud.

TIBV. *Rampe vp, my genius; be not retrograde:
But boldly nominate a spade, a spade.*

2930 *What, shall thy lubricall and glibberie Muse
Line, as shee were defunct, like punke in stewes?*

(TVCC. Excellent!)

Alas!

- 2935 *Alas ! That were no moderne consequence,
 To haue cothurnall buskins frighted hence.
 No ; teach thy incubus to poetize ;
 And throw abroad thy spurious snotteries,
 Vpon that puffed vp lumpe of barmy froth ,*
 ——— (TVCCA. Ah, ha !)
 2940 *Or clumsie chil-blain'd iudgement ; that, with oath,
 Magnificates his merit ; and bespawles
 The conscious time, with humorous fome, and brawles.
 As if his organons of sense would crack
 The sinewes of my patience. Breake his back,
 O Poets all, and some : For now we list*
 2945 *Of strenuous venge-ance to clutch the fist.*

Subscri. CRIS.

- TVCC. I mary, this was written like a HERCVLES in *poetrie*, now.
 CAES. Excellently well threatned !
 VIRG. I, and as strangely worded, CAESAR.
 2950 CAES. We obserue it.
 VIRG. The other, now.
 TVCC. This's a fellow of a good prodigall tongue too; this'll doe wel.
 TIBV. *Our Muse is in mind for th'vntrussing a poet :*
 2955 *I slip by his name ; for most men doe know it :*
A critick, that all the world bescumbers
With satyricall humours, and lyricall numbers :
 ——— (TVCC. Art thou there, boy?)
And for the most part, himselfe doth aduance
With much selfe-loue, and more arrogance :
 2960 ——— (TVCC. Good againe.)
And (but that I would not be thought a prater)
I could tell you, he were a translater.
I know the authors from whence he ha's stole,
And could trace him too, but that I vnderstand 'hem not full and
 2965 *whole.*
 ——— (TVCC. That line is broke loose from all his fellows:
 chaine him vp shorter, doe.)
The best note I can giue you to know him by,
Is, that he keepes gallants company ;
 2970 *Whom I would wish, in time should him feare,*
Lest after they buy repentance too deare.

Subscri. DEME. FAN.

- TVCC. Well said. This carries palme with it.
 HORA. And why, thou motly gull? why should they feare?
 2975 When hast thou knowne vs wrong, or taxe a friend?
 I dare thy malice, to betray it. Speake.
 Now thou curl'st vp, thou poore, and nasty snake ;

- And shrink'st thy poys'nous head into thy bosome :
 Out viper, thou that eat'st thy parents, hence.
 2980 Rather, such speckled creatures, as thy selfe,
 Should be eschew'd, and shund : such, as will bite
 And gnaw their absent friends, not cure their fame,
 Catch at the loosest laughters, and affect
 To be thought iesters, such, as can deuse
 2985 Things neuer seene, or heard, t' impaire mens names,
 And gratifie their credulous aduersaries,
 Will carrie tales, doe basest offices,
 Cherish diuided fires, and still increase
 New flames, out of old embers, will reueale
 2990 Each secret that's committed to their trust,
 These be black slaues : *Romans*, take heed of these.
 T VCC. Thou twang'st right, little *HORACE*, they be indeed:
 A couple of chap-falne cures. Come, We of the bench,
 Let's rise to the *vrne*, and condemne 'hem, quickly.
 2995 VIRG. Before you goe together (worthy *Romans*)
 We are to tender our opinion ;
 And giue you those instructions, that may adde
 Vnto your euen iudgement in the cause :
 Which thus we doe commence. First you must know
 3000 That where there is a true and perfect merit,
 There can bee no deiection ; and the scorne
 Of humble basenesse, oftentimes, so workes
 In a high soule vpon the grosser spirit,
 That to his bleared, and offended sense,
 3005 There seemes a hideous fault blaz'd in the object;
 When only the disease is in his eyes.
 Here-hence it comes, our *HORACE* now stands taxt
 Of impudence, selfe-loue, and arrogance,
 By these, who share no merit in themselues ;
 3010 And therefore, thinke his portion is as small.
 For they, from their owne guilt, assure their soules,
 If they should confidently praise their workes,
 In them it would appeare inflation :
 Which, in a full, and wel-digested man,
 3015 Cannot receiue that foule abusiue name,
 But the faire title of erection.
 And, for his true vse of translating men,
 It still hath bin a worke of as much palme
 In cleerest iudgements, as t'inuent, or make.
 3020 His sharpenesse, that is most excusable ;
 As being forc't out of a suffering vertue,
 Oppressed with the licence of the time :

And

And howsoever fooles, or ierking *pedants*,
 Players, or such like *buffon*, barking wits,
 3025 May with their beggerly, and barren trash,
 Tickle base vulgar eares, in their despight;
 This (like *LOVES* thunder) shall their pride controule,
 " The honest *Satyre* hath the happiest soule.
 Now, *Romans*, you haue heard our thoughts. With-draw, when you
 3030 please.

TIBV. Remoue the accused from the barre.

TVCC. Who holds the *vrne* to vs? ha? Feare nothing: I'le quit you,
 mine honest pittifull stinkards. I'le do't.

CRIS. Captaine, you shall eternally girt me to you, as I am generous.

3035 TVCC. Goe to.

CAES. TIBVLLVS, let there be a case of vizards priuately prouided:
 we haue found a subiect to bestow them on.

TIBV. It shall be done CAESAR.

CAES. Here be wordes, HORACE, able to bastinado a mans eares.

3040 HORA. I. Please it great CAESAR, I haue pills about me

(Mixt with the whitest kind of *ellebore*)

Would giue him a light vomit; that should purge

His braine, and stomack of those tumorous heates:

Might I haue leaue to minister vnto him.

3045 CAES. O! be his *ÆSCVLAPIVS*, gentle HORACE;

You shall haue leaue, and he shall be your patient.

VIRGIL, vse your authoritie, command him forth.

VIRG. CAESAR is carefull of your health, CRISPINVS;

And hath himselfe chose a physitian

3050 To minister vnto you: take his pills.

HORA. They are somewhat bitter, sir, but very wholsome;

Take yet another, so: Stand by, they'll worke anon.

TIBV. *Romans*, returne to your seuerall seates: *Lictors*, bring forward
 the *vrne*; and set the accused at the barre.

3055 TVCC. Quickly, you whorson egregious varlets; Come forward.

What? shall we sit all day vpon you? you make no more haste, now, then
 a begger vpon pattins: or a physitian to a patient that ha's no money,
 you pilchers.

TIBV. RVFVS LABERIVS CRISPINVS, and DEMETRIVS FAN-
 3060 NIVS, hold vp your hands. You haue (according to the Roman custome) put
 your selues vpon triall to the *vrne*, for diuers and sundrie calumnies, where-
 of, you haue before this time beene indited, and are now presently arraigned:
 Prepare your selues to harken to the verdict of your Tryers. CAIVS CIL-
 NIVS MECÆNAS pronounceth you, by this hand-writing, Guiltie. COR-

3065 NELIVS GALLVS, Guiltie. PANTILIVS TVCCA——

TVCC. Parcell-guiltie, I.

DEME. He meanes himselfe: for it was he indeed,
 Suborn'd vs to the calumnie.

TVCC.

- TVCC. I, you whorson *cantharides*? was't I?
- 3070 DEME. I appeale to your conscience, Captaine.
TIBV. Then, you confesse it, now.
DEME. I doe, and craue the mercy of the court.
TIBV. What saith CRISPINVS?
CRIS. O, the Captaine, the Captaine——
- 3075 HORA. My physicke begins to worke with my patient, I see.
VIRG. Captaine; stand forth and answere.
TVCC. Hold thy peace, *Poet Prator*: I appeale from thee, to CAESAR,
I. Doe me right, royall CAESAR.
CAES. Mary, and I will, sir. *Lictors*, gag him:
- 3080 And put a case of vizards o're his head,
That he may looke *bi-fronted*, as he speakes.
TVCC. Gods, and fiends. CAESAR! thou wilt not, CAESAR? wilt
thou? Away, you whorson vultures; away. You thinke I am a dead *corps*
now; because CAESAR is dispos'd to iest with a man of marke, or so. Hold
3085 your hook't talons out of my flesh, you inhumane *Harpies*. Goe to, do't.
What? will the royall AVGVSTVS cast away a gent'man of worship, a
Captaine, and a Commander; for a couple of condemn'd caitiue calum-
nious *Cargo's*?
CAES. Dispatch, *Lictors*.
- 3090 TVCC. CAESAR.
CAES. Forward, TIBVLLVS.
VIRG. Demand, what cause they had to maligne HORACE.
DEME. In troth, no great cause, not I; I must confesse: but that hee
kept better company (for the most part) then I: and that better men lou'd
3095 him, then lou'd me: and that his writings thriu'd better then mine, and
were better lik't, and grac't: nothing else.
VIRG. Thus, enuious soules repine at others good.
HORA. If this be all; faith, I forgiue thee freely.
Enuy me still; so long as VIRGIL loues me,
- 3100 GALLVS, TIBVLLVS, and the best-best CAESAR,
My deare MECÆNAS: while these, with many more
(Whose names I wisely slip) shall thinke me worthy
Their honour'd, and ador'd societie,
And reade, and loue, proue, and applaud my *poemes*;
3105 I would not wish but such as you should spight them.
CRIS. O——
TIBV. How now, CRISPINVS?
CRIS. O, I am sicke——
HORA. A bason, a bason, quickly; our physick works. Faint not, man.
- 3110 CRIS. O——*retrograde*——*reciprocall*——*incubus*.
CAES. What's that, HORACE?
HORA. *Retrograde*, and *reciprocall*, *Incubus* are come vp.
GALL. Thankes be to IVPITER.

CRIS.

- CRIS. O—*glibbery*—*lubricall*—*defunct*—ô—
- 3115 HORA. Well said : here's some store.
 VIRG. What are they ?
 HORA. *Glibbery, lubricall, and defunct.*
 GALL. O, they came vp easie.
 CRIS. O—ô—
- 3120 TIBV. What's that ?
 HORA. Nothing, yet.
 CRIS. *Magnificate.*
 MECÆ. *Magnificate* ? that came vp somewhat hard.
 HORA. I. What cheere, CRISPINVS ?
- 3125 CRIS. O, I shall cast vp my—*spurious*—*snotteries*—
 HORA. Good. Againe.
 CRIS. *Chilblaind*—ô—ô—*clumsie*—
 HORA. That *clumsie* stucke terribly.
 MECÆ. What's all that, HORACE ?
- 3130 HORA. *Spurious snotteries, chilblain'd, clumsy.*
 TIBV. O IVPITER !
 GALL. Who would haue thought, there should ha' beene such a
 deale of filth in a *poet* ?
 CRIS. O—*barmy froth*—
- 3135 CAES. What's that ?
 CRIS. —*Puffy*—*inflate*—*turgidous*—*ventositous.*
 HORA. *Barmy froth, puffy, inflate, turgidous, and ventositous* are
 come vp.
 TIBV. O, terrible, windie wordes !
- 3140 GALL. A signe of a windie braine.
 CRIS. O—*oblatrant*—*furibund*—*fatuate*—*strenuous*—
 HORA. Here's a deale : *oblatrant, furibund, fatuate, strenuous.*
 CAES. Now, all's come vp, I trow. What a tumult hee had in his
 belly !
- 3145 HORA. No : there's the often *conscious dampe* behind, still.
 CRIS. O—*conscious*—*dampe.*
 HORA. It's come vp, thanks to APOLLO, and ÆSCVLAPIVS :
 Yet, there's another ; you were best take a pill more ?
 CRIS. O, no : ô—ô—ô—ô.
- 3150 HORA. Force your selfe then, a little with your finger.
 CRIS. O—ô—*prorumped.*
 TIBV. *Prorumped* ? What a noise it made ! as if his spirit would haue
 prorump with it.
 CRIS. O—ô—ô.
- 3155 VIRG. Helpe him : it stickes strangely, what euer it is.
 CRIS. O—*clutcht.*
 HORA. Now it's come : *clutcht.*
 CAES. *Clutcht* ? It's well, that's come vp ! It had but a narrow passage.
 CRIS.

- CRIS. O———
- 3160 VIRG. Againe, hold him : hold his head there.
 CRIS. *Snarling gusts—quaking custard.*
 HORA. How now, CRISPINVS ?
 CRIS. O———*obstupefact.*
 TIBV. Nay : that are all we, I assure you.
- 3165 HORA. How doe you feele your selfe ?
 CRIS. Pretty, and well, I thanke you.
 VIRG. These pills can but restore him for a time ;
 Not cure him quite of such a maladie,
 Caught by so many surfets ; which haue fill'd
- 3170 His blood, and braine, thus full of crudities :
 'Tis necessary, therefore, he obserue
 A strict and holosome dyet. Looke, you take
 Each morning, of old CATOES principles
 A good draught, next your heart ; that walke vpon,
- 3175 Till it be well digested : Then come home,
 And taste a piece of TERENCE, sucke his phrase
 In stead of lycorice ; and, at any hand,
 Shun PLAVTVS, and old ENNIVS, they are meates
 Too harsh for a weake stomacke. Vse to reade
- 3180 (But not without a *tutor*) the best *Greekes* :
 As ORPHEVS, MVSAEVVS, PINDARVS,
 HESIOD, CALLIMACHVS, and THEOCRITE,
 High HOMER, but beware of LYCOPHRON :
 He is too darke, and dangerous a dish.
- 3185 You must not hunt for wild, out-landish termes,
 To stuffe out a peculiar *dialect* ;
 But let your *matter* runne before your *words* :
 And if, at any time, you chaunce to meet
 Some *Gallo-belgick* phrase, you shall not straight
- 3190 Racke your poore verse to giue it entertainment ;
 But let it passe : and doe not thinke your selfe
 Much damnified, if you doe leaue it out ;
 When, nor your vnderstanding, nor the sense
 Could well receiue it. This faire abstinence,
- 3195 In time, will render you more sound, and cleere ;
 And this haue I prescrib'd to you, in place
 Of a strict sentence : which till he performe,
 Attire him in that robe. And hence-forth, learne
 To beare your selfe more humbly ; not to swéll,
- 3200 Or breathe your insolent, and idle spight,
 On him, whose laughter, can your worst affright.
 TIBV. Take him away. CRIS. IVPITER guard CAE
 VIRG. And, for a weeke, or two, see him lockt vp

In some darke place, remoou'd from companie :

3205 He will talke idly else after his physicke.

Now, to you, sir. Th'extremitie of law

Awards you to be branded in the front,

For this your *calumny*; But, since it pleaseth

HORACE (the partie wrong'd) t'intreat, of CAESAR,

3210 A mitigation of that iuster doome ;

With CAESARS tongue, thus we pronounce your sentence.

DEMETRIVS FANNIVS, thou shalt here put on

That coate, and cap ; and henceforth, thinke thy selfe

No other, then they make thee : vow to weare them

3215 In euery faire, and generous assembly,

Till the best sort of minds shall take to knowledge

As well thy satisfaction, as thy wrongs.

HORA. Only (graue *Prætor*) here, in open court,

I craue the oath, for good behauour,

3220 May be administred vnto them both.

VIRG. HORACE, it shall : TIBVLLVS, giue it them.

TIBV. RVFVS LABERIVS CRISPINVS, and DEMETRIVS FANNIVS, *Lay your hands on your hearts. You shall here solemnely attest, and sweare ; That neuer (after this instant) either, at Booke-sellers stalls, in ta-*

3225 *uernes, two-penny roomes, 'tyring-houses, noble-mens buttries, puisne's chambers (the best, and farthest places, where you are admitted to come) you shall once offer, or dare (thereby to endeare your selfe the more to any player, enghle, or guillie gull, in your companie) to maligne, traduce, or detract the person, or writings of QVINTVS HORACIVS FLACCVS ; or any other e-*

3230 *minent man, transcending you in merit, whom your enuy shall find cause to worke vpon, either, for that, or for keeping himselfe in better acquaintance, or enioying better friends : Or if (transported by any sodaine and desperate resolution) you doe ; That then, you shall not vnder the bastoun, or in the next presence, being an honorable assembly of his fauourers, bee brought as voluntary gent. to vnder-*

3235 *take the for-swearing of it. Neither shall you at anytime (ambitiously, affecting the title of the vntrussers, or whippers of the age) suffer the itch of writing to ouer-run your performance in libell ; vpon paine of being taken vp for lepers in wit, and (losing both your time, and your papers) bee irreconcerably forfeited to the hospitall of Fooles. So helpe you our Roman gods, and the Genius of*

3240 *great CAESAR.*

VIRG. So : now dissolue the court.

HORA. TIBV. GALL. MECÆ. VIRG. And thanks to CAESAR,

That thus hath exercis'd his patience.

CAES. We haue, indeed, you worthiest friends of CAESAR.

3245 It is the bane, and torment of our eares,

To heare the discords of those iangling rimers,

That, with their bad and scandalous practices,

Bring all true arts, and learning in contempt.

But

But let not your high thoughts descend so low,
 3250 As these despised objects ; Let them fall,
 With their flat groueling soules : Be you your selues.
 And as with our best fauours you stand crown'd:
 So let your mutuall loues be still renown'd.
 Enuy will dwell, where there is want of merit,
 3255 Though the deseruing man should cracke his spirit.

SONG.

B *Lush, folly, blush : here's none that feares*
The wagging of an asses cares,
Although a wooluish case he weares.
 3260 *Detraction is but basenesse varlet ;*
And apes are apes, though cloth'd in scarlet.

THE END.

Rumpatur, quisquis rumpitur inuidia.

TO THE READER.

3265 **I** *F, by looking on what is past, thou hast deseru'd that name, I am*
willing thou should'st yet know more, by that which followes ; an
apologeticall Dialogue : which was only once spoken vpon the
stage, and ail the answere I euer gaue, to sundry impotent libells then
cast out (and some yet remayning) against me, and this Play. Where-
 3270 *in I take no pleasure to reuiue the times, but that Posteritie may make*
a difference, betweene their manners that prouok'd me then, and mine
that neglected them euer. For, in these strifes, and on such persons,
were as wretched to affect a victorie, as it is vnhappy to be commit-
ted with them. Non annorum canicies est laudanda, sed
 3275 *morum.*

The Persons.

NASVTVS, POLYPOSVS, AVTHOR.

I Pray you let's goe see him, how he looks
 After these libells. POLY. O, vex'd, vex'd, I warrant you.
 3280 NASV. Doe you thinke so ? I should be sorry for him,
 If I found that. POLY. O, they are such bitter things,

He cannot choose. NAS. But, is he guilty of 'hem?

POL. Fuh! that's no matter. NAS. No? POL. No. Here's his lodging;
Wee'll steale vpon him: or, let's listen, stay.

3285 He has a humor oft t' talke t' himselfe.

NAS. They are your manners lead me, not mine owne.

AVT. The *Fates* haue not spun him the coursest thred
That (free from knots of perturbation)
Doth yet so liue, although but to himselfe,

3290 As he can safely scorne the tongues of slaues;

And neglect *Fortune*, more then she can him.

It is the happiest thing, this not to be
Within the reach of malice; It prouides
A man so well, to laugh of iniuries:

3295 And neuer sends him farder for his vengeance

Then the vex'd bosome of his enemy.

I, now, but thinke, how poore their spight sets off,
Who, after all their waste of sulphurous tearmes,
And burst-out thunder of their charged mouthes,

3300 Haue nothing left, but the vnsau'ry smoake

Of their blacke vomit, to vpbayd themselues:

Whilst I, at whom they shot, sit here shot-free,
And as vn-hurt of enuy, as vnhit.

POL. I, but the Multitude, they thinke not so, sir,

3305 They thinke you hit, and hurt: and dare giue out

Your silence argues it, in not reioyning

To this, or that late libell? AVT. 'Lasse, good rout!

I can affoord them leaue, to erre so still:

And, like the barking students of Beares-Colledge,

3310 To swallow vp the garbadge of the time

With greedy gullets, whilst my selfe sit by

Pleas'd, and yet tortur'd, with their beastly feeding.

'Tis a sweet madnesse runnes along with them,

To thinke, all that are aym'd at, still are strooke:

3315 Then, where the shaft still lights, make that the marke,

And so, each feare, or feauer-shaken foole

May challenge TEVCERS hand in archery.

Good troth, if I knew any man so vile,

To act the crimes, these whippers reprehend,

3320 Or what their seruile apes gesticulate,

I should not then much muse, their shreds were lik'd;

Since ill men haue a lust t' heare others sinnes,

And good men haue a zeale to heare sinne sham'd.

But when it is all excrement, they vent,

3325 Base filth, and offall: or thefts, notable

As *Ocean* pyracies, or high-way stands:

And not a crime there tax'd, but is their owne,

- Or what their owne foule thoughts suggested to them,
 And, that in all their heat of taxing others,
 3330 Not one of them, but liues himselfe (if knowne)
Improbior satyram scribente cinædo.
 What should I say, more? then turne stone with wonder!
 NAS. I neuer saw this play bred all this tumult.
 What was there in it could so deeply offend?
 3335 And stirre so many hornets? AVT. Shall I tell you?
 NAS. Yes, and ingenuously. AVT. Then, by the hope,
 Which I preferre vnto all other obiects,
 I can professe, I neuer writ that peece
 More innocent, or empty of offence.
 3340 Some salt it had, but neyther tooth, nor gall,
 Nor was there in it any circumstance,
 Which, in the setting downe, I could suspect
 Might be peruerter by an enemies tongue.
 Onely, it had the fault to be call'd mine.
 3345 That was the crime. POL. No? why they, say you tax'd
 The Law, and Lawyers; Capitaines; and the Players
 By their particular names. AVT. It is not so.
 I vs'd no name. My Bookes haue still beene taught
 To spare the persons, and to speake the vices.
 3350 These are meere slanders, and enforc'd by such
 As haue no safer wayes to mens disgraces,
 But their owne lyes, and losse of honesty.
 Fellowes of practis'd, and most laxatiue tongues,
 Whose empty and eager bellies, i' the yeere,
 3355 Compell their braynes to many desp'rate shifts,
 (I spare to name 'hem: for, their wretchednesse,
 Fury it selfe would pardon.) These, or such
 Whether of malice, or of ignorance,
 Or itch, t'haue me their aduersary (I know not)
 3360 Or all these mixt; but sure I am, three yeeres,
 They did prouoke me with their petulant stiles
 On euery stage: And I at last, vnwilling,
 But weary, I confesse, of so much trouble,
 Thought, I would try, if shame could winne vpon 'hem.
 3365 And therefore chose AVGVSTVS CAESARS times,
 When wit, and artes were at their height in *Rome*,
 To shew that VIRGIL, HORACE, and the rest
 Of those great master-spirits did not want
 Detractors, then, or practisers against them:
 3370 And by this line (although no *parallel*)
 I hop'd at last they would sit downe, and blush.
 But nothing could I finde more contrary.
 And though the impudence of flies be great,
 Yet this hath so prouok'd the angry waspes,

Or,

- 3375 Or as you sayd, of the next nest, the hornets ;
That they fly buzzing, mad, about my nostrills :
And like so many screaming grasse-hoppers,
Held by the wings, fill euery eare with noyse.
And what ? those former calumnies you mention'd.
- 3380 First, of the Law. Indeed, I brought in OVID,
Chid by his angry father, for neglecting
The study of their lawes, for poetry :
And I am warranted by his owne words.
Sape pater dixit, studium quid inutile tentas ? *Trist. lib. 4.*
- 3385 *Mæonides nullas ipse reliquit opes.* *Eleg. 10.*
And in farre harsher termes elsewhere, as these :
Non me verbosas leges ediscere, non me
Ingrato voces prostituisse foro. *Amo. lib. 1.*
- But how this should relate, vnto our lawes,
3390 Or their iust ministers, with least abuse,
I reuerence both too much, to vnderstand !
Then, for the Captaine; I will onely speake
An *Epigramme* I here haue made : It is
Vnto true Souldiers. That's the lemma. Marke it.
- 3395 *Strength of my Countrey, whilst I bring to view*
Such as are misse-call'd Captaines, and wrong you,
And your high names ; I doe desire, that thence,
Be nor put on you, nor you take offence :
I sweare by your true friend, my Muse, I loue
- 3400 *Your great profession, which I once did proue ;*
And did not shame it with my actions, then,
No more then I dare, now, doe with my pen.
He that not trusts me, hauing vow'd thus much,
But's angry for the Captaine, still : is such.
- 3405 Now, for the Players, it is true, I tax'd 'hem,
And yet, but some ; and those so sparingly,
As all the rest might haue sate still, vnquestion'd,
Had they but had the wit, or conscience,
To thinke well of themselues. But, impotent they
- 3410 Thought each mans vice belong'd to their whole tribe :
And much good doo't 'hem. What th' haue done 'gainst me,
I am not mou'd with. If it gaue 'hem meat,
Or got 'hem clothes. 'Tis well. That was their end.
Onely amongst them, I am sorry for
- 3415 Some better natures, by the rest so drawne,
To run in that vile line. POL. And is this all ?
Will you not answere then the libells ? AVT. No.
POL. Nor the vntrussers ? AVT. Neither. POL. Y'are vndone then.
AV. With whom ? POL. The world. AV. The baud ! PO. It wil be taken
- 3420 To be stupidity, or tamenesse in you.

- AVT. But, they that haue incens'd me, can in soule
 Acquit me of that guilt. They know, I dare
 To spurne, or baffull 'hem ; or squirt their eyes
 With inke, or vrine : or I could doe worse,
- 3425 Arm'd with ARCHILOCHVS fury, write *Iambicks*,
 Should make the desperate lashers hang themselues.
 Rime 'hem to death, as they doe *Irish* rats
 In drumming tunes. Or, liuing, I could stampe
 Their foreheads with those deepe, and publike brands
- 3430 That the whole company of *Barber-Surgeons*
 Should not take off, with all their art, and playsters.
 And these my prints should last, still to be read
 In their pale fronts : when, what they write 'gainst me,
 Shall like a figure, drawne in water, flecte,
- 3435 And the poore wretched papers be employed
 To cloth *tabacco*, or some cheaper drug.
 This I could doe, and make them infamous.
 But, to what end ? when their owne deedes haue mark'd 'hem,
 And, that I know, within his guilty brest
- 3440 Each slanderer beares a whip, that shall torment him,
 Worse, then a million of these temporall plagues :
 Which to pursue, were but a feminine humour,
 And, farre beneath the dignitie of a man.
- NAS. 'Tis true : for to reuenge their iniuries,
- 3445 Were to confesse you felt 'hem. Let 'hem goe,
 And vse the treasure of the foole, their tongues,
 Who makes his gayne, by speaking worst, of best.
- POL. O, but they lay particular imputations——
- AVT. As what ? POL. That all your writing, is meere rayling.
- 3450 AVT. Ha ! If all the salt in the old *comædy*
 Should be so censur'd, or the sharper wit
 Of the bold *satyre*, termed scolding rage,
 What age could then compare with those, for buffons ?
 VVhat should be sayd of ARISTOPHANES ?
- 3455 PERSIVS ? or IUVENAL ? whose names we now
 So glorifie in schooles, at least pretend it.
 Ha' they no other ? POL. Yes : they say you are slow,
 And scarce bring forth a play a yeere. AVT. 'Tis true.
 I would, they could not say that I did that,
- 3460 There's all the ioy that I take i' their trade,
 Vnlesse such Scribes as they might be proscib'd
 Th'abused theaters. They would thinke it strange, now,
 A man should take but colts-foote, for one day,
 And, betweene whiles, spit out a better *poeme*
- 3465 Then e're the master of art, or giuer of wit,
 Their belly made. Yet, this is possible,

- If a free minde had but the patience,
 To thinke so much, together, and so vile.
 But, that these base, and beggerly conceits
 3470 Should carry it, by the multitude of voices,
 Against the most abstracted worke, oppos'd
 To the stuff'd nostrills of the drunken rout !
 O, this would make a learn'd, and liberall soule,
 To riue his stayned quill, vp to the back,
 3475 And damne his long-watch'd labours to the fire ;
 Things, that were borne, when none but the still night,
 And his dumbe candle saw his pinching throes :
 Were not his owne free merit a more crowne
 Vnto his trauailes, then their reeling claps.
 3480 This 'tis, that strikes me silent, seales my lips,
 And apt me, rather to sleepe out my time,
 Then I would waste it in contemned strifes,
 With these vile *Ibides*, these vncleane birds,
 That make their mouthes their clysters, and still purge
 3485 From their hot entrailles. But, I leaue the monsters
 To their owne fate. And, since the *Comick Mvse*
 Hath prou'd so ominous to me, I will trie
 If *Tragædie* haue a more kind aspect.
 Her fauours in my next I will pursue,
 3490 Where, if I proue the pleasure but of one,
 So he iudicious be ; He shall b' alone
 A Theatre vnto me : Once, I'le say,
 To strike the eare of time, in those fresh straines,
 As shall, beside the cunning of their ground,
 3495 Giue cause to some of wonder, some despight,
 And vnto more, despaire, to imitate their sound.
 I, that spend halfe my nights, and all my dayes,
 Here in a cell, to get a darke, pale face,
 To come forth worth the iuy, or the bayes,
 3500 And in this age can hope no other grace——
 Leaue me. There's something come into my thought,
 That must, and shall be sung, high, and aloofe,
 Safe from the wolues black iaw, and the dull asses hoofe.
 NASV. I reuerence these raptures, and obey 'hem.

3505 This Comicall Satyre vvas first
acted , in the yeere
1601.

By the then Children of Queene
E L I Z A B E T H S
3510 Chappell.

The principall Comœdians were,

NAT. FIELD.	}	IOH. VNDERWOOD.
SAL. PAVY.		WILL. OSTLER.
THO. DAY.		THO. MARTON.

3515 *With the allowance of the Master of REVELLS.*

SEIANVS

his

FALL.

A Tragædie.

Acted, in the yeere 1603.

By the K. MAIESTIES

SERVANTS.

The Author B. I.

MART.

*Non his Centauros, non Gorgonas, Harpyiasq̃,
Immetes: Hominem pagina nostra sapit.*

LONDON,

Printed by WILLIAM STANSBY,

M. DC. XVI.

TO THE NO LESSE
NOBLE, BY VERTVE,
THEN BLOVD:

Esme

5

L. AVBIGNY.

MY LORD,



10

*Feuer any ruine were so great,
as to suruiue; I thinke this be one
I send you: the Fal of Seianus.
It is a poeme, that (if I well re-
member) in your Lo. sight, suf-
fer'd no lesse violence from our
people here, then the subiect of it
did from the rage of the people of Rome; but, with a
15 different fate, as (J hope) merit: For this hath out-liu'd
their malice, and begot it selfe a greater fauour then
he lost, the loue of good men. Amongst whom, if
J make your Lo. the first it thanks, it is not without a
iust confession of the bond your benefits haue, and euer
20 shall hold vpon me.*

Your Lo. most faithfull honorer,

BEN. IONSON.

The Argument.

25 **Æ**lius Seianus, sonne to Seius Strabo, a gentleman of
 Rome, and borne at Vulsinium, after his long service in
 court; first, vnder Augustus, afterward, Tiberius: grew
 into that fauour with the latter, and won him by those artes, as there
 wanted nothing, but the name, to make him a copartner of the Em-
 pire. Which greatnesse of his, Drusus, the Emperors sonne not broo-
 30 king, after many smother'd dislikes (it one day breaking out) the
 Prince strooke him publikely on the face. To reuenge which disgrace,
 Liuia, the wife of Drusus (being before corrupted by him to her dis-
 honour, and the discovery of her husbands counsell) Seianus practi-
 seth with, together with her Physitian, called Eudemus, and one
 35 Lygdus, an Eunuch, to poyson Drusus. This their inhumane act
 hauing successefull, and vsuspected passage, it emboldeneth Seianus
 to further, & more insolent proiects, euen the ambition of the Empire:
 where finding the lets, he must encounter, to be many, & hard, in re-
 spect of the issue of Germanicus (who were next in hope for the suc-
 40 cession) he deuiseeth to make Tiberius selfe, his meanes: & instill's in-
 to his eares many doubts, and suspicions, both against the Princes, and
 their mother Agrippina: which Cæsar iealously hearkning to, as co-
 uetously consenteth to their ruine, and their friends. In this time, the
 better to mature and strengthen his designe, Seianus labors to marry
 45 Liuia, and worketh (with all his ingine) to remoue Tiberius from
 the knowledge of publike businesse, with allurements of a quiet and
 retyred life: the latter of which, Tiberius (out of a pronenesse to
 lust, and a desire to hide those vnnaturall pleasures, which he could
 not so publikely practise) embraceth: the former in kindleth his feares,
 50 and there, giues him first cause of doubt, or suspect toward Seianus.
 Against whom, he raiseth (in priuate) a new instrument, one Serto-
 rius Macro, and by him vnder-worketh, discovers the others coun-
 sell, his meanes, his ends, sounds the affections of the Senators, di-
 uides, distracts them: at last, when Seianus least looketh, and is
 55 most secure (with pretext of doing him an vn-wonted honour in the
 Senate) he traines him from his guardes, and with a long doubtfull
 letter, in one day, hath him suspected, accused, condemned, and torne
 in pieces, by the rage of the people.

The Persons of the Play.

60

TIBERIVS.

DRVSVS <i>se.</i>	SEIANVS.
NERO.	LATIIARIS.
DRVSVS <i>in.</i>	VARRO.
CALIGVLA.	MACRO.
ARRVNTIVS.	COTTA.
SILIVS.	AFER.
SABINVS.	HATERIVS.
LEPIDVS.	SANQVINIVS.
CORDVS.	POMPONIVS.
GALLVS.	POSTHVIVS.
REGVLVS.	TRIO.
TERENTIVS.	MINVTIVS.
LACO.	SATRIVS.
EVDEMVS.	NATTA.
RVFVS.	OPSIVS.

65

70

75

TRIBVNI.

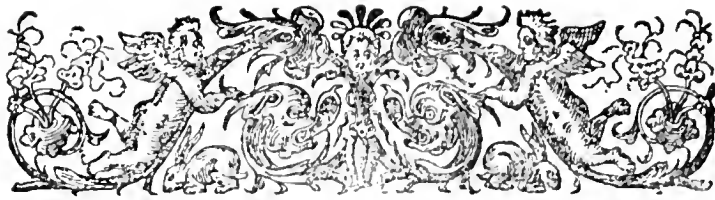
AGRIPPINA. } LIVIA.
 } SOSIA.

80

PRAECONES.	LICTORES.
FLAMEN.	MINISTRI.
TVBICINES.	TIBICINES.
NVNTIVS.	SERVVS.

THE SCENE.

ROME.



SEIANVS.

85

Act. I.

SABINVS, SILIVS, NATTA, LATIARIS, COR-
DVS, SATRIVS, ARRVNTIVS, EVDE-
MVS, HATERIVS, &C.

90



95

Aile, CAIVS SILIVS. SIL. TITIVS SA-
BINVS, Haile.

Yo'are rarely met in court! SAB. There-
fore, well met.

SIL. 'Tis true : Indeed, this place is not
our sphære.

SAB. No, SILIVS, wee are no good in-
giners ;

We want the fine arts, & their thriuing vse,
Should make vs grac'd, or fauour'd of the
times :

100 We haue no shift of faces, no cleft tongues,
No soft, and glutinous bodies, that can sticke,
Like snailes, on painted walls ; or, on our brests,
Creepe vp, to fall, from that proud height, to which
We did by slauerie, not by seruice, clime.

105 We are no guilty men, and then no great ;
We haue nor place in court, office in state,
That we can say, we owe vnto our crimes :
We burne with no black secrets, which can make
Vs deare to the pale authors ; or liue fear'd

110 Of their still waking iealosies, to raise
Our selues a fortune, by subuerting theirs.
We stand not in the lines, that doe aduance
To that so courted point. SIL. But yonder leane
A paire that doe. (SAB. Good cousin LATIARIS.)

115 SIL. SATRIVS SECVNDVS, and PINNARIVS NATTA,
The great SEIANVS clients : There be two,

Know

- Know more, then honest counsellors : whose close breasts
 Were they rip'd vp to light, it would be found
 A poore, and idle sinne, to which their trunkes
 120 Had not beene made fit organs. These can lye,
 Flatter, and sweare, forswear, deprave, informe,
 Smile, and betray ; make guilty men ; then beg
 The forfeit liues, to get the liuings ; cut
 Mens throates with whisprings ; sell to gaping sutors
 125 The emptie smoake, that flyes about the Palace ;
 Laugh, when their patron laughes ; sweat, when he sweates ;
 Be hot, and cold with him ; change euery moode,
 Habit, and garbe, as often as he varies ;
 Obserue him, as his watch obserues his clocke ;
 130 And true, as turkise in the deare lords ring,
 Looke well, or ill with him : ready to praise
 His lordship, if he spit, or but pisse faire,
 Haue an indifferent stoole, or breake winde well,
 Nothing can scape their catch. SAB. Alas ! these things
 135 Deserue no note, confer'd with other vile,
 And filthier flatteries, that corrupt the times :
 When, not alone our gentries chiefe are faine
 To make their safety from such sordide acts,
 But all our *Consuls*, and no little part
 140 Of such as haue beene *Prators*, yea, the most
 Of *Senators* (that else not vse their voyces)
 Start vp in publique *Senate*, and there strue
 Who shall propound most abiect things, and base,
 So much, as oft *TIBERIVS* hath beene heard,
 145 Leauing the court, to crie, ô race of men,
 Prepar'd for seruitude ! which shew'd, that, he
 Who least the publique liberty could like,
 As loathly brook'd their flat seruitie.
 SIL. Well, all is worthy of vs, were it more,
 150 Who with our ryots, pride, and ciuill hate,
 Haue so prouok'd the iustice of the gods.
 We, that (within these fourescore yeeres) were borne
 Free, equall lords of the triumphed world,
 And knew no masters, but affections,
 155 To which betraying first our liberties,
 We since became the slaues to one mans lusts ;
 And now to many : euery ministring spie
 That will accuse, and sweare, is lord of you,
 Of me, of all, our fortunes, and our liues.
 160 Our lookes are call'd to question, and our wordes,
 How innocent soeuer, are made crimes ;

Pedarij.

Hh

We

- We shall not shortly dare to tell our dreames,
 Or thinke, but 'twill be treason. SAB. " Tyrannes artes
 " Are to giue flatterers, grace ; accusers, power ;
 165 " That those may seeme to kill whom they deuoure.
 Now good CREMVTIVS CORDVS. COR. Haile, to your lordship.
They whisper. NAT. Who's that salutes your cousin? LAT. 'Tis one CORDVS,
 A gentleman of *Rome* : one, that has writ
 Annal's of late, they say, and very well.
 170 NAT. Annal's? of what times? LAT. I thinke of POMPEI'S,
 And CAIVS CAESARS ; and so downe to these.
 NAT. How stands h'affected to the present state?
 Is he or *Drusian* ? or *Germanican* ?
 Or ours? or neutrall? LAT. I know him not so far.
 175 NAT. Those times are somewhat queasie to be toucht.
 Haue you or seene, or heard part of his worke?
 LAT. Not I, he meanes they shall be publike shortly.
 NAT. O. CORDVS do you cal him? LAT. I. SAB. But these our times
 Are not the same, ARRVNTIVS. ARR. Times? the men,
 180 The men are not the same : 'tis we are base,
 Poore, and degenerate from th'exalted streine
 Of our great fathers. Where is now the soule
 Of god-like CATO ? he, that durst be good,
 When CAESAR durst be euill ; and had power,
 185 As not to liue his slaue, to dye his master.
 Or where the constant BRVTVS, that (being prooffe
 Against all charme of benefits) did strike
 So braue a blow into the monsters heart
 That sought vnkindly to captiue his countrie?
 190 O, they are fled the light. Those mightie spirits
 Lye rak'd vp, with their ashes in their urnes,
 And not a sparke of their eternall fire
 Glowes in a present bosome. All's but blaze,
 Flashes, and smoke, wherewith we labour so,
 195 There's nothing *Romane* in vs ; nothing good,
 Gallant, or great : 'Tis true, that CORDVS say's,
Braue CASSIVS was the last of all that race.
Drusus passeth by. SAB. Stand by, lord DRVSVS. HAT. Th'Emp'rours son, giue place.
 SIL. I like the prince well. ARR. A riotous youth,
 200 There's little hope of him. SAB. That fault his age
 Will, as it growes, correct. Me thinkes, he beares
 Himselfe, each day, more nobly then other :
 And wins no lesse on mens affections,
 Then doth his father lose. Beleeue me, I loue him ;
 205 And chiefly for opposing to SEIANVS.
 SIL. And I, for gracing his yong kinsmen so,

The sonnes of Prince GERMANICVS : It shewes
A gallant cleerenesse in him, a streight minde,
That enuies not, in them, their fathers name.

- 210 ARR. His name was, while he liu'd, aboue all enuie ;
And being dead, without it. O, that man !
If there were seedes of the old vertue left,
They liu'd in him. SIL. He had the fruits, ARRVNTIVS,
More then the seedes : SABINVS, and my selfe
215 Had meanes to know him, within ; and can report him.
We were his followers, (he would call vs friends.)
He was a man most like to vertue' ; In all,
And euery action, neerer to the gods,
Then men, in nature ; of a body' as faire
220 As was his mind ; and no lesse reuerend
In face, then fame : He could so vse his state,
Temp'ring his greatnesse, with his grauitie,
As it auoyded all selfe-loue in him,
And spight in others. What his funeralls lack'd
225 In images, and pompe, they had supply'd
With honourable sorrow, souldiers sadnesse,
A kind of silent mourning, such, as men
(Who know no teares, but from their captiues) vse
To shew in so great losses. COR. I thought once,
230 Considering their formes, age, manner of deaths,
The neerenesse of the places, wherethey fell,
T'haue paralell'd him with great ALEXANDER :
For both were of best feature, of high race,
Yeer'd but to thirtie, and, in forraine lands,
235 By their owne people, alike made away.

SAB. I know not, for his death, how you might wrest it :
But, for his life, it did as much disdain
Comparison, with that voluptuous, rash,
Giddy, and drunken *Macedon's*, as mine

- 240 Doth with my bond-mans. All the good, in him,
(His valour, and his fortune) he made his ;
But he had other touches of late *Romanes*,
That more did speake him : POMPEI'S dignitie,
The innocence of CATO, CAESAR'S spirit,
245 Wise BRVTVS temp'rance, and euery vertue,
Which, parted vnto others, gaue them name,
Flow'd mixt in him. He was the soule of goodnesse :
And all our praises of him are like streames
Drawne from a spring, that still rise full, and leaue
250 The part remayning greatest. ARR. I am sure
He was too great for vs, and that they knew

- Who did remoue him hence. SAB. When men grow fast
 Honor'd, and lou'd, there is a tricke in state
 (Which iealous princes neuer faile to vse)
 255 How to decline that growth, with faire pretext,
 And honourable colours of employment,
 Either by embassie, the war, or such,
 To shift them forth into another aire,
 Where they may purge, and lessen ; so was he :
 260 And had his secon'ds there, sent by TIBERIVS,
 And his more subtile damme, to discontent him ;
 To breede, and cherish mutinies ; detract
 His greatest actions ; giue audacious check
 To his commands ; and worke to put him out
 265 In open act of treason. All which snares
 When his wise cares preuented, a fine poyson
 Was thought on, to mature their practices.
 COR. Here comes SEIANVS. SIL. Now obserue the stoupes,
 The bendings, and the falls. ARR. Most creeping base !

*They passe ouer
 the stage.*

SEIANVS, SATRIVS, TERENTIVS, &C.

- I Note 'hem well : No more. Say you. SAT. My lord,
 There is a gentleman of *Rome* would buy——
 SEI. How cal you him you talk'd with? SAT. 'Please your lordship,
 It is EVDEMVS, the physitian
 275 To LIVIA, DRVSV'S wife. SEI. On with your sute.
 Would buy, you said—— SAT. A *Tribunes* place, my lord.
 SEI. What will he giue? SAT. Fiftie *sestertia*.
 SEI. LIVIA'S physitian, say you, is that fellow?
 SAT. It is, my lord ; your lordships answere? SEI. To what?
 280 SAT. The place, my lord. 'Tis for a gentleman,
 Your lordship will well like off, when you see him ;
 And one, you may make yours, by the grant.
 SEI. Well, let him bring his money, and his name.
 SAT. Thanke your lordship. He shall, my lord. SEI. Come hither.
 285 Know you this same EVDEMVS ? Is he learn'd ?
 SAT. Reputed so, my lord : and of deepe practice.
 SEI. Bring him in, to me, in the gallerie ;
 And take you cause, to leaue vs there, together :
 I would confer with him, about a griefe.—On.
 290 ARR. So, yet ! another ? yet ? ô desperate state
 Of grou'ling honour ! Seest thou this, ô sunne,
 And doe wee see thee after ? Me thinkes, day
 Should lose his light, when men doe lose their shames,
 And, for the emptie circumstance of life,

Betray

- 295 Betray their cause of liuing. SIL. Nothing so.
 SEIANVS can repaire, if LOVE should ruine.
 He is the now court-god ; And well applyed
 With sacrifice of knees, of crookes, and cringe,
 He will doe more then all the house of heau'n
- 300 Can, for a thousand *hecatombes*. 'Tis he
 Makes vs.our day, or night ; Hell, and *Elysium*
 Are in his looke : We talke of RHADAMANTH,
 Furies, and fire-brands ; But 'tis his frowne
 That is all these, where, on the aduerse part,
- 305 His smile is more, then ere (yet) *Poets* fain'd
 Of blisse, and shades, *nectar*—— ARR. A seruing boy ?
 I knew him, at CAIVS trencher, when for hyre,
 He prostituted his abused body
 To that great gourmond, fat APICIVS ;
- 310 And was the noted *pathick* of the time.
 SAB. And, now, the second face of the whole world.
 The partner of the empire, hath his image
 Rear'd equall with TIBERIVS, borne in ensignes,
 Command's, disposes euery dignitie,
- 315 *Centurions, Tribunes, Heads of prouinces,*
Prætors, and Consuls, all that heretofore
Romes generall suffrage gaue, is now his sale.
 The gaine, or rather spoile, of all the earth,
 One, and his house, receiues. SIL. He hath of late
- 320 Made him a strength too, strangely, by reducing
 All the *Prætorian* bands into one campe,
 Which he command's : pretending, that the souldier
 By liuing loose, and scattered, fell to ryot ;
 And that if any sodaine enterprise
- 325 Should be attempted, their vnited strength
 Would be far more, then seucr'd ; and their life
 More strict, if from the citie more remou'd.
- SAB. Where, now, he builds, what kind of fort's he please,
 Is hard to court the souldier, by his name,
- 330 Wooes, feasts the chieftest men of action,
 Whose wants, not loues, compell them to be his.
 And, though he ne're were liberall by kind,
 Yet, to his owne darke ends, hee's most profuse,
 Lauish, and letting flye, he cares not what
- 335 To his ambition. ARR. Yet, hath he ambition ?
 Is there that step in state can make him higher ?
 Or more ? or any thing he is, but lesse ?
- SIL. Nothing, but Emp'rour. ARR. The name TIBERIVS
 I hope, will keepe ; how ere he hath fore-gone

- 340 The dignitie, and power. SIL. Sure, while he liues.
 ARR. And dead, it comes to DRVSVS. Should he fayle,
 To the braue issue of GERMANICVS ;
 And they are three : Too many (ha?) for him
 To haue a plot vpon? SAB. I doe not know
- 345 The heart of his designes ; but, sure, their face
 Lookes farther then the present. ARR. By the gods,
 If I could gesse he had but such a thought,
 My sword should cleaue him downe from head to heart,
 But I would finde it out : and with my hand
- 350 I'd hurle his panting braine about the ayre,
 In mites, as small as *atomi*, to'vndoe
 The knotted bed — SAB. You are obseru'd, ARRVNTIVS.
 ARR. Death ! I dare tell him so ; and all his spies :
 He turnes to Seianus chyents. You, sir, I would, doe you looke? and you. SAB. Forbeare.

355 SATRIVS, EVDEMVS, SEIANVS.

- H**Eere, he will instant be ; Let's walke a turne.
 Yo'are in a muse, EVDEMVS? EVD. Not I, sir.
 I wonder he should marke me out so ! well,
 IOVE, and APOLLO forme it for the best.
- 360 SAT. Your fortune's made vnto you now, EVDEMVS,
 If you can but lay hold vpon the meanes ;
 Doe but obserue his humour, and — beleeue it —
 He's the noblest *Romane*, where he takes —
 Here comes his lordship. SEI. Now, good SATRIVS.
- 365 SAT. This is the gentleman, my lord. SEI. Is this?
 Giue me your hand, we must be more acquainted.
 Report, sir, hath spoke out your art, and learning:
 And I am glad I haue so needfull cause,
 (How euer in it selfe painefull, and hard)
- 370 To make me knowne to so great vertue. Looke,
 Who's that? SATRIVS — I haue a griefe, sir,
 That will desire your helpe. Your name's EVDEMVS?
 EVD. Yes. SEI. Sir? EVD. It is, my lord. SEI. I heare, you are
 Physitian to LIVIA, the princesse?
- 375 EVD. I minister vnto her, my good lord.
 SEI. You minister to a royall lady, then.
 EVD. She is, my lord, and fayre. SEI. That's vnderstood
 Of all their sexe, who are, or would be so ;
 And those, that would be, physicke soone can make 'hem :
 380 For those that are, their beauties feare no collours.
 EVD. Your lordship is conceited. SEI. Sir, you know it.
 And can (if need be) read a learned lecture,

On this, and other secrets. Pray you tell me,
What more of ladies, besides LIVIA,

385 Haue you your patients? EVD. Many, my good lord.
The great AVGVSTA, VRGVLANIA.

MVTILIA PRISCA, and PLANCINA, diuers ———

SEI. And, all these tell you the particulars
Of euery seuerall grieffe? how first it grew,

390 And then encreas'd, what action caused that;
What passion that: and answere to each point
That you will put 'hem. EVD. Else, my lord, we know not
How to prescribe the remedies. SEI. Goe to,
Yo'are a subtill nation, you Physitians!

395 And growne the onely cabinets, in court,
To ladies priuacies. Faith which of these
Is the most pleasant lady, in her physicke?
Come, you are modest now. EVD. 'Tis fit, my lord.

SEI. Why, sir, I doe not aske you of their vrines,
400 Whose smel's most violet? or whose seige is best?
Or who makes hardest faces on her stoole?
Which lady sleeps with her owne face, a nights?
Which puts her teeth off, with her clothes, in court?
Or, which her hayre? which her complexion?

405 And, in which boxe she puts it? These were questions
That might, perhaps, haue put your grauity
To some defence of blush. But, I enquir'd,
Which was the wittiest? meriest? wantonnest?
Harmelesse intergatories, but conceipts.

410 Me thinks, AVGVSTA should be most peruerse,
And froward in her fit? EVD. She's so, my lord.

SEI. I knew it. And MVTILIA the most iocund?

EVD. 'Tis very true, my lord. SEI. And why would you
Conceale this from me, now? Come, what's LIVIA?

415 I know, she's quick, and quaintly spirited,
And will haue strange thoughts, when she's at leasure;
She tells 'hem all to you? EVD. My noblest lord,
He breaths not in the empire, or on earth,
Whom I would be ambitious to serue

420 (In any act, that may preserue mine honour)
Before your lordship. SEI. Sir, you can loose no honor,
By trusting ought to me. The coursest act
Done to my seruice, I can so requite,
A ll the world shall stile it honorable:

425 "Our idle, vertuous *definitions*
"Seepe honor poore, and are as scorn'd, as vaine:
"These deeds breathe honor, that do sucke in gaine.

EVD. But,

- EVD. But, good my lord, if I should thus betray
 The counsels of my patient, and a ladies
 430 Of her high place, and worth ; what might your lordship,
 (Who presently are to trust me with your owne)
 Iudge of my faith? SEI. Only the best, I sweare.
 Say now, that I should vtter you my griefe ;
 And with it, the true cause ; that it were loue ;
 435 And loue to LIVIA : you should tell her this?
 Should she suspect your faith? I would you could
 Tell me as much, from her ; see, if my braine
 Could be turn'd iealous. EVD. Happily, my lord,
 I could, in time, tell you as much, and more ;
 440 So I might safely promise but the first,
 To her, from you. SEI. As safely, my EVDEMVS,
 (I now dare call thee so) as I haue put
 The secret into thee. EVD. My lord — SEI. Protest not.
 Thy lookes are vowes to me, vse onely speed,
 445 And but affect her with SEIANVS loue,
 Thou art a man, made, to make *Consuls*. Goe.
 EVD. My lord, Ile promise you a priuate meeting
 This day, together. SEI. Canst thou? EVD. Yes. SEI. The place?
 EVD. My gardens, whither I shall fetch your lordship.
 450 SEI. Let me adore my ÆSCVLAPIVS.
 Why, this indeed is physick ! and out-speakes
 The knowledge of cheape drugs, or any vse
 Can be made out of it ! more comforting
 Then all your *opiates, iulebes, apozemes,*
 455 Magistrall *syrrupes*, or — Be gone, my friend,
 Not barely stiled , but created so ;
 Expect things, greater then thy largest hopes,
 To ouertake thee : Fortune, shall be taught
 To know how ill she hath deseru'd thus long,
 460 To come behinde thy wishes. Goe, and speed.
 “Ambition makes more trusty slaues, then need,
 These fellows, by the fauour of their arte,
 Haue, still, the meanes to tempt, oft-times, the power.
 If LIVIA will be now corrupted, then
 465 Thou hast the way, SEIANVS, to worke out
 His secrets, who (thou knowest) endures thee not,
 Her husband DRVSVS : and to worke against them.
 Prosper it, PALLAS, thou, that betterst wit ;
 For VENVS hath the smallest share in it.

470 TIBERIVS, SEIANVS, DRVSVS.

VV Ee not endure these flatteries, let him stand;
Our empire, ensignes, axes, roddes, and state
Take not away our humane nature from vs :

*One kneeles
to him.*

Looke vp, on vs, and fall before the gods.

475 SEI. How like a god, speakes CAESAR ! ARR. There, obserue !

He can indure that second, that's no flattery.

O, what is it, proud slime will not beleue

Of his owne worth, to heare it equall prais'd

Thus with the gods ? COR. He did not heare it, sir.

480 ARR. He did not ? Tut, he must not, we thinke meanelly.

'Tis your most courtly, knowne confederacy,

To haue your priuate parasite redeeme

What he, in publique subtilty, will lose

To making him a name. HAT. Right mighty lord ———

485 TIB. We must make vp our eares, 'gainst these assaults

Of charming tongues ; we pray you vse, no more

These contumelies to vs : stile not vs

Or lord, or mighty, who professe our selfe

The seruant of the *Senate*, and are proud

490 T'enioy them our good, iust, and fauouring lords.

COR. Rarely dissembled. ARR. Prince-like, to the life.

"SAB. When power, that may command, so much descends,

"Their bondage, whom it stoupes to, it intends.

TIB. Whence are these letters ? HAT. From the *Senate*. TIB. So.

495 Whence these ? LA. From thence too. TIB. Are they sitting, now ?

LAT. They stay thy answere, CAESAR. SIL. If this man

Had but a minde allied vnto his words,

How blest a fate were it to vs, and *Rome* ?

We could not thinke that state, for which to change,

500 Although the ayme were our old liberty :

The ghosts of those that fell for that, would grieue

Their bodies liu'd not, now, againe to serue.

"Men are deceiu'd, who thinke there can be thrall

"Beneath a vertuous prince. Wish'd liberty

505 "Ne're louelier lookes, then vnder such a crowne.

But, when his grace is meerely but lip-good,

And, that no longer, then he aires himselfe

Abroad in publique, there, to seeme to shun

The strokes, and stripes of flatterers, which within

510 Are lechery vnto him, and so feed

His brutish sense with their afflicting sound,

As (dead to vertue) he permits himselfe

Be carried like a pitcher, by the eares,

To

- To euery act of vice : this is a case
 515 Deserues our feare, and doth presage the nigh,
 And close approach of bloud and tyranny.
 "Flattery is midwife vnto princes rage :
 "And nothing sooner, doth helpe foorth a tyranne,
 "Then that, and whisperers grace, who haue the time,
 520 "The place, the power, to make all men offenders.
 ARR. He should be told this ; and be bid dissemble
 With fooles, and blinde men : We that know the euill,
 Should hunt the Palace-rattes, or giue them bane ;
 Fright hence these worse then rauens, that deuoure
 525 The quicke, where they but prey vpon the dead :
 He shall be told it. SAB. Stay, ARRVNTVS,
 We must abide our oportunity :
 And practise what is fit, as what is needfull.
 "It is not safe t'enforce a soueraigne's care:
 530 "Princes heare well, if they at all will heare.
 ARR. Ha? Say you so? well. In the meane time, LOVE,
 (Say not, but I doe call vpon thee now.)
 Of all wilde beasts, preserue me from a tyranne ;
 And of all tame, a flatterer. SIL. 'Tis well pray'd.
 535 TIB. Returne the lords this voyce, we are their creature :
 And it is fit, a good, and honest prince ,
 Whom they, out of their bounty, haue instructed
 With so dilate, and absolute a power,
 Should owe the office of it, to their seruice ;
 540 And good of all, and euery citizen.
 Nor shall it e're repent vs, to haue wish'd
 The *Senate* iust, and fau'ring lords vnto vs,
 "Since their free loues doe yeeld no lesse defence
 "T' a princes state, then his owne innocence.
 545 Say then, there can be nothing in their thought
 Shall want to please vs, that hath pleased them ;
 Our suffrage rather shall preuent, then stay
 Behind their wills : 'tis empire, to obey
 Where such, so great, so graue, so good determine.
 550 Yet, for the sute of *Spaine*, t'erect a temple
 In honour of our mother, and our selfe,
 We must (with pardon of the *Senate*) not
 Assent thereto. Their lordships may obiect
 Our not denying the same late request
 555 Vnto the *Asian* cities : We desire
 That our defence, for suffering that, be knowne
 In these brieft reasons, with our after purpose.
 Since deified AVGVSTVS hindred not

- A temple to be built, at *Pergamum*,
 560 In honour of himselfe, and sacred *Rome*,
 We, that haue all his deedes, and wordes obseru'd
 Euer, in place of lawes, the rather follow'd
 That pleasing precedent, because, with ours,
 The *Senates* reuerence also, there, was ioyn'd.
 565 But, as, t'haue once receiu'd it, may deserue
 The gaine of pardon, so, to be ador'd
 With the continew'd stile, and note of gods,
 Through all the *prouinces*, were wild ambition,
 And no lesse pride : Yea, eu'n *AVGVSTVS* name
 570 Would early vanish, should it be prophan'd
 With such promiscuous flatteries. For our part,
 We here protest it, and are couetous
 Prosteritie should know it, we are mortall ;
 And can but deedes of men : 'twere glory' inough,
 575 Could we be truely a prince. And, they shall adde
 Abounding grace, vnto our memorie,
 That shall report vs worthy our fore-fathers,
 Carefull of your affaires, constant in dangers,
 And not afraid of any priuate frowne
 580 For publike good. These things shall be to vs
 Temples, and statues, reared in your mindes,
 The fairest, and most during imag'rie :
 For those of stone, or brasse, if they become
 Odious in iudgement of posteritie,
 585 Are more contemn'd, as dying sepulchres,
 Then tane for liuing monuments. We then
 Make here our suite, alike to gods, and men,
 The one, vntill the period of our race,
 T'inspire vs with a free, and quiet mind,
 590 Discerning both diuine, and humane lawes ;
 The other, to vouchsafe vs after death,
 An honourable mention, and faire praise,
 T'accompanie our actions, and our name :
 The rest of greatnesse princes may command,
 595 And (therefore) may neglect , only, a long,
 A lasting, high, and happy memorie
 They should, without being satisfied, pursue.
 Contempt of fame begets contempt of vertue.

NAT. Rare ! SAT. Most diuine ! SEI. The *Oracles* are ceas'd,
 600 That only *CAESAR*, with their tongue, might speake.

ARR. Let me be gone, most felt, and open this !

COR. Stay. ARR. What ? to heare more cunning, and fine wordes,
 With their sound flatter'd, ere their sense be meant ?

TIB.

Fortuna eque-
stris.

- TIB. Their choise of *Antium*, there to place the guift
 605 Vow'd to the goddesse, for our mothers health,
 We will the *Senate* know, we fairely like ;
 As also, of their grant to *LEPIDVS*,
 For his repaying the *Æmilian* place,
 And restauration of those monuments :
 610 Their grace too in confining of *SILANVS*,
 To th'other Is'le *Cithera*, at the sute
 Of his religious sister, much commends
 Their policie, so temp'red with their mercy.
 But, for the honours, which they haue decreed
 615 To our *SEIANVS*, to aduance his statue
 In *POMPEI'S* theatre (whose ruining fire
 His vigilance, and labour kept restrain'd
 In that one losse) they haue, therein, out-gone
 Their owne great wisdomes, by their skilfull choise,
 620 And placing of their bounties, on a man,
 Whose merit more adornes the dignitie,
 Then that can him : and giues a benefit,
 In taking, greater, then it can receiue.
 Blush not, *SEIANVS*, thou great aide of *Rome*,
 625 Associate of our labours, our chiefe helper,
 Let vs not force thy simple modestie
 With offering at thy praise, for more we cannot,
 Since there's no voice can take it. No man, here,
 Receiue our speeches, as *hyperbole's* ;
 630 For we are far from flatt'ring our friend,
 (Let enuy know) as from the need to flatter.
 Nor let them aske the causes of our praise ;
 Princes haue still their grounds rear'd with themselues,
 Aboue the poore low flats of common men,
 635 And, who will search the reasons of their acts,
 Must stand on equall bases. Lead, away.
 Our loues vnto the *Senate*. ARR. *Cæsar*. SAB. Peace.
 COR. Great *POMPEI'S* theatre was neuer ruin'd
 Till now, that proud *SEIANVS* hath a statue
 640 Rear'd on his ashes. ARR. Place the shame of souldiers,
 Aboue the best of generalls ? cracke the world !
 And bruise the name of *Romanes* into dust,
 Ere we behold it ! SIL. Checke your passion ;
 Lord *DRVSVS* tarries. DRV. Is my father mad ?
 645 Wearie of life, and rule, lords ? thus to heaue
 An idoll vp with praise ! make him his mate !
 His riual in the empire ! ARR. O, good prince !
 DRV. Allow him statues ? titles ? honours ? such,

As he himselfe refuseth? ARR. Braue, braue DRVSVS !

650 DRV. The first ascents to soueraigntie are hard
But, entred once, there neuer wants or meanes,
Or ministers, to helpe th'aspirer on.

ARR. True, gallant DRVSVS. DRV. We must shortly pray
To *Modestie*, that he will rest contented——

655 ARR. I, where he is, and not write emp'rour.

SEIANVS, DRVSVS, ARRVNTIVS, &c.

*He enters, fol-
low'd with
clients.*

THere is your bill, and yours ; Bring you your man :
I haue mou'd for you, too, LATIARIS. DRV. What ?
Is your vast greatnesse growne so blindly bold,

660 That you will ouer vs? SEI. Why, then giue way.

DRV. Giue way, *Colossus* ? Doe you lift ? Aduance you ?
Take that. ARR. Good ! braue ! excellent braue prince !

*Drusus strikes
him.*

DRV. Nay, come, approach. What ? stand you off ? at gaze ?
It lookes too full of death, for thy cold spirits.

665 Auoid mine eye, dull camell, or my sword

Shall make thy brau'rie fitter for a graue,
Then for a triumph. I'll aduance a statue,
O'your owne bulke ; but 't shall be on the crosse:

Where I will naile your pride, at breadth, and length,
670 And cracke those sinnewes, which are yet but stretch'd

With your swolne fortunes rage. ARR. A noble prince !

ALL. A CASTOR, a CASTOR, a CASTOR, a CASTOR !

SEIANVS.

675 **H**E that, with such wrong mou'd, can beare it through
With patience, and an euen mind, knowes how
To turne it backe. Wrath, couer'd, carryes fate :
Reuenge is lost, if I professe my hate.

What was my practice late, I'll now pursue
As my fell iustice. This hath stil'd it new.

680 CHORVS——*Of Musicians.*

Act. II.

SEIANVS, LIVIA, EVDEMVS.

685 **P**hysitian, thou art worthy of a prouince,
For the great fauours done vnto our loues ;
And, but that greatest LIVIA beares a part
In the requitall of thy seruices,

I should alone, despaire of ought, like meanes,
To giue them worthy satisfaction.

LIV. EVDEMVS, (I will see it) shall receiue
690 A fit, and full reward, for his large merit.
But for this potion, we intend to DRVSVS,
(No more our husband, now) whom shall we choose
As the most apt, and abled instrument,
To minister it to him? EVD. I say, LYGDVS.

695 SEI. LYGDVS? what's he? LIV. An Eunuch DRVSVS loues.

EVD. I, and his cup-bearer. SEI. Name not a second.
If DRVSVS loue him, and he haue that place,
We cannot thinke a fitter. EVD. True, my lord,
For free accesse, and trust, are two maine aides.

700 SEI. Skilfull physitian! LIV. But he must be wrought
To th'vndertaking, with some labour'd arte.

SEI. Is he ambitious? LIV. No. SEI. Or couetous?

LIV. Neither. EVD. Yet, gold is a good generall charme.

SEI. What is he then? LIV. Faith, only wanton, light.

705 SEI. How! Is he young? and faire? EVD. A delicate youth.

SEI. Send him to me, I'll worke him. Royall ladie,
Though I haue lou'd you long, and with that height
Of zeale, and dutie, (like the fire, which more
It mounts, it trembles) thinking nought could adde
710 Vnto the feruour, which your eye had kindled;
Yet, now I see your wisdom, iudgement, strength,
Quicknesse, and will, to apprehend the meanes
To your owne good, and greatnesse, I protest
My selfe through rarefied, and turn'd all flame
715 In your affection: Such a spirit as yours,
Was not created for the idle second
To a poore flash, as DRVSVS; but to shine
Bright, as the Moone, among the lesser lights,
And share the sou'raintie of all the world.

720 Then LIVIA triumphs in her proper speare,
When shee, and her SEIANVS shall diuide
The name of CAESAR; and AVGVSTA'S starre
Be dimm'd with glorie of a brighter beame:
When AGRIPPINA'S fires are quite extinct,

725 And the scarce-seene TIBERIVS borrowes all
His little light from vs, whose folded armes
Shall make one perfect orbe. Who's that? EVDEMVS,
Looke, 'tis not DRVSVS? Ladie, doe not feare.

LIV. Not I, my lord. My feare, and loue of him

730 Left me at once. SEI. Illustrious ladie! stay——

EVD. I'll tell his lordship. SEI. Who is't, EVDEMVS?

EVD.

EVD. One of your lordships seruants, brings you word
The Emp'rour hath sent for you. SEI. O ! where is he ?
With your faire leaue, deare Princesse. I'll but aske

He goes out.

735 A question, and returne. EVD. Fortunate Princesse !
How are you blest in the fruition
Of this vnequall'd man, this soule of *Rome*,
The empires life, and voice of CAESARS world !

LIV. So blessed, my EVDEMVS, as to know
740 The blisse I haue, with what I ought to owe
The meanes that wrought it. How do'I looke to day ?

EVD. Excellent cleere, belecue it. This same *fucus*
Was well laid on. LIV. Me thinkes, 'tis here not white.

EVD. Lend me your scarlet, lady. 'Tis the sunne
745 Hath giu'n some little taint vnto the *ceruse*,
You should haue vs'd of the white oyle I gaue you.
SEIANVS, for your loue ! his very name
Commandeth aboute CVPID, or his shafts——

(LIV. Nay, now yo'haue made it worse. EVD. I'll helpe it straight.)

750 And, but pronounc'd, is a sufficient charme
Against all rumour ; and of absolute power
To satisfie for any ladies honour.

(LIV. What doe you now, EVDEMVS ? EVD. Make a light *fucus*,
To touch you ore withall.) Honor'd SEIANVS !

755 What act (though ne're so strange, and insolent)
But that addition will at least beare out,
If't doe not expiate ? LIV. Here, good physitian.

EVD. I like this studie to preserue the loue
Of such a man, that comes not euery houre

760 To greet the world. ('Tis now well, ladie, you should
Vse of the *dentifrice*, I prescrib'd you, too,
To cleere your teeth, and the prepar'd *pomatum*,
To smoothe the skin :) A lady cannot be
Too curious of her forme, that still would hold

765 The heart of such a person, made her captiue,
As you haue his : who, to endeare him more
In your cleere eye, hath put away his wife,
The trouble of his bed, and your delights,
Faire *Apicata*, and made spacious roome

770 To your new pleasures. LIV. Haue not we return'd
That, with our hate of DRVSVS, and discouerie
Of all his counsels ? EVD. Yes, and wisely, lady,
The ages that succeed, and stand far off
To gaze at your high prudence, shall admire

775 And reckon it an act, without your sexe :
It hath that rare apparance. Some will thinke

- Your fortune could not yeeld a deeper sound,
 Then mixt with *DRVSVS* ; But, when they shall heare
 That, and the thunder of *SEIANVS* meet,
 780 *SEIANVS*, whose high name doth strike the starres,
 And rings about the concaue, great *SEIANVS*,
 Whose glories, stile, and titles are himselfe,
 The often iterating of *SEIANVS* :
 They then will lose their thoughts, and be asham'd
 785 To take acquaintance of them. *SEI.* I must make
 A rude departure, lady. *CAESAR* sends
 With all his haste both of command, and prayer.
 Be resolute in our plot ; you haue my soule,
 As certayne yours, as it is my bodies.
 790 And, wise physitian, so prepare the poyson
 As you may lay the subtile operation
 Vpon some naturall disease of his.
 Your eunuch send to me. I kisse your hands,
 Glorie of ladies, and commend my loue
 795 To your best faith, and memorie. *LIV.* My lord,
 I shall but change your wordes. Farewell. Yet, this
 Remember for your heed, he loues you not ;
 You know, what I haue told you : His designes
 Are full of grudge, and danger : we must vse
 800 More then a common speed. *SEI.* Excellent lady,
 How you doe fire my bloud ! *LIV.* Well, you must goe ?
 The thoughts be best, are least set forth to shew.
EVD. When will you take some physick, lady ? *LIV.* When
 I shall, *EVDEMVS* : But let *DRVSVS* drug
 805 Be first prepar'd. *EVD.* Were *LYGDVS* made, that's done ;
 I haue it readie. And to morrow-morning,
 I'll send you a perfume, first to resolute,
 And procure sweat, and then prepare a bath
 To cense, and cleere the *cutis* ; against when,
 810 I'll haue an excellent new *fucus* made,
 Resistiuie 'gainst the sunne, the raine, or wind,
 Which you shall lay on with a breath, or oyle,
 As you best like, and last some fourteene houres.
 This change came timely, lady, for your health ;
 815 And the restoring your complexion,
 Which *DRVSVS* choller had almost burnt vp :
 Wherein your fortune hath prescrib'd you better
 Then arte could doe. *LIV.* Thankes, good physitian,
 I'll vse my fortune (you shall see) with reuerence.
 820 Is my coach ready ? *EVD.* It attends your highnesse.

SEIANVS

SEIANVS.

- I**F this be not reuenge, when I haue done
 And made it perfect, let *Ægyptian* slaues,
Parthians, and bare-foot *Hebrewes* brand my face,
 825 And print my body full of iniuries.
 Thou lost thy selfe, childe *DRVSVS*, when thou thought'st
 Thou could'st out-skip my vengeance : or out-stand
 The power I had to crush thee into ayre.
 Thy follyes now shall taste what kinde of man
 830 They haue prouok'd, and this thy fathers house
 Cracke in the flame of my incensed rage,
 Whose fury shall admit no shame, or meane.
 Adultery? it is the lightest ill,
 I will commit. A race of wicked acts
 835 Shall flow out of my anger, and o're-spread
 The worlds wide face, which no posterity
 Shall e're approoue, nor yet keepe silent : Things,
 That for their cunning, close, and cruell marke,
 Thy father would wish his ; and shall (perhaps)
 840 Carry the empty name, but we the prize.
 On then, my soule, and start not in thy course ;
 Though heau'n drop sulphure, and hell belch out fire,
 Laugh at the idle terrors : Tell proud *IOVE*,
 Betweene his power, and thine, there is no oddes.
 845 'Twas onely feare, first, in the world made gods.

TIBERIVS, SEIANVS.

- I**S yet *SEIANVS* come? *SEI.* He's here, dread *CAESAR.*
TIB. Let all depart that chamber, and the next :
 Sit downe, my comfort. When the master-prince
 850 Of all the world, *SEIANVS*, saith, he feares ;
 Is it not fatall? *SEI.* Yes, to those are fear'd.
TIB. And not to him? *SEI.* Not, if he wisely turne
 That part of fate he holdeth, first on them.
TIB. That nature, bloud, and lawes of kinde forbid.
 855 *SEI.* Doe policie, and state forbid it? *TIB.* No.
SEI. The rest of poore respects, then, let goe by :
 State is inough to make th'act iust, them guilty.
TIB. Long hate pursues such acts. *SEI.* Whom hatred frights ,
 Let him not dreame on sou'raignty. *TIB.* Are rites
 860 Of faith, loue, piety, to be trod downe?
 Forgotten? and made vaine? *SEI.* All for a crowne.
 The prince, who shames a tyrannes name to beare,

- Shall neuer dare doe any thing, but feare ;
 All the command of scepters quite doth perish
 865 If it beginne religious thoughts to eherish :
 Whole Empires fall, swaid by those nice respects.
 It is the licence of darke deeds protects
 Eu'n states most hated : when no lawes resist
 The sword, but that it acteth what it list.
- 870 TIB. Yetso, we may doe all things cruelly,
 Not safely : SEI. Yes, and doe them thoroughly.
 TIB. Knowes yet, SEIANVS, whom we point at? SEI. I,
 Or else my thought, my sense, or both doe erre :
 'Tis AGRIPPINA? TIB. She; and her proud race.
- 875 SEI. Proud? dangerous, CAESAR. For in them apace
 The fathers spirit shoots vp. GERMANICVS
 Liues in their lookes, their gate, their forme, t'vpbraide vs
 With his close death,if not reuenge the same.
 TIB. The act's not knowne. SEI. Not prou'd. But whispring fame
- 880 Knowledge, and prooffe doth to the iealous giue,
 Who, then to faile, would their owne thought beleeeue.
 It is not safe, the children draw long breath,
 That are prouoked by a parents death.
- TIB. It is as dangerous, to make them hence,
 885 If nothing but their birth be their offence.
 SEI. Stay, till they strike at CAESAR : then their crime
 Will be enough, but late, and out of time
 For him to punish. TIB. Doe they purpose it?
- SEI. You know, sir, thunder speakes not till it hit.
 890 Be not secure : none swiftlier are opprest,
 Then they, whom confidence betrayes to rest.
 Let not your daring make your danger such:
 All power's to be fear'd,where 'tis too much.
 The youth's are (of themselues) hote, violent,
- 895 Full of great thought; and that male-spirited dame,
 Their mother, slackes no meanes to put them on,
 By large allowance, popular presentings,
 Increase of traine, and state, suing for titles,
 Hath them commended with like praiers, like vowes,
- 900 To the same Gods, with CAESAR : daies and nights
 Shee spends in banquets, and ambitious feasts
 For the Nobilitie; where CAIVS SILIVS,
 TITIVS SABINVS, olde ARRVNTIVS,
 ASINIVS GALLVS, FVRNIVS, REGVLVS,
- 905 And others, of that discontented list,
 Are the prime guests. There, and to these,she tels
 Whose niece she was, whose daughter, and whose wife,

And

- And then must they compare her with AVGVSTA,
I, and preferre her too, commend her forme,
910 Extoll her fruitfulnessse ; at which a showre
Fals for the memorie of GERMANICVS,
Which they blow ouer straight, with windie praise,
And puffing hopes of her aspiring sonnes :
Who, with these hourelly ticklings, grow so pleas'd,
915 And wantonly conceited of themselues,
As now, they sticke not to beleeeue they're such,
As these doe giue 'hem out : and would be thought
(More then competitors) immediate heires.
Whilest to their thirst of rule they winne the rout
920 (That's still the friend of noueltie) with hope
Of future freedome, which on euerie change,
That greedily, though emptily, expects.
CAESAR, 'tis age in all things breeds neglects,
And princes that will keepe olde dignitie,
925 Must not admit too youthfull heires stand by ;
Not their owne issue : but so darkely set
As shadowes are in picture, to giue height,
And lustre to themselues. TIB. We will command
Their ranke thoughts downe, and with a stricter hand
930 Then we haue yet put forth, their traines must bate,
Their titles, feasts and factions. SEI. Or your state.
But how sir, will you worke? TIB. Confine'hem, SEI. No.
They are too great, and that too faint a blow,
To giue them now : it would haue seru'd at first,
935 When, with the weakest touch, their knot had burst.
But, now, your care must be, not to detect
The smallest cord, or line of your suspect,
For such, who know the weight of princes feare,
Will, when they find themselues discover'd, reare
940 Their forces, like seene snakes, that else would lye
Rould in their circles, close : Nought is more high,
Daring, or desperate, then offenders found ;
Where guilt is, rage, and courage doth abound.
The course must be, to let 'hem still swell vp,
945 Riot, and surfet on blind fortunes cup ;
Giue 'hem more place, more dignities, more stile,
Call 'hem to *court*, to *senate* : in the while,
Take from their strength some one or twaine, or more
Of the maine Fautors ; (It will fright the store)
950 And, by some by-occasion. Thus, with slight
You shall disarm first, and they (in night
Of their ambition) not perceiue the traine,

Till,

Till, in the ingine, they are caught, and slaine.

TIB. We would not kill, if we knew how to saue ;
 955 Yet, then a throne, 'tis cheaper giue a graue.
 Is there no way to bind them by deserts ?

SEI. Sir, wolues do change their haire, but not their harts.
 While thus your thought vnto a meane is tied,
 You neither dare inough, nor doe prouide.
 960 All modestie is fond; and chiefly where
 The subiect is no lesse compeld to beare,
 Then praise his sou'raignes acts. TIB. We can no longer
 Keepe on our masque to thee, our deare SEIANVS ;
 Thy thoughts are ours, in all, and we but proou'd
 965 Their voice, in our designes, which by assenting
 Hath more confirm'd vs, then if heartning LOVE
 Had, from his hundred statues, bid vs strike,
 And at the stroke clickt all his marble thumb's.
 But, who shall first be strooke? SEI. First, CAIVS SILIVS ;

970 He is the most of marke, and most of danger :
 In power, and reputation equall strong,
 Hauing commanded an imperiall armie
 Seuen yeeres together, vanquish'd *Sacrouir*
 In *Germanie*, and thence obtain'd to weare
 975 The ornaments triumphall. His steep fall,
 By how much it doth giue the weightier crack,
 Will send more wounding terrour to the rest,
 Command them stand aloofe, and giue more way
 To our surprising of the principall.

980 TIB. But what, SABINVS ? SEI. Let him grow awhile,
 His fate is not yet ripe : we must not plucke
 At all together, lest wee catch our selues.
 And ther's ARRVNTIVS too, he only talkes.
 But SOSIA, SILIVS wife, would be wound in
 985 Now, for she hath a furie in her brest
 More, then hell euer knew ; and would be sent
 Thither in time. Then, is there one CREMVTIVS
 CORDVS, a writing fellow, they haue got
 To gather notes of the precedent times,
 990 And make them into Annal's ; a most tart
 And bitter spirit (I heare) who, vnder colour
 Of praysing those, doth taxe the present state,
 Censures the men, the actions, leaues no tricke,
 No practice vn-examin'd, paralels
 995 The times, the gouernments, a profest champion,
 For the old libertie—— TIB. A perishing wretch.
 As if there were that *chaos* bred in things,

That

That lawes, and libertie would not rather choose
 To be quite broken, and tane hence by vs,
 1000 Then haue the staine to be preseru'd by such.
 Haue we the meanes, to make these guiltie, first?
 SEI. Trust that to me : let CAESAR, by his power,
 But cause a formall meeting of the *Senate*,
 I will haue matter, and accusers readie.
 1005 TIB. But how ? let vs consult. SEI. Wee shall mispend
 The time of action. Counsels are vnfit
 In businesse, where all rest is more pernicious
 Then rashnesse can be. Acts of this close kind
 Thriue more by execution, then aduice.
 1010 There is no lingring in that worke begun,
 Which cannot praised be, vntill through done.
 TIB. Our edict shall, forthwith, command a court.
 While I can liue, I will preuent earths furie :
 Εμοῦ δ' αὐτὸ γὰρ μιχθήτω πύρι.

1015 POSTHVMVS, SEIANVS.

MY Lord SEIANVS——SEI. IVLIVS POSTHVMVS,
 Come with my wish ! what newes from AGRIPPINA'S?
 POS. Faith none. They all locke vp themselues a'late ;
 Or talke in character : I haue not seene
 1020 A companie so chang'd. Except they had
 Intelligence by augurie' of our practice. (found you ?
 SEI. When were you there? POS. Last night. SEI. And what ghests
 POS. SABINVS, SILIVS, (the olde list,) ARRVNTIVS,
 FVRNIVS, and GALLVS. SEI. Would not these talke? POS. Little.
 1025 And yet we offered choice of argument.
 SATRIVS was with me. SEI. Well : 'tis guilt inough
 Their often meeting. You forgot t' extoll
 The hospitable ladie? POS. No, that tricke
 Was well put home, and had succeeded too,
 1030 But that SABINVS cought a caution out ;
 For she began to swell : SEI. And may she burst.
 IVLIVS, I would haue you goe instantly,
 Vnto the palace of the great AVGVSTA,
 And, (by your kindest friend,) get swift accesse;
 1035 Acquaint her, with these meetings : Tell the words
 You brought me, (th'other day) of SILIVS,
 Adde somewhat to 'hem. Make her vnderstand
 The danger of SABINVS, and the times,
 Out of his closenesse. Giue ARRVNTIVS words
 1040 Of malice against CAESAR ; so, to GALLVS :

Mutila Prisca.

But

- But (aboue all) to AGRIPPINA. Say,
 (As you may truely) that her infinite pride,
 Propt with the hopes of her too fruitfull wombe,
 With popular studies gapes for soueraigntie ;
 1045 And threatens CAESAR. Pray AVGVSTA then,
 That for her owne, great CAESARS, and the pub-
 lique safetie, she be pleas'd to vrge these dangers.
 CAESAR is too secure (he must be told,
 And best hee'll take it from a mothers tongue.)
 1050 Alas ! what is 't for vs to sound, t' explore,
 To watch, oppose, plot, practise, or preuent,
 If he, for whom it is so strongly labour'd,
 Shall, out of greatnesse, and free spirit, be
 Supinely negligent ? Our citi's now
 1055 Deuided as in time o'th'ciuill warre,
 And men forbear not to declare themselues
 Of AGRIPPINA'S partie. Euery day,
 The faction multiplies ; and will doe more
 If not resisted : you can best inlarge it
 1060 As you find audience. Noble POSTHVMS,
 Commend me to your PRISCA : and pray her,
 Shee will sollicite this great businesse
 To earnest, and most present execution,
 With all her vtmost credit with AVGVSTA.
 1065 POS. I shall not faile in my instructions.
 SEI. This second (from his mother) will well vrge
 Our late designe, and spur on CAESARS rage :
 Which else might grow remisse. The way, to put
 A prince in bloud, is to present the shapes
 1070 Of dangers, greater then they are (like late,
 Or early shadowes) and, sometimes, to faine
 Where there are none, onely, to make him feare ;
 His feare will make him cruell : And once entred,
 He doth not easily learne to stop, or spare
 1075 Where he may doubt. This haue I made my rule,
 To thrust TIBERIVS into tyrannie,
 And make him toile, to turne aside those blockes,
 Which I alone, could not remooue with safetie.
 DRVSVS once gone, GERMANICVS three sonnes
 1080 Would clog my way ; whose guardes haue too much faith
 To be corrupted : and their mother knowne
 Of too-too vnreproou'd a chastitie,
 To be attempted, as light LIVIA was.
 Worke then, my art, on CAESAR'S feares, as they
 1085 On those they feare, till all my betts be clear'd :

And

And he in ruines of his house, and hate
Of all his subiects, bury his owne state :
When, with my peace, and safty, I will rise,
By making him the publike sacrifice.

1090

SATRIVS, NATTA.

THey're growne exceeding circumspect, and wary.
NAT. They haue vs in the wind : And yet, ARRVNTIVS
Cannot contayne himselfe. SAT. Tut, hee's not yet
Look'd after, there are others more desir'd,
1095 That are more silent. NAT. Here he comes. Away.

SABINVS, ARRVNTIVS, CORDVS.

HOw is it, that these beagles haunt the house
Of AGRIPPINA? ARR. O, they hunt, they hunt.
There is some game here lodg'd, which they must rouse,
1100 To make the great-ones sport. COR. Did you obserue
How they inueigh'd 'gainst CAESAR? ARR. I, baytes, baytes
For vs to bite at: would I haue my flesh
Torne by the publike hooke, these qualified hang-men
Should be my company. COR. Here comes another.
1105 ARR. I, there's a man, AFER the oratour !
One, that hath phrases, figures, and fine flowres,
To strew his *rethorique* with, and doth make haste
To get him note, or name, by any offer
Where bloud, or gaine be objects ; steepes his wordes,
1110 When he would kill, in artificiall teares :
The Crocodile of *Tyber* ! him I loue,
That man is mine. He hath my heart, and voice,
When I would curse, he, he. SAB. Contemne the slaues,
Their present liues will be their future graues.

1115

SILIVS, AGRIPPINA, NERO,
SOSIA.

MAy't please your highnesse not forget your selfe,
I dare not, with my manners, to attempt
Your trouble farder. AGR. Farewell, noble SILIVS.
1120 SIL. Most royall princesse. AGR. SOSIA stayes with vs ?
SIL. Shee is your seruant, and doth owe your grace
An honest, but vnprofitable loue.
AGR. How can that be, when there's no gaine, but vertuous ?
SIL. You take the morall, not the politique sense.

I meant,

- 1125 I meant, as shee is bold, and free of speech,
 Earnest to vtter what her zealous thought
 Trauailes withall, in honour of your house ;
 Which act, as it is simply borne in her,
 Pertakes of loue, and honesty, but may,
- 1130 By th'ouer-often, and vnseason'd vse,
 Turne to your losse, and danger : For your state
 Is wayted on by enuies, as by eyes ;
 And euery second ghest your tables take,
 Is a fee'd spie, t'obserue who goes, who comes,
- 1135 What conference you haue, with whom, where, when,
 What the discourse is, what the lookes, the thoughts
 Of eu'ry person there, they doe extract,
 And make into a substance. ARR. Heare me, SILIUS,
 Were all TIBERIVS body stuck with eyes,
- 1140 And eu'ry wall, and hanging in my house
 Transparent, as this lawne I weare, or ayre ;
 Yea, had SEIANVS both his cares as long
 As to my in-most closet : I would hate
 To whisper any thought, or change an act,
- 1145 To be made IVNO's riual. Vertues forces
 Shew euer noblest in conspicuous courses.
 SIL. 'Tis great, and brauely spoken, like the spirit
 Of AGRIPPINA : yet, your highnesse knowes,
 There is nor losse, nor shame in prouidence :
- 1150 Few can, what all should doe, beware inough.
 You may perceiue with what officious face,
 SATRIVS, and NATTA, AFER, and the rest
 Visite your house, of late, t'enquire the secrets ;
 And with what bold, and priuiledg'd arte, they raile
- 1155 Against AVGVSTA : yea, and at TIBERIVS,
 Tell tricks of LIVIA, and SEIANVS, all
 T'excite, and call your indignation on,
 That they might heare it at more libertie.
 AGR. Yo'are too suspicious, SILIUS. SIL. Pray the gods,
- 1160 I be so AGRIPPINA : But I feare
 Some subtile practice. They, that durst to strike
 At so examp-lesse, and vn-blam'd a life,
 As, that of the renown'd GERMANICVS,
 Will not sit downe, with that exploit alone :
- 1165 " He threatens many, that hath iniur'd one.
 NER. 'Twere best rip forth their tongues, seare out their eies,
 When next they come. SOS. A fit reward for spies.

DRVSVS *iu*: AGRIPPINA, NERO, SILIVS.

- 1170 **H**Eare you the rumour? AGR. What? DRV. DRVSVS is dying.
 AGR. Dying? NER. That's strange! AGR. Yo'were with him,
 DRV. One met EVDEMVS, the Physician, (yesternight.
 Sent for, but now : who thinks he cannot liue.
 SIL. Thinks? if't be arriu'd at that, he knowes,
 Or none. AGR. This 's quicke! what should bee his disease?
 1175 SIL. Poyson. Poyson—AGR. How, SILIVS! NER. What's that?
 SIL. Nay, nothing. There was (late) a certaine blow
 Giu'n o' the face. NER. I, to SEIANVS? SIL. True.
 DRV. And, what of that? SIL. I'am glad I gaue it not.
 NER. But, there is somewhat else? SIL. Yes, priuate meetings,
 1180 With a great ladie, at a physicians,
 And, a wife turn'd away——NER. Ha! SIL. Toyes, meere toyes :
 What wisdom's now i'th' streets? i'th' common mouth?
 DRV. Feares, whisp'rings, tumults, noyse, I know not what :
 They say, the *Senate* sit. SIL. I'lle thither, straight ;
 1185 And see what's in the forge. AGR. Good SILIVS doe.
 SOSIA, and I will in. SIL. Haste you, my lords,
 To visit the sicke prince : tender your loues,
 And sorrowes to the people. This SEIANVS
 (Trust my diuining soule) hath plots on all :
 1190 No tree, that stops his prospect, but must fall.

CHORVS—*Of Musicians.*

Act III.

THE SENATE.

SEIANVS, VARRO, LATIARIS.

1195 COTTA, AFER.

GALLVS, LEPIDVS, ARRVNTIVS.

PRÆCONES, LICTORES.

- T**Is only you must vrge against him, VARRO,
 Nor I, nor CAESAR may appeare therein,
 1200 Except in your defence, who are the *Consul*:
 And, vnder colour of late en'mitie
 Betweene your father, and his, may better doe it,
 As free from all suspition of a practice.
 Here be your notes, what points to touch at ; read :
 1205 Bee cunning in them. AFER ha's them too.

K k

VAR.

- VAR. But is he summon'd? SEI. No. It was debated
 By CAESAR, and concluded as most fit
 To him take vnprepar'd. AFE. And prosecute
 All vnder name of treason. VAR. I conceiue.
- 1210 SAB. DRVSVS being dead, CAESAR will not be here.
 GAL. What should the businesse of this *Senate* bee?
 ARR. That can my subtile whisperers tell you : We,
 That are the good-dull-noble lookers on,
 Are only call'd to keepe the marble warme.
- 1215 What should we doe with those deepe mysteries,
 Proper to these fine heads? let them alone.
 Our ignorance may, perchance, helpe vs be sau'd
 From whips, and *furies*. GAL. See, see, see, their action!
 ARR. I, now their heads doe trauaile, now they worke ;
- 1220 Their faces runne like shittles, they are weauing
 Some curious cobweb to catch flyes. SAB. Obserue,
 They take their places. ARR. What so low? GAL. O yes,
 They must be seene to flatter CAESARS grieve
 Though but in sitting. VAR. Bid vs silence. PRAE. Silence.
- 1225 VAR. *Fathers Conscript, may this our present meeting*
Turne faire, and fortunate to the Common-wealth.

SILIVS, SENATE.

- See, SILIVS enters. SIL. Haile graue *Fathers*. LIC. Stand.
 SILIVS, forbear thy place. SEN. How! PRAE. SILIVS stand
- 1230 The *Consul* hath to charge thee. LIC. Roome for CAESAR. (forth,
 ARR. Is he come too? nay then expect a trick.
 SAB. SILIVS accus'd? sure he will answere nobly.

TIBERIVS, SENATE.

- WE stand amazed, *Fathers*, to behold
- 1235 This generall deiection. Wherefore sit
Romes Consuls thus dissolu'd, as they had lost
 All the remembrance both of stile, and place?
 It not becomes. No woes are of fit waight,
 To make the honour of the empire stoope :
- 1240 Though I, in my peculiar selfe, may meete
 Iust reprehension, that so suddenly,
 And, in so fresh a grieve, would greet the *Senate*,
 When priuate tongues, of kinsmen, and allies,
 (Inspir'd with comforts) lothly are indur'd,
- 1245 The face of men not seene, and scarce the day,
 To thousands, that communicate our losse.

Nor can I argue these of weaknesse ; since
 They take but naturall wayes : yet I must seeke
 For stronger aides, and those faire helps draw out
 1250 From warme imbraces of the common-wealth.
 Our mother, great AVGVSTA, 'is strooke with time,
 Our selfe imprest with aged characters,
 DRVSVS is gone, his children young, and babes,
 Our aimes must now reflect on those, that may
 1255 Giue timely succour to these present ills,
 And are our only glad-suruiuing hopes,
 The noble issue of GERMANICVS,
 NERO, and DRVSVS : might it please the *Consul*
 Honour them in, (they both attend without.)
 1260 I would present them to the *Senates* care,
 And raise those sunnes of ioy, that should drinke vp
 These floods of sorrow, in your drowned eyes.
 ARR. By IOVE, I am not OEDIPVS inough,
 To vnderstand this SPHYNX. SAB. The princes come.

1265 TIBERIVS, NERO, DRVSVS *iunior*.

A Pproch you noble NERO, noble DRVSVS,
 These princes, *Fathers*, when their parent dyed,
 I gaue vnto their vncke, with this prayer,
 That, though h' had proper issue of his owne,
 1270 He would no lesse bring vp, and foster these,
 Then that selfe-bloud ; and by that act confirme
 Their worths to him, and to posteritie :
 DRVSVS tane hence, I turne my prayers to you,
 And, 'fore our countrie, and our gods, beseech
 1275 You take, and rule AVGVSTVS nephewes sonnes,
 Sprung of the noblest ancestors ; and so
 Accomplish both my dutie, and your owne.
 NERO, and DRVSVS, (these shall be to you
 In place of parents, these your fathers, these,
 1280 And not vnfitly : For you are so borne,
 As all your good, or ill's the common-wealths.
 Receyue them, you strong guardians ; and blest gods,
 Make all their actions answeere to their blouds :
 Let their great titles find increase by them,
 1285 Not they by titles. Set them, as in place,
 So in example, aboue all the *Romanes* :
 And may they know no riuals, but themselues.
 Let fortune giue them nothing ; but attend
 Vpon their vertue : and that still come forth

1290 Greater then hope, and better then their fame.

Relieue me, Fathers, with your generall voyce.

*A forme of
speaking they
h d.*

SEN. *May all the gods consent to CAESAR'S wish,*

And adde to any honours, that may crowne

The hopefull issue of GERMANICVS.

1295 TIB. We thanke you, reuerend Fathers, in their right.

ARR. If this were true now ! but the space, the space

Betweene the brest, and lips——TIBERIVS heart

Lyes a thought farder, then another mans.

TIB. My comforts are so flowing in my ioyes,

1300 As, in them, all my streames of grieve are lost,

No lesse then are land-waters in the sea,

Or showres in riuers ; though their cause was such,

As might haue sprinkled eu'n the gods with teares :

Yet since the greater doth embrace the lesse,

1305 We couetously obey. (ARR. Well acted, CAESAR.)

TIB. And, now I am the happy witnesse made

Of your so much desir'd affections,

To this great issue, I could wish, the fates

Would here set peacefull period to my dayes ;

1310 How euer, to my labours, I intreat

(And beg it of this *Senate*) some fit case.

(ARR. Laugh, Fathers, laugh : Ha' you no spleenes about you ?)

TIB. The burden is too heauy, I sustayne

On my vnwilling shoulders ; and I pray

1315 It may be taken off, and re-confer'd

Vpon the *Consuls*, or some other *Romane*,

More able, and more worthy. (ARR. Laugh on, still.)

SAB. Why, this doth render all the rest suspected !

GAL. It poysons all. ARR. O, do' you taste it then ?

1320 SAB. It takes away my faith to any thing

He shall hereafter speake. ARR. I, to pray that,

Which would be to his head as hot as thunder,

A wreath of (Gain'st which he weares that charme) should but the court

laurell.

Receiue him at his word. GAL. Heare. TIB. For my selfe,

1325 I know my weakenesse, and so little couet

(Like some gone past) the waight that will oppresse me,

As my ambition is the counter-point.

(ARR. Finely maintain'd ; good still.) SEI. But *Rome*, whose bloud,

Whose nerues, whose life, whose very frame relies

1330 On CAESAR'S strength, no lesse then heau'n on ATLAS,

Cannot admit it but with generall ruine.

(ARR. Ah ! are you there, to bring him of?) SEI. Let CAESAR

No more then vrge a point so contrary

To CAESARS greatnesse, the grieu'd *Senates* voves,

Or

1335 Or *Romes* necessitie. (GAL. He comes about.

ARR. More nimble then VERTVMNVS.) TIB. For the publike,
I may be drawne, to shew, I can neglect
All priuate aymes ; though I affect my rest :
But, if the *Senate* still command me serue,

1340 I must be glad to practise my obedience.

(ARR. You must, and will, sir. We doe know it.) SEN. CAESAR,
Liue long, and happy, great, and royall CAESAR,
The gods preserue thee, and thy modestie,
Thy wisdom, and thy innocence. (ARR. Where is't ?

Another forme.

1345 The prayer's made before the subiect.) SEN. *Guard*

His meekenesse, I OVE, his pietie, his care,
His bountie—— ARR. And his subtlety, I'll put in :
Yet hee'll keepe that himselfe, without the gods.
All prayer's are vaine for him. TIB. We will not hold

1350 Your patience, *Fathers*, with long answer ; but

Shall still contend to be, what you desire,
And worke to satisfie so great a hope :
Proceed to your affaires. ARR. Now, SILIVS, guard thee ;
The curtin's drawing. AFE aduanceth. PRAE. Silence.

1355 AFE. Cite CAIVS SILIVS. PRAE. CAIVS SILIVS. SIL. Here.

AFE. The triumph that thou hadst in *Germanie*
For thy late victorie on SACROVIR,
Thou hast enioy'd so freely, CAIVS SILIVS,
As no man it enuy'd thee ; nor would CAESAR,

1360 Or *Rome* admit, that thou wert then defrauded

Of any honours, thy deserts could clayme,
In the faire seruice of the common-wealth :
But now, if, after all their loues, and graces,
(Thy actions, and their courses being discover'd)

1365 It shall appeare to CAESAR, and this *Senate*,

Thou hast defil'd those glories, with thy crimes—— (tience,

SIL. Crimes? AFE. Patience, SILIVS. SIL. Tell thy moile of pa-
I' am a *Romane*. What are my crimes? Proclaime them.
Am I too rich? too honest for the times?

1370 Haue I or treasure, iewels, land, or houses

That some informer gapes for? Is my strength
Too much to be admitted? Or my knowledge?
These now are crimes. AFE. Nay, SILIVS, if the name
Of crime so touch thee, with what impotence

1375 Wilt thou endure the matter to be search'd?

SIL. I tell thee, AFE, with more scorne, then feare :
Employ your mercenarie tongue, and arte.
Where's my accuser? VAR. Here. ARR. VARRO? The *Consul*?
Is he thrust in? VAR. 'Tis I accuse thee, SILIVS.

- 1380 Against the maiestic of *Rome*, and CAESAR,
 I doe pronounce thee here a guiltie cause,
 First, of beginning, and occasioning,
 Next, drawing out the warre in *Gallia*,
 For which thou late triumph'st ; dissembling long
- 1385 That SACROVIR to be an enemye,
 Only to make thy entertainment more,
 Whil'st thou, and thy wife SOSIA poll'd the prouince ;
 Wherein, with sordide-base desire of gaine,
 Thou hast discredited thy actions worth
- 1390 And beene a traytor to the state. SIL. Thou lyest.
 ARR. I thanke thee, SILIVS, speake so still, and often.
 VAR. If I not proue it, CAESAR, but iniustly
 Haue call'd him into tryall, here I bind
 My selfe to suffer, what I claime 'gainst him ;
- 1395 And yeeld, to haue what I haue spoke, confirm'd
 By iudgement of the court, and all good men.
 SIL. CAESAR, I craue to haue my cause defer'd,
 Till this mans Consulship be out. TIB. We cannot,
 Nor may we graunt it. SIL. Why ? shall he designe
- 1400 My day of tryall ? is he my accuser ?
 And must he be my iudge ? TIB. It hath beene vsuall,
 And is a right, that custome hath allow'd
 The magistrate, to call forth priuate men ;
 And to appoint their day : Which priuiledge
- 1405 We may not in the *Consul* see infring'd,
 By whose deepe watches, and industrious care
 It is so labour'd, as the common-wealth
 Receiue no losse, by any oblique course.
 SIL. CAESAR, thy fraud is worse then violence.
- 1410 TIB. SILIVS, mistake vs not, we dare not vse
 The credit of the *Consul*, to thy wrong,
 But only doe preserue his place, and power,
 So farre as it concernes the dignitie,
 And honor of the state. ARR. Beleeue him, SILIVS.
- 1415 COT. Why, so he may, ARRVNTIVS. ARR. I say so.
 And he may choose too. TIB. By the *capitoll*,
 And all our gods, but that the deare republick,
 Our sacred lawes, and iust authoritie
 Are interest'd therein, I should be silent.
- 1420 AFE. Please' CAESAR to giue way vnto his tryall.
 He shall haue iustice. SIL. Nay, I shall haue law ;
 Shall I not AFE ? speake. AFE. Would you haue mo
 SIL. No, my well-spoken man, I would no more ;
 Nor lesse : might I inioy it naturall,

- 1425 Not taught to speake vnto your present ends,
Free from thine, his, and all your vnkind handling,
Furious enforcing, most vniust presuming,
Malicious, and manifold applying,
Foule wresting, and impossible construction.
- 1430 AFE. He raues, he raues. SIL. Thou durst not tell me so,
Had'st thou not CAESARS warrant. I can see
Whose power condemnes me. VAR. This betrayes his spirit.
This doth inough declare him what he is.
SIL. What am I? speake. VAR. An enemie to the state.
- 1435 SIL. Because I am an enemie to thee,
And such corrupted ministers o' the state,
That here art made a present instrument
To gratifie it with thine owne disgrace.
SEI. This, to the *Consul*, is most insolent !
- 1440 And impious ! SIL. I, take part. Reueale your selues.
Alas, I sent not your confed'racies ?
Your plots, and combinations ? I not know
Minion SEIANVS hates me ; and that all
This boast of law, and law, is but a forme,
- 1445 A net of VULCANES filing, a meere ingine,
To take that life by a pretext of iustice,
Which you pursue in malice ? I want braine,
Or nostrill to perswade me, that your ends,
And purposes are made to what they are,
- 1450 Before my answeere ? O, you equall gods,
Whose iustice not a world of wolfe-turn'd men
Shall make me to accuse (how ere prouoke)
Haue I for this so oft engag'd my selfe ?
Stood in the heate, and feruor of a fight,
- 1455 When PHÆBVS sooner hath forsooke the day
Then I the field ? Against the blue-ey'd *Gaules* ?
And crisped *Germanes* ? when our *Romane* Eagles
Haue fann'd the fire, with their labouring wings,
And no blow dealt, that left not death behind it ?
- 1460 When I haue charg'd, alone, into the troopes
Of curl'd *Sicambrians*, routed them, and came
Not off, with backward ensignes of a slaue,
But forward markes, wounds on my brest, and face,
Were meant to thee, ô CAESAR, and thy *Rome* ?
- 1465 And haue I this returne ? did I, for this,
Performe so noble, and so braue defeate,
On SACROVIR ? (ô IOVE, let it become me
To boast my deedes, when he, whom they concerne,
Shall thus forget them.) AFE. SILIVS, SILIVS,

These

- 1470 These are the common customes of thy blood,
 When it is high with wine, as now with rage :
 This well agrees, with that intemperate vaunt,
 Thou lately mad'st at AGRIPPINA'S table,
 That when all other of the troopes were prone
- 1475 To fall into rebellion, only yours
 Remain'd in their obedience. You were he,
 That sau'd the empire ; which had then beene lost,
 Had but your legions, there, rebell'd, or mutin'd.
 Your vertue met, and fronted euery perill.
- 1480 You gaue to CAESAR, and to *Rome* their surety.
 Their name, their strength, their spirit, and their state,
 Their being was a donatiue from you.
 ARR. Well worded, and most like an Orator.
 TIB. Is this true, SILIVS? SIL. Saue thy question, CAESAR.
- 1485 Thy spie, of famous credit, hath affirm'd it.
 ARR. Excellent *Romane* ! SAB. He doth answere stoutly.
 SEI. If this be so, there needes no farder cause
 Of crime against him. VAR. What can more impeach
 The royall dignitie, and state of CAESAR,
- 1490 Then to be vrged with a benefit
 He cannot pay? COT. In this, all CAESARS fortune
 Is made vnequall to the courtesie.
 LAT. His meanes are cleane destroy'd, that should requite.
 GAL. Nothing is great inough for SILIVS merit.
- 1495 ARR. GALLVS on that side to? SIL. Come, doe not hunt,
 And labour so about for circumstance,
 To make him guiltie, whom you haue fore-doom'd :
 Take shorter wayes, I'll meet your purposes.
 The wordes were mine, and more I now will say :
- 1500 Since I haue done thee that great seruice, CAESAR,
 Thou still hast fear'd me ; and, in place of grace,
 Return'd me hatred : so soone, all best turnes,
 With doubtfull Princes, turne deepe iniuries
 In estimation, when they greater rise,
- 1505 Then can be answer'd. Benefits, with you,
 Are of no longer pleasure, then you can
 With ease restore them ; that transcended once,
 Your studies are not how to thanke, but kill.
 It is your nature, to haue all men slaues
- 1510 To you, but you acknowledging to none.
 The meanes that makes your greatnesse, must not come
 In mention of it ; if it doe, it takes
 So much away, you thinke : and that, which help'd,
 Shall soonest perish, if it stand in eye,

Where

1515 Where it may front, or but vpbraid the high.

COT. Suffer him speake no more. VAR. Note but his spirit.

AFE. This shewes him in the rest. LAT. Let him be censur'd.

SEI. He' hath spoke inough to proue him CAESARS foe. (Stay,

COT. His thoughts looke through his words. SEI. A censure. SIL.

1520 Stay, most officious *Senate*, I shall straight

Delude thy furie. SILIVS hath not plac'd

His guards within him, against fortunes spight,

So weakely, but he can escape your gripe

That are but hands of fortune : Shee her selfe

1525 When vertue doth oppose, must lose her threats.

All that can happen in humanitie,

The frowne of CAESAR, proud SEIANVS hatred,

Base VARRO'S spleene, and AFERS bloudying tongue,

The *Senates* seruile flatterie, and these

1530 Mustred to kill, I'am fortified against ;

And can looke downe vpon : they are beneath me.

It is not life whereof I stand enamour'd :

Nor shall my end make me accuse my fate.

The coward, and the valiant man must fall,

1535 Only the cause, and manner how, discernes them :

Which then are gladdest, when they cost vs dearest.

Romanes, if any here be in this *Senate*,

Would know to mock TIBERIVS tyrannic,

Looke vpon SILIVS, and so learne to die.

1540 VAR. O, desperate act ! ARR. An honorable hand !

TIB. Looke, is he dead ? SAB. 'Twas nobly strooke, and home.

ARR. My thought did prompt him to it. Farewell, SILIVS.

Be famous euer for thy great example.

TIB. We are not pleas'd, in this sad accident,

1545 That thus hath stalled, and abus'd our mercy,

Intended to preserue thee, noble *Romane* :

And to preuent thy hopes. ARR. Excellent wolfe !

Now he is full, he howles. SEI. CAESAR doth wrong

His dignitie, and safetie, thus to mourne

1550 The deseru'd end of so profest a traytor,

And doth, by this his lenitie, instruct

Others as factious, to the like offence.

TIB. The confiscation meerely of his state

Had beene inough. ARR. O, that was gap'd for then ?

1555 VAR. Remoue the body. SEI. Let citation

Goe out for SOSIA. GAL. Let her be proscrib'd.

And for the goods, I thinke it fit that halfe

Goe to the treasure, halfe vnto the children.

LEP. With leaue of CAESAR, I would thinke, that fourth

Part,

- 1560 Part, which the law doth cast on the informers,
Should be inough; the rest goe to the children:
Wherein the Prince shall shew humanitie,
And bountie, not to force them by their want
(Which in their parents trespassse they deseru'd)
- 1565 To take ill courses. TIB. It shall please vs. ARR. I,
Out of necessitie. This LEPIDVS
Is graue and honest, and I haue obseru'd
A moderation still in all his censures.
SAB. And bending to the better — Stay, who's this?
- 1570 CREMVTIVS CORDVS? what? is he brought in?
ARR. More bloud vnto the banquet? Noble CORDVS,
I wish thee good: Be as thy writings, free,
And honest. TIB. What is he? SEI. For th'Annal's, CAESAR.

PRÆCO, CORDVS, SATRIVS, NATTA.

- 1575 **C**REMVTIVS CORD^o. COR. Here. PRÆ. SATRIVS SECVND^o,
PINNARIVS NATTA, you are his accusers.
ARR. Two of SEIANVS bloud-hounds, whom he breeds
With humane flesh, to bay at citizens.
AFE. Stand forth before the *Senate*, and confront him.
- 1580 SAT. I doe accuse thee here, CREMVTIVS CORDVS,
To be a man factious, and dangerous,
A sower of sedition in the state,
A turbulent, and discontented spirit,
Which I will proue from thine owne writings, here,
- 1585 The Annal's thou hast publish'd; where thou bit'st
The present age, and with a vipers tooth,
Being a member of it, dar'st that ill
Which neuer yet degenerous bastard did
Vpon his parent. NAT. To this, I subscribe;
- 1590 And, forth a world of more particulars,
Instance in only one: Comparing men,
And times, thou praysest BRVTVS, and affirm'st
That CASSIVS was the last of all the *Romanes*.
COT. How! what are we then? VAR. What is CAESAR? nothing?
- 1595 AFE. My lords, this strikes at euery *Romanes* priuate,
In whom raignes gentrie, and estate of spirit,
To haue a BRVTVS brought in paralell,
A parricide, an enemy of his countrie,
Rank'd, and preferr'd to any reall worth
- 1600 That *Rome* now holds. This is most strangely inuectiue.
Most full of spight, and insolent vpbraiding.
Nor is't the time alone is here dispris'd,

But

- But the whole man of time, yea CAESAR's selfe
 Brought in disualew ; and he aym'd at most
 1605 By oblique glance of his licentious pen.
 CAESAR, if CASSIVS were the last of *Romanes*,
 Thou hast no name. TIB. Let's heare him answere. Silence.
 COR. So innocent I am of fact, my lords,
 As but my words are argu'd ; yet those words
 1610 Not reaching eyther prince, or princes parent:
 The which your law of treason comprehends.
 BRVTVS, and CASSIVS, I am charg'd, t' haue prays'd :
 Whose deedes, when many more, besides my selfe,
 Haue writ, not one hath mention'd without honour.
 1615 Great TITVS LIVIVS, great for eloquence,
 And faith, amongst vs, in his historie,
 With so great prayses POMPEY did extoll,
 As oft AVGVSTVS call'd him a POMPEIAN :
 Yet this not hurt their friendship. In his booke
 1620 He often names SCIPIO, AFRANIVS,
 Yea, the same CASSIVS, and this BRVTVS too,
 As worthi'st men ; not theeues, and parricides,
 Which notes, vpon their fames, are now impos'd.
 ASINIVS POLLIO'S writings quite throughout
 1625 Giue them a noble memorie ; So MESSALLA
 Renown'd his generall CASSIVS : yet both these
 Liu'd with AVGVSTVS, full of wealth, and honours.
 To CICERO'S booke, where CATO was heau'd vp
 Equall with heau'n, what else did CAESAR answere,
 1630 Being then *Dictator*, but with a penn'd oration,
 As if before the iudges ? Doe but see
 ANTONIVS letters ; read but BRVTVS pleadings :
 What vile reproch they hold against AVGVSTVS,
 False I confesse, but with much bitterness.
 1635 The *Epigram's* of BIBACVLVS, and CATVLLVS,
 Are read, full stuff with spight of both the CAESARS ;
 Yet deified IVLIVS, and no lesse AVGVSTVS !
 Both bore them, and contemn'd them : (I not know
 Promptly to speake it, whether done with more
 1640 Temper, or wisdome) for such obloquies
 If they despised bee, they dye suppress,
 But, if with rage acknowledg'd, they are confest.
 The *Greekes* I slip, whose licence not alone,
 But also lust did scape vnpunished :
 1645 Or where some one (by chance) exception tooke,
 He words with words reueng'd. But, in my worke,
 What could be aim'd more free, or farder of

From

- From the times scandale, then to write of those,
 Whom death from grace, or hatred had exempted?
 1650 Did I, with BRVTVS, and with CASSIVS,
 Arm'd, and possess'd of the PHILIPPI fields,
 Incense the people in the ciuill cause,
 With dangerous speeches? or doe they, being slaine
 Seuentie yeeres since, as by their images
 1655 (Which not the conquerour hath defac'd) appeares,
 Retaine that guiltie memorie with writers?
 Posteritie payes euerie man his honour.
 Nor shall there want, though I condemned am,
 That will not only CASSIVS well approue,
 1660 And of great BRVTVS honour mindfull be,
 But that will, also, mention make of me.
 ARR. Freely, and nobly spoken. SAB. With good temper,
 I like him, that he is not moou'd with passion.
 ARR. He puts 'hem to their whisper. TIB. Take him hence,
 1665 We shall determine of him at next sitting.
 COT. Meane time, giue order, that his bookes be burn't,
 To the' *Ædiles*. SEI. You haue well aduis'd.
 AFE. It fits not such licentious things should liue
 T' vpbraide the age. ARR. If th' age were good, they might.
 1670 LAT. Let 'hem be burnt. GAL. All sought, and burnt, to day.
 PRAE. The court is vp, *Lictors*, resume the *fascēs*.

ARRVNTIVS, SABINVS, LEPIDVS.

- Et 'hem be burnt! Ô, how ridiculous
 1675 **L** Appeares the *Senate's* brainlesse diligence,
 Who thinke they can, with present power, extinguish
 The memorie of all succeeding times!
 SAB. 'Tis true when (contrarie) the punishment
 Of wit, doth make th' authoritie increase.
 Nor doe they ought, that vse this crueltie
 1680 Of interdiction, and this rage of burning;
 But purchase to themselues rebuke, and shame,
 And to the writers an eternall name.
 LEP. It is an argument the times are sore,
 When vertue cannot safely be aduanc'd;
 1685 Nor vice reproou'd. ARR. I, noble LEPIDVS,
 AVGVSTVS well foresaw, what we should suffer,
 Vnder TIBERIVS, when he did pronouuce
 The *Roman* race most wretched, that should liue
 Betweene so slow iawes, and so long a bruising

TIBE-

1690

TIBERIVS, SEIANVS.

THis businesse hath succeeded well, SEIANVS :
And quite remoou'd all iealousie of practice
'Gainst AGRIPPINA , and our nephewes. Now,
We must bethinke vs how to plant our ingines

1695 For th'other paire, SABINVS , and ARRVNTIVS,
And GALLVS too (how ere he flatter vs,) His heart we know. SEI. Giue it some respite, CAESAR.
Time shall mature, and bring to perfect crowne,
What we, with so good vultures, haue begunne :

1700 SABINVS shall be next. TIB. Rather ARRVNTIVS.
SEI. By any meanes, preserue him. His franke tongue
Being lent the reines, will take away all thought
Of malice, in your course against the rest.
We must keep him to stalke with. TIB. Dearest head,

1705 To thy most fortunate designe I yeeld it.
SEI. Sir—— I' haue beene so long train'd vp in grace,
First, with your father, great AVGVSTVS, since,
With your most happie bounties so familiar,
As I not sooner would commit my hopes

1710 Or wishes to the gods, then to your eares.
Nor haue I euer, yet, beene couetous
Of ouer-bright, and dazling honours: rather
To watch, and trauaile in great CAESAR'S safetie,
With the most common souldier. TIB. 'Tis confest.

1715 SEI. The only gaine, and which I count most faire
Of all my fortunes, is that mightie CAESAR
Hath thought me worthie his alliance. Hence
Beginne my hopes. TIB. H'mh? SEI. I haue heard, AVGVSTVS
In the bestowing of his daughter, thought

*His daughter
was betroth'd
to Claudius, his
sonne.*

1720 But euen of gentlemen of Rome: If so,
(I know not how to hope so great a fauour)
But if a husband should be sought for LIVIA,
And I be had in minde, as CAESARS freind,
I would but vse the glorie of the kindred.

1725 It should not make me slothfull, or lesse caring
For CAESARS state ; it were inough to me
It did confirme, and strengthen my weake house,
Against the-now-vnequall opposition
Of AGRIPPINA ; 'and for deare reguard
1730 Vnto my children, this I wish : my selfe
Haue no ambition farder, then to end
My dayes in seruice of so deare a master.

TIB. We cannot but commend thy pietie

- Most-lou'd SEIANVS, in acknowledging
 1735 Those bounties ; which we, faintly, such remember.
 But to thy suit. The rest of mortall men,
 In all their drifts, and counsels, pursue profit :
 Princes, alone, are of a different sort,
 Directing their maine actions still to fame.
 1740 VVe therefore will take time to thinke, and answere.
 For LIVIA, she can best, her selfe, resolute
 If she will marrie, after DRVSVS, or
 Continue in the family ; besides
 She hath a mother, and a grandame yet,
 1745 VVhose neerer counsels she may guide her by :
 But I will simply deale. That enmitie,
 Thou fear'st in AGRIPPINA, would burne more,
 If LIVIAS marriage should (as 'twere in parts)
 Deuide th' imperiall house ; an emulation
 1750 Betweene the women might breake forth : and discord
 Ruine the sonnes, and nephues, on both hands.
 VVhat if it cause some present difference ?
 Thou art not safe, SEIANVS, if thou prooue it.
 Canst thou beleue, that LIVIA, first the wife
 1755 To CAIVS CAESAR, then my DRVSVS, now
 VVill be contented to grow old with thee,
 Borne but a priuate gentleman of *Rome* ?
 And rayse thee with her losse, if not her shame ?
 Or say, that I should wish it, canst thou thinke
 1760 The *Senate*, or the people (who haue seene
 Her brother, father, and our ancestors,
 In highest place of empire) will indure it ?
 The state thou hold'st already, is in talke ;
 Men murmure at thy greatnesse ; and the nobles
 1765 Sticke not, in publike, to vpbraide thy climbing
 Aboue our fathers fauours, or thy scale :
 And dare accuse me, from their hate to thee.
 Be wise, deare friend. VVe would not hide these things
 For friendships deare respect. Nor will we stand
 1770 Aduerse to thine, or LIVIA'S designements.
 VVhat we had purpos'd to thee, in our thought,
 And with what neere degrees of loue to bind thee,
 And make thee equall to vs ; for the present,
 VVe will forbear to speake. Only, thus much
 1775 Beleue, our lou'd SEIANVS, we not know
 That height in blood, or honour, which thy vertue,
 And minde to vs, may not aspire with merit.
 And this wee'll publish, on all watch'd occasion

The *Senate*, or the people shall present.

1780 SEI. I am restor'd, and to my sense againe,
Which I had lost in this so blinding suit.

CAESAR hath taught me better to refuse,
Then I knew how to aske. How pleaseth CAESAR
T'imbrace my late aduice, for leauing *Rome*?

1785 TIB. We are resolu'd. SEI. Here are some motiues more
Which I haue thought on since, may more confirme.

TIB. Carefull SEIANVS ! we will straight peruse them :
Goe forward in our maine designe, and prosper.

SEIANVS.

1790 IF those but take , I shall. Dull, heauie CAESAR !
Would'st thou tell me, thy fauours were made crimes?
And that my fortunes were esteem'd thy faults?

That thou, for me, wert hated? and not thinke
I would with winged haste preuent that change,

1795 When thou might'st winne all to thy selfe againe,
By forfeiture of me? Did those fond words
Fly swifter from thy lips, then this my braine,
This sparkling forge, created me an armor
T'encounter chance, and thee? Well, read my charmes,

1800 And may they lay that hold vpon thy senses,
As thou had'st snuft vp hemlocke, or tane downe
The iuice of poppie, and of mandrakes. Sleepe,
Voluptuous CAESAR , and securitie
Seize on thy stupide powers, and leaue them dead

1805 To publique cares, awake but to thy lusts.
The strength of which makes thy libidinous soule
Itch to leaue *Rome* ; and I haue thrust it on :
With blaming of the citie businesse,
The multitude of suites , the confluence

1810 Of suitors, then their importunacies,
The manifold distractions he must suffer,
Besides ill rumours, enuies, and reproches,
All which, a quiet and retired life,
(Larded with ease, and pleasure) did auoid ;

1815 And yet, for any weightie, 'and great affaire,
The fittest place to giue the soundest counsels.
By this, shall I remooue him both from thought,
And knowledge of his owne most deare affaires ;
Draw all dispatches through my priuate hands ;

1820 Know his designements, and pursue mine owne ;
Make mine owne strengths, by giuing suites, and places ;

Conferring dignities, and offices :
 And these, that hate me now, wanting accesse
 To him, will make their enuie none, or lesse.
 1825 For when they see me arbiter of all,
 They must obserue : or else, with CAESAR fall.

TIBERIVS, SERVVS.

TO marry LIVIA ? will no lesse, SEIANVS,
 Content thy aimes ? no lower object ? well !
 1830 Thou know'st how thou art wrought into our trust ;
 Wouen in our designe ; and think'st, we must
 Now vse thee, whatsoere thy proiects are :
 'Tis true. But yet with caution, and fit care.
 And, now we better thinke—who's there, within ?
 1835 SER. CAESAR ? TIB. To leaue our iourney off, were sin
 'Gainst our decree'd delights ; and would appeare
 Doubt: or (what lesse becomes a prince) low feare.
 Yet, doubt hath law, and feares haue their excuse,
 Where princes states plead necessarie vse ;
 1840 As ours doth now : more in SEIANVS pride,
 Then all fell AGRIPPINA'S hates beside.
 Those are the dreadfull enemies, we raise
 VVith fauours, and make dangerous, with prayse ;
 The iniur'd by vs may haue will alike,
 1845 But 'tis the fauourite hath the power, to strike :
 And furie euer boyles more high, and strong,
 Heat'with ambition, then reuenge of wrong.
 'Tis then a part of supreme skill, to grace
 No man too much ; but hold a certaine space
 1850 Betweene th'ascenders rise, and thine owne flat,
 Lest, when all rounds be reach'd, his aime be that.
 'Tis thought— Is MACRO in the palace ? See :
 If not, goe, seeke him, to come to vs—Hee
 Must be the organ, we must worke by now ;
 1855 Though none lesse apt for trust : Need doth allow
 VVhat choise would not. I' haue heard, that *aconite*
 Being timely taken, hath a healing might
 Against the scorpions stroke ; the prooffe wee'll giue :
 That, while two poysons wrastle, we may liue.
 1860 Hee hath a spirit too working, to be vs'd
 But to th' encounter of his like ; excus'd
 Are wiser sou'raignes then, that raise one ill
 Against another, and both safely kill :
 The prince, that feeds great natures, they will sway him ;
 1865 VVho nourisheth a lyon, must obey him.

TIBERIVS, MACRO.

- M**ACRO, we sent for you. MAC. I heard so, CAESAR.
 TIB. (Leaue vs awhile.) When you shal know, good MACRO,
 The causes of our sending, and the ends;
 1870 You then will harken neerer : and be pleas'd
 You stand so high, both in our choise, and trust.
 MAC. The humblest place in CAESARS choise, or trust,
 May make glad MACRO proud ; without ambition :
 Saue to doe CAESAR seruice. TIB. Leaue our courtings.
 1875 We are in purpose , MACRO , to depart
 The citie for a time, and see *Campania* ;
 Not for our pleasures, but to dedicate
 A paire of temples, one, to IVPITER
 At *Capua* , th'other at *Nola*, to AVGVSTVS :
 1880 In which great worke, perhaps, our stay will be
 Beyond our will produc't. Now, since we are
 Not ignorant what danger may be borne
 Out of our shortest absence, in a state
 So subiect vnto enuie, and embroild
 1885 With hate, and faction ; we haue thought on thee,
 (Amongst a field of *Romanes*,) worthiest MACRO,
 To be our eye, and eare , to keepe strict watch
 On AGRIPPINA , NERO , DRVSVS , I,
 And on SEIANVS : Not, that we distrust
 1890 His loyaltie, or doe repent one grace,
 Of all that heape, we haue conferrd on him.
 (For that were to disparage our election,
 And call that iudgement now in doubt, which then
 Seem'd as vnquestion'd as an oracle,)
 1895 But, greatnesse hath his cankers. Wormes, and moaths
 Breed out of too fit matter, in the things
 Which after they consume, transferring quite
 The substance of their makers, int' themselues.
 MACRO is sharpe, and apprehends. Besides,
 1900 I know him subtle, close, wise, and wel-read
 In man, and his large nature. He hath studied
 Affections, passions, knowes their springs, their ends,
 Which way, and whether they will worke : 'tis prooffe
 Inough, of his great merit, that we trust him.
 1905 Then, to a point ; (because our conference
 Cannot be long without suspition)
 Here, MACRO , we assigne thee, both to spie,
 Informe, and chastise ; thinke, and vse thy meanes,
 Thy ministers, what, where, on whom thou wilt ;

1910 Explore, plot, practise : All thou doost in this,
 Shall be, as if the *Senate*, or the *Lawes*
 Had giu'n it priuiledge, and thou thence stil'd
 The sauier both of *CAESAR*, and of *Rome*.
 We will not take thy answere, but in act :
 1915 Whereto, as thou proceed'st, we hope to heare
 By trusted messengers. If't be enquir'd,
 Wherefore we call'd you, say, you haue in charge
 To see our chariots readie, and our horse :
 Be still our lou'd, and (shortly) honor'd *MACRO*.

1920

MACRO.

I Will not aske, why *CAESAR* bids doe this :
 But ioy, that he bids me. It is the blisse
 Of courts, to be imploy'd ; no matter, how :
 A princes power makes all his actions vertue.
 1925 We, whom he workes by, are dumbe instruments,
 To doe, but not enquire : His great intents
 Are to be seru'd, not search'd. Yet, as that bow
 Is most in hand, whose owner best doth know
 T'affect his aymes, so let that states-man hope
 1930 Most vse, most price, can hit his princes scope.
 Nor must he looke at what, or whom to strike,
 But lose at all ; each marke must be alike.
 Were it to plot against the fame, the life
 Of one, with whom I twin'd ; remoue a wife
 1935 From my warme side, as lou'd, as is the ayre ;
 Practise away each parent ; draw mine heyre
 In compasse, though but one ; worke all my kin
 To swift perdition ; leaue no vntrain'd engin,
 For friendship, or for innocence ; nay, make
 1940 The gods all guiltie : I would vndertake
 This, being impos'd me, both with gaine, and ease.
 The way to rise, is to obey, and please.
 He that will thriue in state, he must neglect
 The trodden paths, that truth and right respect ;
 1945 And proue new, wilder wayes : for vertue, there,
 Is not that narrow thing, shee is else-where.
 Mens fortune there is vertue ; reason, their will :
 Their licence, law ; and their obseruance, skill.
 Occasion, is their foile ; conscience, their staine ;
 1950 Profit, their lustre : and what else is, vaine.
 If then it be the lust of *CAESARS* power,
 T'haue rais'd *SEIANVS* vp, and in an hower

O're

O're-turne him, tumbling, downe, from height of all ;
 We are his ready engine : and his fall
 1955 May be our rise. It is no vncouth thing
 To see fresh buildings from old ruines spring.

CHORVS—Of Musicians.

Act IIII.

GALLVS, AGRIPPINA, NERO, DRVSVS,
 1960 CALIGVLA.

YOU must haue patience, royall AGRIPPINA.

AGR. I must haue vengeance, first : and that were *nectar*
 Vnto my famish'd spirits. O, my fortune,
 Let it be sodaine thou prepar'st against me ;
 1965 Strike all my powers of vnderstanding blind,
 And ignorant of destinie to come :
 Let me not feare, that cannot hope. GAL. Deare Princesse,
 These tyrannies, on your selfe, are worse then CAESAR'S.

AGR. Is this the happinesse of being borne great?
 1970 Still to be aim'd at? still to be suspected?
 To liue the subiect of all iealousies?
 At least the colour made, if not the ground
 To euery painted danger? who would not
 Choose once to fall, then thus to hang for euer?
 1975 GAL. You might be safe, if you would—AGR. What, my GALLVS?
 Be lewd SEIANVS strumpet? Or the baud
 To CAESARS lusts, he now is gone to practise?
 Not these are safe, where nothing is. Your selfe,
 While thus you stand but by me, are not safe.
 1980 Was SILIUS safe? or the good SOSIA safe?
 Or was my niece, deare CLAVDIA PVLCHRA safe?
 Or innocent FVRNIVS? They, that latest haue
 (By being made guiltie) added reputation
 To AFERS eloquence? O, foolish friends,
 1985 Could not so fresh example warne your loues,
 But you must buy my fauours, with that losse
 Vnto your selues : and, when you might perceiue
 That CAESARS cause of raging must forsake him,
 Before his will? Away, good GALLVS, leaue me.
 1990 Here to be seene, is danger ; to speake, treason :
 To doe me least obseruance, is call'd faction.
 You are vnhappy in me, and I in all.
 Where are my sonnes? NERO? and DRVSVS? We

Are

- Are they, be shot at ; Let vs fall apart :
 1995 Not, in our ruines, sepulchre our friends.
 Or shall we doe some action, like offence,
 To mocke their studies, that would make vs faultie ?
 And frustrate practice, by preuenting it ?
 The danger's like : for, what they can contriue,
 2000 They will make good. No innocence is safe,
 When power contests. Nor can they trespasse more,
 Whose only being was all crime, before.
 NER. You heare, SEIANVS is come backe from CAESAR ?
 GAL. No. How ? Disgrac'd ? DRV. More graced now, then euer.
 2005 GAL. By what mischance ? CAL. A fortune, like inough
 Once to be bad. DRV. But turn'd too good, to both.
 GAL. What was't ? NER. TIBERIVS sitting at his meat,
 In a farme house, they call *Spelunca*, sited
 By the sea-side, among the *Fundane* hills,
 2010 Within a naturall caue, part of the grot
 (About the entrie) fell, and ouer-whelm'd
 Some of the wayters ; others ran away :
 Only SEIANVS, with his knees, hands, face,
 Ore-hanging CAESAR, did oppose himselfe
 2015 To the remayning ruines, and was found
 In that so labouring posture, by the souldiers
 That came to succour him. With which aduenture,
 He hath so fixt himselfe in CAESAR's trust,
 As thunder cannot mooue him, and is come
 2020 With all the height of CAESARS praise, to *Rome*.
 AGR. And power, to turne those ruines all on vs ;
 And bury whole posterities beneath them.
 NERO, and DRVSVS, and CALIGVLA,
 Your places are the next, and therefore most
 2025 In their offence. Thinke on your birth, and bloud,
 Awake your spirits, meete their violence,
 'Tis princely, when a tyran doth oppose ;
 And is a fortune sent to exercise
 Your vertue, as the wind doth trie strong trees :
 2030 Who by vexation grow more sound, and firme.
 After your fathers fall, and vnles fate,
 What can you hope, but all the change of stroke
 That force, or slight can giue ? then stand vpright ;
 And though you doe not act, yet suffer nobly :
 2035 Be worthy of my wombe, and take strong cheare ;
 What we doe know will come, we should not feare.

MACRO.

2040 **R** Eturn'd so soone? renew'd in trust, and grace?
 Is CAESAR then so weake? or hath the place
 But wrought this alteration, with the aire;
 And he, on next remoue, will all repaire?
 MACRO, thou art ingag'd: and what before
 Was publique; now, must be thy priuate, more.
 The weale of CAESAR, fitnessse did imply;
 2045 But thine owne fate confers necessity
 On thy employment: and the thoughts borne nearest
 Vnto our selues, moue swiftest still, and dearest.
 If he recouer, thou art lost: yea, all
 The weight of preparation to his fall
 2050 Will turne on thee, and crush thee. Therefore, strike
 Before he settle, to preuent the like
 Vpon thy selfe. He doth his vantage know,
 That makes it home, and giues the foremost blow.

LATIARIS, RVFVS, OPSIVS.

2055 **I** T is a seruice, great SEIANVS will
 See well requited, and accept of nobly.
 Here place your selues, betweene the rooffe, and seeling,
 And when I bring him to his wordes of danger,
 Reueale your selues, and take him. RVF. Is he come?
 2060 LAT. I'll now goe fetch him. OPS. With good speed. I long
 To merit from the state, in such an action.
 RVF. I hope, it will obtayne the *Consul*-ship
 For one of vs. OPS. We cannot thinke of lesse,
 To bring in one, so dangerous as SABINVS.
 2065 RVF. He was a follower of GERMANICVS,
 And still is an obseruer of his wife,
 And children, though they be declin'd in grace;
 A daily visitant, keepes them companie
 In priuate, and in publique; and is noted
 2070 To be the only client, of the house:
 Pray IOVE, he will be free to LATIARIS.
 OPS. H'is alli'd to him, and doth trust him well.
 RVF. And he'll requite his trust? OPS. To doe an office
 So gratefull to the state, I know no man
 2075 But would straine neerer bands, then kindred— RVF. List,
 I heare them come. OPS. Shift to our holes, with silence.

LATIARIS,

LATIARIS, SABINVS.

- IT is a noble constancie you shew
 To this afflicted house : that not like others,
 2080 (The friends of season) you doe follow fortune,
 And in the winter of their fate, forsake
 The place, whose glories warm'd you. You are iust,
 And worthy such a princely patrones loue,
 As was the worlds-renown'd GERMANICVS :
 2085 Whose ample merit when I call to thought,
 And see his wife and issue, obiects made
 To so much enuie, iealousie, and hate,
 It makes me ready to accuse the gods
 Of negligence, as men of tyrannie.
 2090 SAB. They must be patient, so must we. LAT. O IOVE.
 What will become of vs, or of the times,
 When, to be high, or noble, are made crimes?
 When land, and treasure are most dangerous faults?
 SAB. Nay, when our table, yea our bed assaults
 2095 Our peace, and safetie? when our writings are,
 By any enuious instruments (that dare
 Apply them to the guiltie) made to speake
 What they will haue, to fit their tyrannous wreake?
 When ignorance is scarcely innocence :
 2100 And knowledge made a capitall offence?
 When not so much, but the bare emptie shade
 Of libertie, is reft vs? and we made,
 The prey to greedie *Vultures*, and vile spies,
 That first transfixe vs with their murdering eyes?
 2105 LAT. Methinkes, the *Genius* of the *Romane* race
 Should not be so extinct, but that bright flame
 Of libertie might be reuiu'd againe,
 (Which no good man but with his life, should lose)
 And we not sit like spent, and patient fooles
 2110 Still puffing in the darke, at one poore coale,
 Held on by hope, till the last sparke is out.
 The cause is publique, and the honour, name,
 The immortalitie of euery soule
 That is not bastard, or a slaue in *Rome*,
 2115 Therein concern'd : Whereto, if men would change
 The wearid arme, and for the waightie shield
 So long sustain'd, employ the facile sword,
 We might haue some assurance of our vowes.
 This asses fortitude doth tyre vs all.
 2120 It must be actiue valour must redeeme

- Our losse, or none. The rocke, and our hard steele
 Should meete, t'enforce those glorious fires againe,
 Whose splendor cheer'd the world, and heat gaue life
 No lesse then doth the sunne's. SAB. 'Twere better stay,
 2125 In lasting darkenesse, and despaire of day.
 No ill should force the subiect vndertake
 Against the soueraigne, more then hell should make
 The gods doe wrong. A good man should, and must
 Sit rather downe with losse, then rise vniust.
- 2130 Though, when the *Romanes* first did yeeld themselues
 To one mans power, they did not meane their liues,
 Their fortunes, and their liberties, should be
 His absolute spoile, as purchas'd by the sword.
 LAT. Why we are worse, if to be slaues, and bond
- 2135 To CAESARS slaue, be such, the proud SEIANVS!
 He that is all, do's all, giues CAESAR leaue
 To hide his vlcerous, and anointed face,
 With his bald crowne at *Rhodes*, while he here stalkes
 Vpon the heads of *Romanes*, and their Princes,
- 2140 Familiarly to empire. SAB. Now you touch
 A point indeed, wherein he shewes his arte,
 As well as power. LAT. And villany in both.
 Doe you obserue where LIVIA lodges? How
 DRVSVS came dead? What men haue beene cut off?
- 2145 SAB. Yes, those are things remou'd : I neerer look't,
 Into his later practice, where he stands
 Declar'd a master in his mysterie.
 First, ere TIBERIVS went, he wrought his feare
 To thinke that AGRIPPINA sought his death.
- 2150 Then put those doubts in her ; sent her oft word,
 Vnder the show of friendship, to beware
 Of CAESAR, for he laid to poyson her :
 Draue them to frownes, to mutuall iealousies,
 Which, now, in visible hatred are burst out.
- 2155 Since, he hath had his hyred instruments
 To worke on NERO, and to heaue him vp ;
 To tell him CAESAR'S old ; that all the people,
 Yea, all the armie haue their eyes on him ;
 That both doe long to haue him vndertake
- 2160 Something of worth, to giue the world a hope ;
 Bids him to court their grace : The easie youth,
 Perhaps, giues eare, which straight he writes to CAESAR ;
 And with this comment ; See yon'd dangerous boy ;
 Note but the practice of the mother, there ;
- 2165 Shee's tying him, for purposes at hand,

With

- With men of sword. Here's CAESAR put in fright
 'Gainst sonne, and mother. Yet, he leaues not thus.
 The second brother DRVSVS (a fierce nature,
 And fitter for his snares, because ambitious,
 2170 And full of enuie) him he clasp's, and hugs,
 Poysons with praise, tells him what hearts he weares,
 How bright he stands in popular expectance ;
 That *Rome* doth suffer with him, in the wrong
 His mother does him, by preferring NERO :
 2175 Thus sets he them asunder, each 'gainst other,
 Projects the course, that serues him to condemne,
 Keepes in opinion of a friend to all,
 And all driues on to ruine. LAT. CAESAR sleepes,
 And nods at this? SAB. Would he might euer sleepe,
 2180 Bogg'd in his filthy lusts. OPS. Treason to CAESAR.
 RVF. Lay hands vpon the traytor, LATIARIS,
 Or take the name thy selfe. LAT. I am for CAESAR.
 SAB. Am I then catch'd? RVF. How thinke you, sir? you are.
 SAB. Spies of this head! so white! so full of yeeres!
 2185 Well, my most reuerend monsters, you may liue
 To see your selues thus snar'd. OPS. Away with him.
 LAT. Hale him away. RVF. To be a spie for traytors,
 Is honorable vigilance. SAB. You doe well,
 My most officious instruments of state ;
 2190 Men of all vses : Drag me hence, away.
 The yeere is well begun, and I fall fit,
 To be an offering to SEIANVS. Goe.
 OPS. Couer him with his garments, hide his face.
 SAB. It shall not need. Forbeare your rude assault,
 2195 The fault's not shamefull villanie makes a fault.

MACRO, CALIGVLA.

- S**Ir, but obserue how thicke your dangers meete
 In his cleare drifts! Your mother, and your brothers,
 Now cited to the *Senate*! Their friend, GALLVS,
 2200 Feasted to day by CAESAR, since committed!
 SABINVS, here we met, hurried to fetters!
 The *Senators* all strooke with feare, and silence,
 Saue those, whose hopes depend not on good meanes,
 But force their priuate prey, from publique spoile!
 2205 And you must know, if here you stay, your state
 Is sure to be the subiect of his hate,
 As now the obiect. CAL. What would you aduise me?
 MAC. To goe for *Caprea* presently : and there

Giue vp your selfe, entirely, to your vncle.

- 2210 Tell CAESAR (since your mother is accus'd
To flie for succours to AVGVSTVS statue,
And to the armie, with your brethren) you
Haue rather chose, to place your aides in him,
Then liue suspected ; or in hourelly feare
2215 To be thrust out, by bold SEIANVS's plots :
Which, you shall confidently vrge, to be
Most full of perill to the state, and CAESAR,
As being laid to his peculiar ends,
And not to be let run, with common safety.
2220 All which (vpon the second) I'll make plaine,
So both shall loue, and trust with CAESAR gaine.
CAL. Away then, let's prepare vs for our iourney.

ARRVNTIVS.

- 2225 **S** Till, do'st thou suffer heau'n ? will no flame,
No heate of sinne make thy iust wrath to boile
In thy distemp' red bosome, and ore-flow
The pitchy blazes of impietie,
Kindled beneath thy throne ? Still canst thou sleepe,
Patient, while vice doth make an antique face
2230 At thy drad power, and blow dust, and smoke
Into thy nostrils ? LOVE, will nothing wake thee ?
Must vile SEIANVS pull thee by the beard,
Ere thou wilt open thy black-lidded eye,
And looke him dead ? Well ! Snore on, dreaming gods :
2235 And let this last of that proud Giant-race,
Heaue mountayne vpon mountayne, 'gainst your state—
Be good vnto me, fortune, and you powers,
Whom I, expostulating, haue profan'd ;
I see (what's equall with a prodigie)
2240 A great, a noble *Romane*, and an honest,
Liue an old man ! O, MARCVS LEPIDVS,
When is our turne to bleed ? Thy selfe, and I
(Without our boast) are a'most all the few
Left, to be honest, in these impious times.

2245 LEPIDVS, ARRVNTIVS.

VV Hat we are left to be, we will be, LVCIVS,
Though tyrannie did stare, as wide as death,
To fright vs from it. ARR. 'T hath so, on SABINVS.
LEP. I saw him now drawne from the *Gemonies*,

M m

And

- 2250 And (what increas'd the direnesse of the fact)
 His faithfull dogge (vpbraiding all vs *Romanes*)
 Neuer forsooke the corp's, but, seeing it throwne
 Into the streame, leap'd in, and drown'd with it.
 ARR. O act ! to be enui'd him, of vs men !
- 2255 We are the next, the hooke layes hold on, MARCVS :
 What are thy artes (good patriot, teach them me)
 That haue preseru'd thy haire, to this white die,
 And kept so reuerend, and so deare a head,
 Safe, on his comely shoulders ? LEP. Arts, ARRVNTIVS ?
- 2260 None, but the plaine, and passiue fortitude,
 To suffer, and be silent ; neuer stretch
 These armes, against the torrent ; liue at home,
 With my owne thoughts, and innocence about me,
 Not tempting the wolues iawes : these are my artes.
- 2265 ARR. I would begin to studie 'hem, if I thought
 They would secure me. May I pray to LOVE,
 In secret, and be safe ? I, or aloud ?
 With open wishes ? so I doe not mention
 TIBERIVS, or SEIANVS ? yes, I must,
- 2270 If I speake out. 'Tis hard, that. May I thinke,
 And not be rackt ? What danger is't to dreame ?
 Talke in ones sleepe ? or cough ? who knowes the law ?
 May I shake my head, without a comment ? say
 It raines, or it holds vp, and not be throwne
- 2275 Vpon the *Gemonies* ? These now are things,
 Whereon mens fortune, yea their fate depends.
 Nothing hath priuiledge 'gainst the violent eare.
 No place, no day, no houre (we see) is free
 (Not our religious, and most sacred times)
- 2280 From some one kind of crueltie : all matter,
 Nay all occasion pleaseth. Mad-mens rage,
 The idlenesse of drunkards, womens nothing,
 Iesters simplicity, all, all is good
 That can be catch'd at. Nor is now th'euent
- 2285 Of any person, or for any crime,
 To be expected ; for, 'tis alwayes one :
 Death, with some little difference of place,
 Or time— what's this ? Prince NERO ? guarded ?

LACO, NERO, LEPIDVS, ARRVNTIVS.

- 2290 **O** N, *Lictors*, keepe your way : My lords, forbear.
 On paine of CAESARS wrath, no man attempt
 Speech with the prisoner. NER. Noble friends, be safe :

To

To loose your selues for wordes, were as vaine hazard,
As vnto me small comfort : Fare you well.

2295 Would all *Rome's* sufferings in my fate did dwell.

LAC. *Lictors*, away. LEP. Where goes he, LACO? LAC. Sir,
H'is banish'd into *Pontia*, by the *Senate*.

ARR. Do'I see? and heare? and feele? May I trust sense?
Or doth my phant'sie forme it? LEP. Where's his brother?

2300 LAC. *DRVSVS* is prisoner in the palace. ARR. Ha?
I smell it now : 'tis ranke. Where's *AGRIPPINA*?

LAC. The princesse is confin'd, to *Pandataria*.

ARR. Bolts, *VULCAN*; bolts, for *IOVE*! *PHŒBVS*, thy bow;
Sterne *MARS*, thy sword; and *bluc-ey'd Maid*, thy speare;

2305 Thy club, *ALCIDES* : all the armorie
Of heauen is too little!—Ha? to guard
The gods, I meant. Fine, rare dispatch! This same
Was swiftly borne! confin'd? imprison'd? banish'd?
Most tripartite! The cause, sir? LAC. Treason. ARR. O?

2310 The complement of all accusings? that
Will hit, when all else failes. LEP. This turne is strange!
But yesterday, the people would not heare
Farre lesse obiected, but cry'd, *CAESARS* letters
Were false, and forg'd; that all these plots were malice :

2315 And that the ruine of the Princes house
Was practis'd 'gainst his knowledge. Where are now
Their voyces? now, that they behold his heires
Lock'd vp, disgrac'd, led into exile? ARR. Hush'd.
Drown'd in their bellies. Wild *SEIANVS* breath

2320 Hath, like a whirle-wind, scatter'd that poore dust,
With this rude blast. Wee'll talke no treason, sir,
If that be it you stand for? Fare you well.
We haue no need of horse-leeches. Good spie,
Now you are spi'd, be gone. LEP. I feare, you wrong him.

2325 He has the voyce to be an honest *Romane*.

ARR. And trusted to this office? *LEPIDVS*,
I'd sooner trust *Greeke-SINON*, then a man
Our state employes. Hee's gone : and being gone,
I dare tell you (whom I dare better trust)

2330 That our night-ey'd *TIBERIVS* doth not see
His minions drifts; or, if he doe, h'is not
So errant subtill, as we fooles doe take him :
To breed a mungrell vp, in his owne house,
With his owne bloud, and (if the good gods please)

2335 At his owne throte, flesh him, to take a leape.
I doe not beg it, heau'n : but, if the fates
Grant it these eyes, they must not winke. LEP. They must

*He turnes to
Laco, and the
rest.*

- Not see it, LVCIVS. ARR. Who should let 'hem? LEP. Zeale,
And dutie; with the thought, he is our Prince.
- 2340 ARR. He is our monster: forfeited to vice
So far, as no rack'd vertue can redeeme him.
His lothed person fouler then all crimes:
An Emp'rour, only in his lusts. Retir'd
(From all regard of his owne fame, or *Rome's*)
- 2345 Into an obscure Iland; where he liues
(Acting his *tragedies* with a *comick* face)
Amid'st his rout of *Chaldee's*: spending houres,
Dayes, weekes, and months, in the vnkind abuse
Of graue *astrologie*, to the bane of men,
- 2350 Casting the scope of mens natiuities,
And hauing found ought worthy in their fortune,
Kill, or precipitate them in the sea,
And boast, he can mocke fate. Nay, muse not: these
Are farre from ends of euill, scarce degrees.
- 2355 He hath his slaughter-house, at *Caprea*;
Where he doth studie murder, as an arte:
And they are dearest in his grace, that can
Deuise the deepest tortures. Thither, too,
He hath his boyes, and beauteous girles tane vp,
- 2360 Out of our noblest houses, the best form'd,
Best nurtur'd, and most modest: what's their good
Serues to prouoke his bad. Some are allur'd,
Some threatned; others (by their friends detain'd)
Are rauish'd hence, like captiues, and, in sight
- 2365 Of their most griued parents, dealt away
Vnto his *spintries*, *sellaries*, and slaues,
Masters of strange, and new-commented lusts,
For which wise nature hath not left a name.
To this (what most strikes vs, and bleeding *Rome*,)
- 2370 He is, with all his craft, become the ward
To his owne vassall, a stale *catamite*.:
Whom he (vpon our low, and suffering necks)
Hath rais'd, from excrement, to side the gods,
And haue his proper sacrifice in *Rome*:
- 2375 Which LOVE beholds, and yet will sooner riue
A senslesse oke with thunder, then his trunck.

LACO, POMPONIVS, MINVTIVS,
TERENTIVS.

To them.

- 2380 **T**Hese letters make men doubtfull what t'expect,
Whether his comming, or his death. POM. Troth, both:
And which comes soonest, thanke the gods for. (ARR. List,
Their

Their talke is CAESAR, I would heare all voyces.)

MAR. One day, hee's well; and will returne to *Rome* :

The next day, sicke; and knowes not when to hope it.

2385 LAC. True, and to day, one of SEIANVS friends
Honour'd by speciall writ; and on the morrow
Another punish'd—— POM. By more speciall writ.

MIN. This man receiues his praises of SEIANVS,
A second, but slight mention: a third, none:

2390 A fourth, rebukes. And thus he leaues the *Senate*
Diuided, and suspended, all vncertayne.

LAC. These forked tricks, I vnderstand 'hem not,
Would he would tell vs whom he loues, or hates,
That we might follow, without feare, or doubt.

2395 (ARR. Good HELIOTROPE! Is this your honest man?
Let him be yours so still. He is my knaue.)

POM. I cannot tell, SEIANVS still goes on,
And mounts, we see: New statues are aduanc'd,
Fresh leaues of titles, large inscriptions read,

2400 His fortune sworne by, himselfe new gone out
CAESARS colleague, in the fifth *Consulship*,
More altars smoke to him, then all the gods: (him.)
What would wee more? (ARR. That the deare smoke would choke

LAC. But there are letters come (they say) eu'n now,

2405 Which doe forbid that last. MIN. Doe you heare so? LAC. Yes.

POM. By CASTOR, that's the worst. (ARR. By POLLVX, best.)

MIN. I did not like the signe, when REGVLVS,
(Whom all we know no friend vnto SEIANVS)
Did, by TIBERIVS so precise command,

2410 Succeed a fellow in the *Consulship*:
It boded somewhat. POM. Not a mote. His partner,
FVLCINIVS TRIO, is his owne; and sure.
Here comes TERENCE. He can giue vs more.

LEP. I'll ne're beleue, but CAESAR hath some sent

2415 Of bold SEIANVS footing. These crosse points
Of varying letters, and opposing *Consuls*,
Mixing his honours, and his punishments,
Fayning now ill, now well, raysing SEIANVS,
And then depressing him, (as now of late

2420 In all reports we haue it) cannot be
Emptie of practice: 'Tis TIBERIVS arte.
For (hauing found his fauorite growne too great,
And, with his greatnesse, strong, that all the souldiers
Are, with their leaders, made at his deuotion,

2425 That almost all the *Senate* are his creatures,
Or hold on him their maine dependances,

Either for benefit, or hope, or feare ;
 And that himselfe hath lost much of his owne,
 By parting vnto him ; and by th'increase
 2430 Of his ranke lusts, and rages, quite disarm'd
 Himselfe of loue, or other publique meanes,
 To dare an open contestation)
 His subtilty hath chose this doubling line,
 To hold him euen in : not so to feare him,
 2435 As wholly put him out, and yet giue checke
 Vnto his farder boldnesse. In meane time,
 By his employments, makes him odious
 Vnto the staggering rout, whose aide (in fine)
 He hopes to vse, as sure, who (when they sway)
 2440 Beare downe, ore-turne all obiects in their way.

ARR. You may be a LINCEVS, LEPIDVS : yet, I
 See no such cause, but that a politique tyranne
 (Who can so well disguise it) should haue tane
 A neerer way : fain'd honest, and come home
 2445 To cut his throte, by law. LEP. I, but his feare
 Would ne're be masqu'd, all-be his vices were.

POM. His lordship then is still in grace? TER. Assure you,
 Neuer in more, either of grace, or power.

POM. The gods are wise, and iust. (ARR. The fiends they are.
 2450 To suffer thee belie 'hem?) TER. I haue here
 His last, and present letters, where he writes him
 The *Partner of his cares*, and his SEIANVS ———

LAC. But is that true, it 'tis prohibited,
 To sacrifice vnto him? TER. Some such thing
 2455 CAESAR makes scruple of, but forbids it not ;
 No more then to himselfe : sayes, he could wish
 It were forborne to all. LAC. Is it no other?

TER. No other, on my trust. For your more surety,
 Here is that letter too. (ARR. How easily,
 2460 Doe wretched men beleeeue, what they would haue !
 Lookes this like plot? LEP. Noble ARRVNTIVS, stay.)

LAC. He names him here without his titles. (LEP. Note.

ARR. Yes, and come of your notable foole. I will.)

LAC. No other, then SEIANVS. POM. That's but haste
 2465 In him that writes. Here he giues large amends.

MAR. And with his owne hand written? POM. Yes. LAC. Indeed?

TER. Beleeeue it, gentlemen, SEIANVS brest
 Neuer receiu'd more full contentments in,
 Then at this present. POM. Takes he well th'escape
 2470 Of young CALIGVLA, with MACRO? TER. Faith,
 At the first aire, it somewhat troubled him.

(LEP.

(LEP. Obserue you? ARR. Nothing. Riddles. Till I see
SEIANVS strooke, no sound thereof strikes me.)

POM. I like it not. I muse h' would not attempt

2475 Somewhat against him in the *Consul*-ship,
Seeing the people 'ginne to fauour him.

TER. He doth repent it, now ; but h' has employ'd

PAGONIANVS after him : and he holds

That correspondence, there, with all that are

2480 Neere about CAESAR, as no thought can passe
Without his knowledge, thence, in act to front him.

POM. I gratulate the newes. MAC. But, how comes MACRO
So in trust, and fauour, with CALIGVLA?

POM. O sir, he ha's a wife ; and the young Prince

2485 An appetite : he can looke vp, and spie
Flies in the roofe, when there are fleas i' bed ;
And hath a learned nose to'assure his sleepes.

Who, to be fauour'd of the rising sunne,
Would not lend little of his waning moone?

2490 'Tis the sa'f'st ambition. Noble TERENTIVS.

TER. The night growes fast vpon vs. At your seruice.

CHORVS—*Of Musicians.*

Act V.

SEIANVS.

2495 **S** Well, swell, my ioyes : and faint not to declare
Your selues, as ample, as your causes are.
I did not liue, till now ; this my first hower :
Wherein I see my thoughts reach'd by my power.
But this, and gripe my wishes. Great, and high,
2500 The world knowes only two, that's *Rome*, and I.
My roofe receiues me not ; 'tis aire I tread :
And, at each step, I feele my' aduanced head
Knocke out a starre in heau'n! Rear'd to this height,
All my desires seeme modest, poore and sleight,
2505 That did before sound impudent : 'Tis place,
Not bloud, discernes the noble, and the base.
Is there not something more, then to be CAESAR?
Must we rest there? It yrkes, t' haue come so far,
To be so neere a stay. CALIGVLA,
2510 Would thou stood'st stiffe, and many, in our way.
Windes lose their strength, when they doe emptie flie,
Vn-met of woods or buildings ; great fires die

That

That want their matter to with-stand them : So,
 It is our griefe, and will be' our losse, to know
 2515 Our power shall want opposites ; vnlesse
 The gods, by mixing in the cause, would blesse
 Our fortune with their conquest. That were worth
 SEIANVS strife, durst fates but bring it forth.

TERENTIVS, SEIANVS.

2520 **S** Afety, to great SEIANVS. SEI. Now, TERENTIVS?
 TER. Heares not my lord the wonder? SEI. Speake it, No.
 TER. I meete it violent in the peoples mouthes,
 Who runne, in routs, to POMPEY'S theatre,
 To view your statue : which, they say, sends forth
 2525 A smoke, as from a furnace, black, and dreadfull.
 SEI. Some traytor hath put fire in : you, goe see.
 And let the head be taken off, to looke
 What 'tis. Some slaue hath practis'd an imposture
 To stirre the people. How now? why returne you?

2530 SATRIVS, NATTA.

T He head, my lord, already is tane off,
 I saw it : and, at op'ning, there leap't out
 A great, and monstrous serpent. SEI. Monstrous ! why?
 Had it a beard? and hornes? no heart? a tongue
 2535 Forked as flatterie? look'd it of the hue,
 To such as liue in great mens bosomes? was
 The spirit of it MACRO'S? NAT. May it please
 The most diuine SEIANVS, in my dayes,
 (And by his sacred fortune, I affirme it)
 2540 I haue not seene a more extended, growne,
 Foule, spotted, venomous, vgly—— SEI. O, the fates!
 What a wild muster's here of attributes,
 T'expresse a worme, a snake? TER. But how that should
 Come there, my lord? SEI. What ! and you too, TERENTIVS?
 2545 I thinke you meane to make't a prodigie
 In your reporting? TER. Can the wise SEIANVS
 Thinke heau'n hath meant it lesse? SEI. O, superstition!
 Why, then the falling of our bed, that brake
 This morning, burd'ned with the populous weight
 2550 Of our expecting clients, to salute vs,
 Or running of the cat, betwixt our legs,
 As we set forth vnto the *capitoll*,
 Were prodigies. TER. I thinke them ominous :

And,

- And, would they had not hap'ned. As, to day,
 2555 The fate of some your seruants ! who, declining
 Their way, not able, for the throng, to follow,
 Slip't downe the *Gemonies*, and brake their necks !
 Besides, in taking your last augurie,
 No prosperous bird appear'd, but croking rauens
 2560 Flag'd vp and downe : and from the sacrifice
 Flew to the prison, where they sate, all night,
 Beating the aire with their obstreperous beakes !
 I dare not counsell, but I could entreat
 That great SEIANVS would attempt the gods,
 2565 Once more, with sacrifice. SEI. What excellent fooles
 Religion makes of men ? Beleeues TERENCEVS,
 (If these were dangers, as I shame to thinke them)
 The gods could change the certayne course of fate ?
 Or, if they could, they would (now, in a moment)
 2570 For a beeues fat, or lesse, be brib'd t' inuert
 Those long decrees ? Then thinke the gods, like flies,
 Are to be taken with the steame of flesh,
 Or bloud, diffus'd about their altars : thinke
 Their power as cheape, as I esteeme it small.
 2575 Of all the throng, that fill th'*Olympian* hall,
 And (without pittie) lade poore ATLAS back,
 I know not that one deity, but *Fortune* ;
 To whom, I would throw vp, in begging smoke,
 One grane of incense : or whose eare I'd buy
 2580 With thus much oyle. Her, I, indeed, adore ;
 And keepe her gratefull image in my house,
 Some-times belonging to a *Romane* king,
 But, now call'd mine, as by the better stile :
 To her, I care not, if (for satisfying
 2585 Your scrupulous phant'sies) I goe offer. Bid
 Our priest prepare vs honny, milke, and poppy,
 His masculine odours, and night-vestments : say,
 Our rites are instant, which perform'd, you'll see
 How vaine, and worthy laughter, your feares be.

2590

COTTA, POMPONIVS.

- POMPONIVS ! whither in such speed ? POM. I goe.
 To giue my lord SEIANVS notice—— COT. What ?
 POM. Of MACRO. COT. Is he come ? POM. Entr'd but now
 The house of REGVLVS. COT. The opposite *Consul* ?
 2595 POM. Some halfe houre since. COT. And, by night too ! stay, sir ;
 I'll beare you companie. POM. Along, then——

MACRO,

MACRO. REGVLVS, LACO.

- T** IS CAESARS will, to haue a frequent *Senate*.
 And therefore must your edict lay deepe mulct
 2600 On such, as shall be absent. REG. So it doth.
 Beare it my fellow *Consul* to adscribe.
 MAC. And tell him it must early be proclaim'd ;
 The place, APOLLO's temple. REG. That's remembred.
 MAC. And at what houre? REG. Yes. MAC. You doe forget
 2605 To send one for the *Prouost* of the watch?
 REG. I haue not : here he comes. MAC. GRACINVS LACO,
 You're a friend most welcome : by, and by,
 I'le speake with you. (You must procure this list
 Of the *Prætorian* cohorts, with the names
 2610 Of the *Centurions*, and their *Tribunes*. REG. I.)
 MAC. I bring you letters, and a health from CAESAR——
 LAC. Sir, both come well. MAC. (And heare you, with your note,
 Which are the eminent men, and most of action.
The Consul goes out. REG. That shall be done you too.) MAC. Most worthy LACO,
 2615 CAESAR salutes you. (*Consul ! death, and furies !*
 Gone now ?) the argument will please you, sir.
 (Hough ! REGVLVS ? The anger of the gods
 Follow his diligent legs, and ouer'take 'hem,
Returns: In likenesse of the gout.) O, good my lord,
 2620 We lackt you present ; I would pray you send
 Another to FVLCINIVS TRIO, straight,
 To tell him, you will come, and speake with him :
 (The matter wee'le deuise) to stay him, there,
 While I, with LACO, doe suruay the watch.
Goes out againe. What are your strengths, GRACINVS ? LAC. Seuen cohorts.
 MAC. You see, what CAESAR writes : and (——gone againe ?
 H'has sure a veine of *mercury* in his feet)
 Knew you, what store of the *prætorian* souldiers
 SEIANVS holds, about him, for his guard ?
 2630 LAC. I cannot the iust number : but, I thinke,
 Three *centuries*. MAC. Three ? good. LAC. At most, not foure.
 MAC. And who be those *Centurions* ? LAC. That the *Consul*
 Can best deliuer you. MAC. (When h'is away :
 Spight, on his nimble industrie.) GRACINVS, .
 2635 You find what place you hold, there, in the trust
 Of royall CAESAR ? LAC. I, and I am—— MAC. Sir,
 The honours, there propos'd, are but beginnings
 Of his great fauours. LAC. They are more—— MAC. I heard him
 When he did studie, what to adde—— LAC. My life,
 2640 And all I hold—— MAC. You were his owne first choise ;

Which

Which doth confirme as much, as you can speake :
And will (if we succeed) make more—— Your guardes
Are seuen cohorts, you say? LAC. Yes. MAC. Those we must
Hold still in readinesse, and vndischarg'd.

2645 LAC. I vnderstand so much. But how it can——

MAC. Be done without suspicion, you'll obiect?

REG. What's that? LAC. The keeping of the watch in armes, *Returns.*
When morning comes. MAC. The *Senate* shall be met, and set
So early, in the temple, as all marke

2650 Of that will be auoided. REG. If we need,
We haue commission, to possesse the palace,
Enlarge prince DRVSVS, and make him our chiefe.

MAC. (That secret would haue burn't his reuerend mouth,
Had he not spit it out, now :) by the gods,

2655 You carry things too—— let me borrow' a man,
Or two, to beare these—— That of freeing DRVSVS,
CAESAR projected as the last, and vtmost ;
Not else to be remembred. REG. Here are seruants.

MAC. These to ARRVNTIVS, these to LEPIDVS,

2660 This beare to COTTA, this to LATIARIS.
If they demand you'of me : say, I haue tane
Fresh horse, and am departed. You (my lord)
To your colleague, and be you sure, to hold him
With long narration, of the new fresh fauours,

2665 Meant to SEIANVS, his great patron ; I,
With trusted LACO, here, are for the guards :
Then, to diuide. For, night hath many eies,
Whereof, though most doe sleepe, yet some are spies.

P RÆCONES,

2670 F LAMEN, MINISTRI,

SEIANVS, TERENTIVS, SATRIVS, &C.

B *E all profane farre hence ; Flie, flie farre off :
Be absent farre. Farre hence be all profane.*

FLA. We haue beene faultie, but repent vs now,
2675 And bring *pure hands, pure vestments, and pure minds.*

MIN. *Pure vessells.* MIN. And *pure offrings.* MIN. *Garlands pure.*

FLA. Bestow your *garlands* : and (with reuerence) place
The *veruin* on the altar. PRAE. *Fauour your tongues.*

FLA. *Great mother FORTVNE, Queene of humane state,*
2680 *Rectresse of action, Arbitresse of fate,*
To whom all sway, all power, all empire bowes,
Be present, and propitious to our voves.

PRAE. *Fauour it with your tongues.*

Tub. Tib.
Sound, while
the Flamen
washeth.

MIN.

2684 MIN. *Be present, and propitious to our vows.*
 While they *Accept our offering, and be pleas'd, great goddesse.*
 sound againe. TER. See, see, the image stirres! SAT. And turnes away!
 the *Flamen* NAT. *Fortune auerts her face!* FLA. Auert, you gods,
 takes of the hony, with his The prodigie. Still! still! Some pious rite
 finger, & tastes, We haue neglected. Yet! heau'n, be appeas'd.
 then ministers And be all tokens false, or void, that speake
 to all the rest: Thy present wrath. SEI. Be thou dumbe, scrupulous priest:
 so of the milk, And gather vp thy selfe, with these thy wares,
 in an earthen vessel, he deals Which I, in spight of thy blind mistris, or
 about; which Thy iuggling mysterie, religion, throw
 done, he sprink- Thus, scorned on the earth. Nay, hold thy looke
 leth, vpon the Auerted, till I woo thee, turne againe;
 altar, milke; And thou shalt stand, to all posteritie,
 then imposeth Th'eternall game, and laughter, with thy neck
 the hony, and Writh'd to thy taile, like a ridiculous cat.
 kindleth his Auoid these fumes, these superstitious lights,
 gummes, and And all these coos'ning ceremonies: you,
 after censng Your pure, and spiced conscience. I, the slaue,
 about the altar And mock of fooles, (scorne on my worthy head)
 placeth his That haue beene titled, and ador'd a god,
 censer there- Yea, sacrific'd vnto, my selfe, in *Rome*,
 on, into which No lesse then LOVE: and I be brought, to doe
 they put seuer- A peeuish gigglot rites? Perhaps, the thought,
 rall branches And shame of that made *Fortune* turne her face,
 of poppy, and Knowing her selfe the lesser deitie,
 the musique And but my seruant. Bashfull queene, if so,
 ceasing, proceed. SEIANVS thanks thy modestie. Who's that?

POMPONIVS, SEIANVS, MINVTIVS, &C.

Is fortune suffers, till he heares my newes:
 I haue waited here too long. MACRO, my lord——
 2715 SEI. Speake lower, & with-draw. TER. Are these things true?
 MIN. Thousands are gazing at it, in the streets.
 SEI. What's that? TER. MINVTIVS tells vs here, my lord,
 That, a new head being set vpon your statue,
 A rope is since found wreath'd about it! and,
 2720 But now, a fierie metcor, in the forme
 Of a great ball, was seene to rowle along
 The troubled ayre, where yet it hangs, vnperfect,
 The amazing wonder of the multitude!
 SEI. No more. That MACRO's come, is more then all!
 2725 TER. Is MACRO come? POM. I saw him. TER. Where? with whom?
 POM. With REGVLVS. SEI. TERENTIVS—— TER. My lord?
 SEI.

- SEI. Send for the *Tribunes*, we will straight haue vp
 More of the souldiers, for our guard. MINVTIVS,
 We pray you, goe for COTTA, LATIARIS,
 2730 TRIO the *Consul*, or what *Senators*
 You know are sure, and ours. You, my good NATTA,
 For LACO, *Prouost* of the watch. Now, SATRIVS,
 The time of prooffe comes on. Arme all our seruants,
 And without tumult. You, POMPONIVS,
 2735 Hold some good correspondence, with the *Consul*,
 Attempt him, noble friend. These things begin
 To looke like dangers, now, worthy my fates.
 Fortune, I see thy worst : Let doubtfull states,
 And things vncertaine hang vpon thy will :
 2740 Me surest death shall render certaine still.
 Yet, why is, now, my thought turn'd toward death,
 Whom fates haue let goe on, so farre, in breath,
 Vncheck'd, or vnreprou'd? I, that did helpe
 To fell the loftie Cedar of the world,
 2745 GERMANICVS ; that, at one stroke, cut downe
 DRVSVS, that vpriht Elme ; wither'd his vine ;
 Laid SILIVS, and SABINVS, two strong Okes,
 Flat on the earth ; besides, those other shrubs,
 CORDVS, and SOSIA, CLAVDIA PVLCHRA,
 2750 FVRNIVS, and GALLVS, which I haue grub'd vp ;
 And since, haue set my axe so strong, and deepe
 Into the roote of spreading AGRIPPINE ;
 Lopt off, and scatter'd her proud branches, NERO,
 DRVSVS, and CAIVS too, although re-planted ;
 2755 If you will, destinies, that, after all,
 I faint, now, ere I touch my period ;
 You are but cruell : and I alreadie haue done
 Things great inough. All *Rome* hath beene my slaue ;
 The *Senate* sate an idle looker on,
 2760 And witnesse of my power ; when I haue blush'd,
 More, to command, then it to suffer ; all
 The *Fathers* haue sate readie, and prepar'd,
 To giue me empire, temples, or their throtes,
 When I would aske 'hem ; and (what crownes the top)
 2765 *Rome*, *Senate*, people, all the world haue seene
 IOVE, but my equall : CAESAR, but my second.
 'Tis then your malice, fates, who (but your owne)
 Enuy, and feare, t'haue any power long knowne.

TERENTIVS, TRIBVNES.

2770 **S** Tay here : I'll giue his lordship , you are come.

MINVTIVS, COTTA, LATIARIS.

*They confer
their letters.*

2775 **M** ARCVS TERENTIVS, pray you tell my lord,
Here's COTTA, and LATIARIS. TER. Sir , I shall.
COT. My letter is the very same with yours ;

Onely requires mee to bee present there,
And giue my voyce, to strengthen his designe.

LAT. Names he not what it is? COT. No, nor to you.

LAT. 'Tis strange, and singular doubtfull! COT. So it is?
2780 It may bee all is left to lord SEIANVS.

To them.

NATTA, LACO.

G Entlemen, where's my lord? TRI. Wee wait him here.
COT. The *Prouost* LACO? what's the newes? LAT. My lord—

To them.

SEIANVS.

2785 **N** Ow, my right deare, noble, and trusted friends ;
How much I am a captiue to your kindnesse!
Most worthy COTTA, LATIARIS; LACO,
Your valiant hand ; and gentlemen, your loues.

I wish I could diuide my selfe vnto you ;

2790 Or that it lay, within our narrow powers,
To satisfie for so enlarged bountie.

GRACINVS, we must pray you, hold your guardes
Vnquit, when morning comes. Saw you the *Consul*?

MIN. TRIO will presently be here, my lord.

2795 COT. They are but giuing order for the edict,
To warne the *Senate*. SEI. How! the *Senate*? LAT. Yes.
This morning, in APOLLO'S temple. COT. We
Are charg'd, by letter, to be there, my lord.

SEI. By letter? pray you let's see! LAT. Knowes not his lordship!

2800 COT. It seemes so! SEI. A *Senate* warn'd? without my knowledge?
And on this sodaine? *Senators* by letters
Required to be there! who brought these? COT. MACRO.

SEI. Mineemie! And when? COT. This mid-night. SEI. Time,
With eu'ry other circumstance, doth giue

2805 It hath some streine of engin in't! How now?

SATRIVS,

SATRIVS, SEIANVS, &C.

MY lord, SERTORIVS MACRO is without,
 Alone, and prayes t' haue priuate conference
 In businesse, of high nature, with your lordship,
 2810 (He say's to me) and which regards you much.

SEI. Let him come here. SAT. Better, my lord, with-draw,
 You will betray what store, and strength of friends
 Are now about you ; which he comes to spie.

SEI. Is he not arm'd? SAT. Wee'll search him. SEI. No, but take,
 2815 And lead him to some roome, where you, conceal'd,
 May keepe a guard vpon vs. Noble LACO,
 You are our trust : and, till our owne cohorts
 Can be brought vp, your strengths must be our guard.

Now, good MINVTIVS, honour'd LATIARIS,
 2820 Most worthy, and my most vnwearied friends :
 I returne instantly. LAT. Most worthy lord !

COT. His lordship is turn'd instant kind, me thinkes,
 I' haue not obseru'd it in him, heretofore.

TRI. 1. 'Tis true, and it becomes him nobly. MIN. I
 2825 Am rap't withall. TRI. 2. By MARS, he has my liues,
 (Were they-a million) for this onely grace.

LAC. I, and to name a man ! LAT. As he did me !

MIN. And me ! LAT. Who would not spend his life and fortunes,
 To purchase but the looke of such a lord ?

2830 LAC. He, that would nor be lords foole, nor the worlds.

SEIANVS, MACRO.

MACRO ! most welcome, as most coueted friend !
 Let me enioy my longings. When arriu'd you ?
 MAC. About the noone of night. SEI. SATRIVS, giue leaue.

2835 MAC. I haue beene, since I came, with both the *Consuls*,
 On a particular designe from CAESAR.

SEI. How fares it with our great, and royall master ?

MAC. Right plentifully well ; as, with a prince,
 That still holds out the great proportion

2840 Of his large fauours, where his iudgement hath

Made once diuine election : like the god,

That wants not, nor is wearied to bestow

Where merit meets his bountie, as it doth

In you, alreadie the most happy, and ere

2845 The sunne shall climbe the south, most high SEIANVS.

Let not my lord be'amus'd. For, to this end

Was I by CAESAR sent for, to the isle,

*He salutes them
 humbly.*

Which speciall caution to conceale my iourney ;
 And, thence, had my dispatch as priuately
 2850 Againe to *Rome* ; charg'd to come here by night ;
 And, onely to the *Consuls*, make narration
 Of his great purpose : that the benefit
 Might come more full, and striking, by how much
 It was lesse look'd for, or aspir'd by you ,
 2855 Or least informed to the common thought.

SEI. What may this be ? part of my selfe, deare MACRO,
 If good, speake out : and share with your SEIANVS.

MAC. If bad, I should for euer lothe my selfe,
 To be the messenger to so good a lord.
 2860 I doe exceed m' instructions, to acquaint
 Your lordship with thus much ; but 'tis my venture
 On your retentive wisdom : and, because
 I would no iealous scruple should molest
 Or racke your peace of thought. For, I assure
 2865 My noble lord, no *Senator* yet knowes
 The businesse meant : though all, by seuerall letters,
 Are warned to be there, and giue their voyces,
 Onely to adde vnto the state, and grace
 Of what is purpos'd. SEI. You take pleasure, MACRO,
 2870 Like a coy wench, in torturing your louer.
 What can be worth this suffering ? MAC. That which followes,
 The *tribuniciall* dignitie, and power :
 Both which SEIANVS is to haue this day
 Confer'd vpon him, and by publique *Senate*.
 2875 SEI. Fortune, be mine againe ; thou hast satisfied
 For thy suspected loyaltie. MAC. My lord,
 I haue no longer time, the day approacheth,
 And I must backe to CAESAR. SEI. Where's CALIGVLA ?
 MAC. That I forgot to tell your lordship. Why,
 2880 He lingers yonder, about *Caprea*,
 Disgrac'd ; TIBERVS hath not seene him yet :
 He needs would thrust himselfe to goe with me,
 Against my wish, or will, but I haue quitted
 His forward trouble, with as tardie note
 2885 As my neglect, or silence could afford him.
 Your lordship cannot now command me ought,
 Because, I take no knowledge that I saw you,
 But I shall boast to liue to serue your lordship :
 And so take leaue. SEI. Honest, and worthy MACRO,
 2890 Your loue, and friendship. Who's there ? SATRVS,
 Attend my honourable friend forth. O !
 How vaine, and vile a passion is this feare ?

- What base, vncomely things it makes men doe?
 Suspect their noblest friends, (as I did this)
 2895 Flatter poore enemies, intreat their seruants,
 Stoupe, court, and catch at the beneuolence
 Of creatures, vnto whom (within this houre)
 I would not haue vouchsaf'd a quarter-looke,
 Or piece of face? By you, that fooles call gods,
 2900 Hang all the skie with your prodigious signes,
 Fill earth with monsters, drop the *scorpion* downe,
 Out of the *zodiack*, or the fiercer *lyon*,
 Shake off the loos'ned globe from her long henge,
 Rowle all the world in darkenesse, and let loose
 2905 Th'inraged windes to turne vp groues and townes;
 When I doe feare againe, let me be strooke
 With forked fire, and vnpittied die:
 Who feares, is worthy of calamitie.

POMPONIVS, REGVLVS, TRIO.

To the rest.

- 2910 **I**S not my lord here? TER. Sir, he will be straight.
 COT. What newes, FVLGINIVS TRIO? TRI. Good, good tidings.
 (But, keepe it to your selfe) My lord SEIANVS
 Is to receiue this day, in open *Senate*,
 The *tribuniciall* dignitie. COT. Is't true?
 2915 TRI. No wordes; not to your thought: but, sir, beleue it.
 LAT. What sayes the *Consul*? COT. (Speake it not againe,)
 He tells me, that to day my lord SEIANVS ———
 (TRI. I must entreat you COTTA, on your honour
 Not to reueale it. COT. On my life, sir.) LAT. Say.
 2920 COT. Is to receiue the *tribuniciall* power.
 But, as you are an honourable man,
 Let me coniure you, not to vtter it:
 For it is trusted to me, with that bond.
 LAT. I am HARPOCRATES. TER. Can you assure it?
 2925 POM. The *Consul* told it me, but keepe it close.
 MIN. Lord LATIARIS, what's the newes? LAT. I'll tell you,
 But you must sweare to keepe it secret ———

SEIANVS.

To them.

- 2930 **I**Knew the fates had on their distaffe left
 More of our thread, then so. REG. Haile, great SEIANVS.
 TRI. Haile, the most honor'd. COT. Happy. LAT. High SEIAN^o.
 SEI. Doe you bring prodigies too? TRI. May all presage
 Turne to those faire effects, whereof we bring

- 2934 Your lordship newes. REG. May't please my lord with-draw.
To some that stand by. SEI. Yes (I will speake with you, anon.) TER. My lord,
 What is your pleasure for the *Tribunes*? SEI. Why,
 Let 'hem be thank't, and sent away. MIN. My lord——
 LAC. Wilt please your lordship to command me—— SEI. No.
 You are troublesome. MIN. The mood is chang'd. TRI. Not speake?
 2940 TRI. Nor looke? LAC. I. He is wise, will make him friends
 Of such, who neuer loue, but for their ends.

*Diuers other
 Senators passing
 by them.*

ARRVNTIVS, LEPIDVS.

- I, Goe, make haste ; take heed you be not last
 To tender your *All haile*, in the wide hall
 2945 Of huge SEIANVS : runne, a *Lictors* pace ;
 Stay not to put your robes on ; but, away,
 With the pale troubled ensignes of great friendship
 Stamp't i' your face ! Now, MARCVS LEPIDVS,
 You still beleeeue your former augurie ?
 2950 SEIANVS must goe downe-ward ? you perceiue
 His wane approching fast ? LEP. Beleeeue me, LVCIVS,
 I wonder at this rising ! ARR. I, and that we
 Must giue our suffrage to it ? you will say,
 It is to make his fall more steepe, and grievous ?
 2955 It may be so. But thinke it, they that can
 With idle wishes 'ssay to bring backe time :
 In cases desperate, all hope is crime.
 See, see ! what troups of his officious friends
 Flock to salute my lord ! and start before
 2960 My great, proud lord ! to get a lord-like nod !
 Attend my lord, vnto the *Senate-house* !
 Bring back my lord ! like seruile huishers, make
 Way for my lord ! proclaime his idoll lord-ship,
 More then ten cryers, or sixe noise of trumpets !
 2965 Make legs, 'kisse hands, and take a scatter'd haire
 From my lords eminent shoulder ! See, SANQVINIVS !
 With his slow belly, and his dropsie ! looke,
 What toyling haste he makes ! yet, here's another,
 Retarded with the gout, will be afore him !
 2970 Get thee *liburnian* porters, thou grosse foole,
 To beare thy obsequious fatnesse, like thy peeres.
 They are met ! The gout returnes, and his great carriage.

LICTORS,

LICTORS, CONSVLS, SEIANVS, &C.

Pass over the stage.

2975 **G**ive way, make place ; roome for the *Consul*. SAN. Haile,
Haile, great SEIANVS. HAT. Haile, my honor'd lord.
ARR. We shall be markt anon, for our not-haile.

LEP. That is already done. ARR. It is a note
Of vpstart greatnesse, to obserue, and watch
For these poore trifles, which the noble mind
2980 Neglects, and scornes. LEP. I, and they thinke themselues
Deepely dishonor'd, where they are omitted,
As if they were necessities, that helpt
To the perfection of their dignities :
And hate the men, that but refraine 'hem. ARR. O !
2985 There is a farder cause of hate. Their breasts
Are guiltie, that we know their obscure springs,
And base beginnings : thence the anger growes. On. Follow.

MACRO, LACO.

2990 **V**Vhen all are entred, shut the temple doores ;
And bring your guardes vp to the gate. LAC. I will.
MAC. If you shall heare commotion in the *Senate*,
Present your selfe : and charge on any man
Shall offer to come forth. LAC. I am instructed.

THE SENATE.

2995 HATERIVS, TRIO, SANQVINIVS,
COTTA, REGVLVS, SEIANVS,
POMPONIVS, LATIARIS,
LEPIDVS, ARRVNTIVS,
PRÆCONES, LICTORES.

3000 **H**ow well his lordship lookes to day ! TRI. As if
He had beene borne, or made for this houres state.
COT. Your fellow *Consul's* come about, me thinkes ?
TRI. I, he is wise. SAN. SEIANVS trusts him well.
TRI. SEIANVS is a noble, bounteous lord.
3005 HAT. He is so, and most valiant. LAT. And most wise.
SEN. Hee's euery thing. LAT. Worthy of all, and more
Then bountie can bestow. TRI. This dignitie
Will make him worthy. POM. Aboue CAESAR. SAN. Tut,
CAESAR is but the rector of an I'sle,
3010 He of the empire. TRI. Now he will haue power

More

More to reward, then euer. COT. Let vs looke
We be not slack in giuing him our voyces.

LAT. Not I. SAN. Nor I. COT. The readier we seeme
To propagate his honours, will more bind

3015 His thought, to ours. HAT. I thinke right, with your lordship.
It is the way to haue vs hold our places.

SAN. I, and get more. LAT. More office, and more titles.

POM. I will not lose the part, I hope to share
In these his fortunes, for my patrimonie.

3020 LAT. See, how ARRVNTIVS sits, and LEPIDVS.

TRI. Let 'hem alone, they will be markt anon.

SEN. I'll doe with others. SEN. So will I. SEN. And I.
Men grow not in the state, but as they are planted
Warne in his fauours. COT. Noble SEIANVS!

3025 HAT. Honor'd SEIANVS! LAT. Worthy, and great SEIANVS!

ARR. Gods! how the sponges open, and take in!
And shut againe! looke, looke! is not he blest
That gets a seate in eye-reach of him? more,
That comes in eare, or tongue-reach? Ô, but most,

3030 Can claw his subtle elbow, or with a buzze
Fly-blow his eares. PRAET. Proclaime the *Senates* peace;
And giue last summons by the edict. PRAE. Silence:
In name of CAESAR, and the SENATE. Silence.

MEMMIVS REGVLVS, and FVLGINIVS TRIO, *Consuls, these*
3035 *present kalends of Iune, with the first light, shall hold a senate, in the temple of*
APOLLOPALATINE, all that are Fathers, and are registred Fathers, that haue
right of entring the Senate, we warne, or command, you be frequently present,
take knowledge the businesse is the common-wealths, whosoener is absent, his fine,
or mulct, will be taken, his excuse will not be taken.

3040 TRI. Note, who are absent, and record their names.

REG. *Fathers Conscript. May, what I am to vtter,*
Turne good, and happy, for the common-wealth.

And thou APOLLO, in whose holy house
We here are met, inspire vs all, with truth,

3045 And libertie of censure, to our thought.

The maiestie of great TIBERIVS CAESAR
Propounds to this graue *Senate*, the bestowing
Vpon the man he loues, honour'd SEIANVS,
The *tribuniciall* dignitie, and power;

3050 Here are his letters, signed with his signet:

What pleaseth now the Fathers to be done?

SEN. Reade, reade 'hem, open, publicuely, reade 'hem.

COT. CAESAR hath honour'd his owne greatness much,
In thinking of this act. TRI. It was a thought

3055 Happy, and worthy CAESAR. LAT. And the lord,

As worthy it, on whom it is directed!

HAT. Most worthy! SAN. *Rome did neuer boast the vertue
That could giue enuie bounds, but his : SEIANVS* —

SEN. Honour'd, and noble! SEN. Good, and great SEIANVS!

3060 ARR. O, most tame slauerie, and fierce flatterie! PRAE. Silence.

TIBERIVS CÆSAR TO THE SENATE, GREETING.

The Epistle
is read.

3065 **I**F you, *Conscript Fathers*, with your children, bee in health, it is abundantly well : wee with our friends here, are so. The care of the commonwealth, howsoever we are remou'd in person, cannot be absent to our thought; although, oftentimes, euen to princes most present, the truth of their owne affaires is hid : then which, nothing fals out more miserable to a state, or makes the art of gouerning more difficult. But since it hath beene our ease-full happinesse to
3070 enioy both the aides, and industrie of so vigilant a Senate, wee professe to haue beene the more indulgent to our pleasures, not as being carelesse of our office, but rather secure of the necessitie. Neyther doe these common rumors of many, and infamous libels published against our retirement, at all afflict vs; being born more out of mens ignorance, then their malice : and will, neglected, finde their owne
3075 graue quickly; whereas too sensibly acknowledg'd, it would make their obloquie ours. Nor doe we desire their authors (though found) bee censur'd, since in a free state (as ours) all men ought to enioy both their mindes, and tongues free.

(ARR. The lapwing, the lapwing.)

Yet, in things, which shall worthily, and more neere concerne the maiestie of a
3080 prince, we shall feare to be so vnaturally cruell to our owne fame, as to neglect them. True it is, *Conscript Fathers*, that wee haue raysed SEIANVS, from obscure, and almost vnknowne gentrie, (SEN. How! how!) to the highest, and most conspicuous point of greatnesse, and (wee hope) deservingly; yet, not without danger : it being a most bold hazard in that sou'raigne,
3085 who, by his particular loue to one, dares aduenture the hatred of all his other subiects.

(ARR. This touches, the blood turnes.)

But wee affie in your loues, and vnderstandings, and doe no way suspect the merit of our SEIANVS to make our fauours offensive to any.

3090 (SEN. O! good, good.)

Though we could haue wished his zeale had runne a calmer course against AGRIPPINA, and our Nephewes, howsoever the opennesse of their actions, declared them delinquents; and, that he would haue remembred, no innocence is so safe, but it reioyceth to stand in the sight of mercie : The vse of which in vs, hee
3095 hath so quite taken away, toward them, by his loyall furie, as now our clemencie would be thought but wearied crueltie, if we should offer to exercise it.

(ARR. I thanke him, there I look'd for't. A good fox!)

Some there bee, that would interpret this his publique seueritie to bee particular

lar ambition; and that, vnder a pretext of seruice to vs, hee doth but remooue his
 3100 owne lets : alleadging the strengths he hath made to himselfe , by the Prætorian
 souldiers , by his faction in Court, and Senate , by the offices hee holdes himselfe,
 and conferres on others, his popularitie, and dependents, his vrging (and almost
 drining) vs to this our vntwilling retirement, and lastly his aspiring to be our sonne
 in-law.

3105 (SEN. This 's strange!

ARR. I shall anon beleeeue your vultures, MARCVS.)

Your wisdomes , Conscript Fathers , are able to examine , and censure these
 suggestions. But, were they left to our absolving voyce, we durst pronounce them,
 as we thinke them, most malicious.

3110 (SEN. O, he has restor'd all, list.)

Yet, are they offer'd to bee auerr'd , and on the liues of the informers. What wee
 should say, or rather what we should not say, Lords of the Senate, if this bee
 true, our gods, and goddesses confound vs if we know ! Only, we must thinke, we
 haue plac'd our benefits ill : and conclude, that , in our choise , either we were wan-

3115 ting to the gods, or the gods to vs.

*The Senators
 shift their
 places.*

(ARR. The place growes hot, they shift.)

We haue not beene couctous, Honourable Fathers, to change; neither is it now,
 any new lust that alters our affection, or old lothing: but those needfull iealousies
 of state, that warne wiser princes, hourely, to provide their safetie; and doe
 3120 teach them how learned a thing it is to beware of the humblest enemy; much more
 of those great ones, whom their owne employ'd fauours haue made fit for their
 feares.

(SEN. Away. SEN. Sit farder. COT. Let's remooue——

ARR. Gods ! how the leaues drop off , this little winde!)

3125 We therefore desire , that the offices he holds, bee first seized by the Senate; and
 himselfe suspended from all exercise of place, or power—— (TERIVS?

(SEN. How! SAN. By your leaue. ARR. Come, Porc pisce, (wher's HA-
 His gout keepees him most miserably constant.)

Your dancing shewes a tempest. SEI. Reade no more.

3130 REG. Lords of the Senate, hold your seates : reade on.

*Laco enters with
 the guards.*

SEI. These letters, they are forg'd. REG. A guard, sit still.

ARR. There's change. REG. Bid silence, and reade forward.

PRAE. Silence—— and himselfe suspended from all exercise of place , or
 power , but till due and mature tryall be made of his innocency, which yet we can
 3135 faintly apprchend the necessitie , to doubt. If, Conscript Fathers , to your
 more searching wisdomes, there shall appeare farther cause (or of farder pro-
 ceeding, cither to seizure of lands, goods, or more——) it is not our power that
 shall limit your authoritie, or our fauour, that must corrupt your iustice: either
 were dishonourable in you, and both vncharitable to our selfe. We would willing-

3140 ly be present with your counsailes in this businesse, but the danger of so potent a
 faction (if it should proueso) forbids our attempting it: except one of the Consuls
 would be intreated for our safetie, to vndertake the guard of vs home, then wee
 should most readily aduenture. In the meane time, it shall not bee fit for vs to
 importune

- importune so iudicious a Senate, who know how much they hurt the innocent,
 3145 that spare the guiltie: and how gratefull a sacrifice, to the gods, is the life of an
 ingratefull person. We reflect not, in this, on SEIANVS (notwithstanding, if you
 keepe an eye vpon him—and there is LATIARIS a Senator, and PINNA-
 RIVS NATTA, two of his most trusted ministers, and so profest, whom we de-
 sire not to haue apprénded) but as the necessitie of the cause exacts it.
- 3150 REG. A guard on LATIARIS. ARR. O, the spie!
 The reuerend spie is caught, who pitties him?
 Reward, sir, for your seruice: now, you ha' done
 Your propertie, you see what vse is made?
 Hang vp the instrument. SEI. Giue leaue. LAC. Stand, stand,
 3155 He comes vpon his death, that doth aduance
 An inch toward my point. SEI. Haue we no friends here?
 ARR. Hush't. Where now are all the hailes, and acclamations?

MACRO, SENATE.

- 3160 **H**Aile, to the *Consuls*, and this noble *Senate*.
 SEI. Is MACRO here? O, thou art lost, SEIANVS.
 MAC. Sit still, and vn-affrighted, *reuerend Fathers*.
 MACRO, by CAESARS grace, the new-made *Prouost*,
 And now possest of the *prætorian* bands,
 An honour late belong'd to that proud man,
 3165 Bids you, be safe: and to your constant doome
 Of his deseruings, offers you the surety
 Of all the souldiers, *tribunes*, and *centurions*,
 Receiu'd in our command. REG. SEIANVS, SEIANVS,
 Stand forth, SEIANVS. SEI. Am I call'd? MAC. I, thou,
 3170 Thou insolent monster, art bid stand. SEI. Why, MACRO,
 It hath beene otherwise, betweene you, and I?
 This court, that knowes vs both, hath seene a difference,
 And can (if it be pleas'd to speake) confirme,
 Whose insolence is most. MAC. Come downe *Typhæus*,
 3175 If mine be most, loe, thus I make it more;
 Kicke vp thy heeles in ayre, teare off thy robe,
 Play with thy beard, and nostrills. Thus 'tis fit,
 (And no man take compassion of thy state)
 To vse th'ingratefull viper, tread his braines
 3180 Into the earth. REG. Forbeare. MAC. If I could lose
 All my humanitie now, 'twere well to torture
 So meriting a traytor. VVherefore, *Fathers*,
 Sit you amaz'd, and silent? and not censure
 This wretch, who in the houre he first rebell'd
 3185 'Gainst CAESARS bountie, did condemne himselfe?

P'hlegra,

- Phlegra*, the field, where all the sonnes of earth
 Muster'd against the gods, did ne're acknowledge
 So proud, and huge a monster. REG. Take him hence.
 And all the gods guard CAESAR. TRI. Take him hence.
- 3190 HAT. Hence. COT. To the dungeon with him. SAN. He deserues it.
 SEN. Crowne all our doores with bayes. SAN. And let an ox
 With gilded hornes, and garlands, straight be led
 Vnto the *capitol*. HAT. And sacrifice'd
 To IOVE, for CAESARS safety. TRI. All our gods
- 3195 Be present still to CAESAR. COT. PHOEBVS. SAN. MARS.
 HAT. DIANA. SAN. PALLAS. SEN. IVNO, MERCVRIE,
 All guard him. MAC. Forth, thou prodigie of men.
 COT. Let all the traytors titles be defac'd.
 TRI. His images, and statues be pull'd downe.
- 3200 HAT. His chariot-wheeles be broken. ARR. And the legs
 Of the poore horses, that deserued naught,
 Let them be broken too. LEP. O, violent change,
 And whirle of mens affections! ARR. Like, as both
 Their bulkes and soules were bound on fortunes wheele,
 3205 And must act onely with her motion!

LEPIDVS, ARRVNTIVS.

- WV Ho would depend vpon the popular ayre,
 Or voyce of men, that haue to day beheld
 (That which if all the gods had fore-declar'd,
- 3210 Would not haue beene beleeu'd) SEIANVS fall?
 He, that this morne rose proudly, as the sunne?
 And, breaking through a mist of clients breath,
 Came on as gaz'd at, and admir'd, as he
 When superstitious *Moores* salute his light!
- 3215 That had our seruile nobles waiting him
 As common groomes; and hanging on his looke,
 No lesse then humane life on destinie!
 That had mens knees as frequent, as the gods;
 And sacrifices, more, then *Rome* had altars:
- 3220 And this man fall! fall? I, without a looke,
 That durst appeare his friend; or lend so much
 Of vaine reliefe, to his chang'd state, as pitty!
- ARR. They, that before like gnats plaid in his beames,
 And throng'd to circumscribe him, now not seene!
- 3225 Nor deigne to hold a common seate with him!
 Others, that wayted him vnto the *Senate*,
 Now, inhumanely rauish him to prison!

Whom

Whom (but this morne) they follow'd as their lord,
Guard through the streets, bound like a fugitiue !

- 3230 In stead of wreaths, giue fetters ; strokes, for stoops :
Blind shame, for honours ; and black taunts, for titles !
Who would trust slippery chance? LEP. They, that would make
Themselves her spoile : and foolishly forget,
When shee doth flatter, that shee comes to prey.
3235 Fortune, thou hadst no deitie, if men
Had wisdom^e : we haue placed thee so high,
By fond beliefe in thy felicitie.

SEN. The gods guard CAESAR. All the gods guard CAESAR.

Shout within.

MACRO, REGVLVS, SENATORS.

- 3240 **N**OW great SEIANVS, you that aw'd the state,
And sought to bring the nobles to your whip,
That would be CAESARS tutor, and dispose
Of dignities, and offices ! that had
The publike head still bare to your designes,
3245 And made the generall voyce to eccho yours!
That look'd for salutations, twelue score off,
And would haue pyramid's, yea, temples rear'd
To your huge greatnesse ! now, you lie as flat,
As was your pride aduanc'd. REG. Thanks, to the gods.
3250 SEN. And praise to MACRO, that hath saued *Rome*.
Liberty, liberty, liberty. Lead on,
And praise to MACRO, that hath saued *Rome*.

ARRVNTIVS, LEPIDVS, TERENCEVS.

- 3255 **I**Prophesie, out of this *Senates* flatterie,
That this new fellow, MACRO, will become
A greater prodigie in *Rome*, then he
That now is false. TER. O you, whose minds are good,
And haue not forc'd all mankind, from your breasts ;
That yet haue so much stock of vertue left,
3260 To pittie guiltie states, when they are wretched :
Lend your soft eares to heare, and eyes to weepe
Deeds done by men, beyond the acts of *furies*.
The eager multitude, (who neuer yet
Knew why to loue, or hate, but onely pleas'd
3265 T'expresse their rage of power) no sooner heard
The murmure of SEIANVS in decline,
But with that speed, and heate of appetite,

O o

With

- With which they greedily deuoure the way
 To some great sports, or a new theatre ;
 3270 They fill'd the *capitoll*, and POMPEI'S circke,
 Where, like so many mastiues, biting stones,
 As if his statues now were sensitiue
 Of their wild furie ; first, they teare them downe :
 Then fastning ropes, drag them along the streets,
 3275 Crying in scorne, this, this was that rich head
 Was crown'd with garlands, and with odours, this
 That was in *Rome* so reuerenced. Now
 The fornace, and the bellows shall too worke
 The great SEIANVS crack, and piece, by piece,
 3280 Drop i' the founders pit. LEP. O, popular rage !
 TER. The whilst, the *Senate*, at the temple of *Concord*,
 Make haste to meet againe, and thronging cry,
 Let vs condemne him, tread him downe in water,
 While he doth lie vpon the banke ; away :
 3285 Where some, more tardie, cry vnto their bearers,
 He will be censur'd ere we come, runne knaues,
 And vse that furious diligence, for feare
 Their bond-men should informe against their slacknesse,
 And bring their quaking flesh vnto the hooke :
 3290 The rout, they follow with confused voyce,
 Crying, they're glad, say they could ne're abide him ;
 Enquire, what man he was ? what kind of face ?
 What beard he had ? what nose ? what lips ? protest,
 They euer did presage h' would come to this :
 3295 They neuer thought him wise, nor valiant : Aske
 After his garments, when he dies ? what death ?
 And not a beast of all the herd demands,
 What was his crime ? or, who were his accusers ?
 Vnder what roofe, or testimonie, he fell ?
 3300 There came (sayes one) a huge, long, worded letter
 From *Caprea* against him. Did there so ?
 O, they are satisfied, no more. LEP. Alas !
 They follow fortune, and hate men condemn'd,
 Guiltie, or not. ARR. But, had SEIANVS thriu'd
 3305 In his designe, and prosperously opprest
 The old TIBERIVS, then, in that same minute
 These very raskals, that now rage like *furies*,
 Would haue proclaim'd SEIANVS emperour.
 LEP. But what hath follow'd ? TER. Sentence, by the *Senate* ;
 3310 To lose his head : which was no sooner off,
 But that, and th'vnfortunate trunkes were seiz'd

- By the rude multitude ; who not content
 With what the forward iustice of the state,
 Officiously had done, with violent rage
 3315 Haue rent it limbe, from limbe. A thousand heads,
 A thousand hands, ten thousand tongues, and voyces,
 Employ'd at once in seuerall acts of malice !
 Old men not staid with age, virgins with shame,
 Late wiues with losse of husbands, mothers of children,
 3320 Losing all griefe in ioy of his sad fall,
 Runne quite transported with their crueltie !
 These mounting at his head, these at his face,
 These digging out his eyes, those with his braine,
 Sprinkling themselues, their houses, and their friends ;
 3325 Others are met, haue rauish'd thence an arme,
 And deale small pieces of the flesh for fauours ;
 These with a thigh ; this hath cut off his hands ;
 And this his feet ; these fingers, and these toes ;
 That hath his liuer ; he his heart : there wants
 3330 Nothing but roome for wrath, and place for hatred !
 What cannot oft be done, is now ore-done.
 The whole, and all of what was great SEIANVS,
 And next to CAESAR did possesse the world,
 Now torne, and scatter'd, as he needs no graue,
 3335 Each little dust couers a little part :
 So lyes he no where, and yet often buryed !

ARRVNTIVS, NVNTIVS, LEPIDVS,
 TARENTIVS.

- 3340 **M**ore of SEIANVS? NVN. Yes. LEP. What can be added?
 We know him dead. NVN. Then, there begin your pitty.
 There is inough behind, to melt eu'n *Rome*,
 And CAESAR into teares : (since neuer slaue
 Could yet so highly offend, but tyrannie,
 In torturing him, would make him worth lamenting.)
 3345 A sonne, and daughter, to the dead SEIANVS,
 (Of whom there is not now so much remayning
 As would giue fastning to the hang-mans hooke)
 Haue they drawne forth for farder sacrifice ;
 Whose tendernesse of knowledge, vnripe yeares,
 3350 And childish silly innocence was such,
 As scarce would lend them feeling of their danger :
 The girle so simple, as shee often askt,
Where they would lead her ? for what cause they drag'd her ?
 Cry'd, *shee would doe no more. That shee could take*

3355 *Warning with beating.* And because our lawes

Admit no virgin immature to die,

The wittily, and strangely-cruell MACRO,

Deliu'er'd her to be deflowr'd, and spoil'd,

By the rude lust of the licentious hang-man,

3360 Then, to be strangled with her harmelesse brother.

LEP. O, act, most worthy hell, and lasting night,

To hide it from the world! NVN. Their bodies throwne

Into the *Gemonies*, (I know not how,

Or by what accident return'd) the mother,

3365 Th'expulsed APICATA, finds them there ;

Whom when shee saw lie spred on the degrees,

After a world of furie on her selfe,

Tearing her haire, defacing of her face,

Beating her brests, and wombe, kneeling amaz'd,

3370 Crying to heauen, then to them ; at last,

Her drowned voyce gate vp aboue her woes :

And with such black, and bitter execrations,

(As might affright the gods, and force the sunne

Runne back-ward to the east, nay, make the old

3375 Deformed CHAOS rise againe, t' ore-whelme

Them, vs, and all the world) shee fills the aire ;

Vpbraids the heauens with their partiall doomes,

Defies their tyrannous powers, and demands,

What shee, and those poore innocents haue 'transgress'd,

3380 That they must suffer such a share in vengeance,

Whilst LIVIA, LYGDVS, and EVDEMVS liue,

Who, (as shee say's, and firmly vows, to proue it

To CAESAR, and the *Senate*) poyson'd DRVSVS?

LEP. Confederates with her husband? NVN. I. LEP. Strange act !

3385 ARR. And strangely open'd : what say's now my monster,

The multitude? they reele now? doe they not?

NVN. Their gall is gone, and now they 'gin to weepe

The mischief they haue done. ARR. I thanke 'hem, rogues !

NVN. Part are so stupide, or so flexible,

3390 As they beleeeue him innocent ; all grieue :

And some, whose hands yet reeke with his warme blood,

And gripe the part which they did teare of him,

Wish him collected, and created new.

LEP. How fortune plies her sports, when shee begins

3395 To practise 'hem ! pursues, continues, addes !

Confounds, with varying her empassion'd moodes !

ARR. Do'st thou hope fortune to redeeme thy crimes?

To make amends, for thy ill placed fauours,

With

With these strange punishments? Forbeare, you things,
3400 That stand vpon the pinnacles of state,
To boast your slippery height ; when you doe fall,
You pash your selues in pieces, nere to rise :
And he that lends you pittie, is not wise.

TER. Let this example mooue th'insolent man,
3405 Not to grow proud, and carelesse of the gods :
It is an odious wisedome, to blaspheme,
Much more to slighten, or denie their powers.
For, whom the morning saw so great, and high,
Thus low, and little, 'fore the'euen doth lie.

3410

THE END.

This Tragœdie vvas first
acted, in the yeere
1603.

3415 *By the Kings Maiesties*
SERVANTS.

The principall Tragœdians were,

3420 RIC. BURBADGE. } WILL. SHAKE-SPEARE.
AVG. PHILIPS. } IOH. HEMINGS.
WILL. SLY. } HEN. CONDEL.
IOH. LOWIN. } ALEX. COOKE.

With the allowance of the Master of REVELLS.

VOLPONE.
OR
THE FOXE.

A Comædie.

Acted in the yeere 1605. By

the K. MAIESTIES

SERVANTS.

The Author B. I.

HORAT.

Simul & incunda, & idonea dicere vita.

LONDON,

Printed by WILLIAM STANSBY.

M. D C. XVI.

TO
THE MOST
NOBLE AND
MOST EQVALL
SISTERS

THE TWO FAMOUS
VNIVERSITIES
FOR THEIR LOVE

AND
ACCEPTANCE
SHEW'N TO HIS POEME IN THE
PRESENTATION

BEN. IONSON

THE GRATEFVLL ACKNOWLEDGER

DEDICATES
BOTH IT AND HIMSELFE.



5

Euer (most equall SISTERS)
had any man a wit so presently
excellent, as that it could raise
it selfe; but there must come
both matter, occasion, commen-
ders, and fauourers to it: If this
be true, and that the fortune of
all writers doth daily proue it, it behoues the carefull to
prouide, well, toward these accidents; and, hauing ac-
10 *quir'd them, to preserue that part of reputation most*
tenderly, wherein the benefit of a friend is also defen-
ded. Hence is it, that I now render my selfe grate-
full, and am studious to iustifie the bounty of your act:
to which, though your mere authority were satisfying,
15 *yet, it being an age, wherein Poetrie, and the Profes-*
sors of it heare so ill, on all sides, there will a reason bee
look'd for in the subiect. It is certayne, nor can it with
any fore-head be oppos'd, that the too-much licence of
Poetasters, in this time, hath much deform'd their
20 *Mistris; that, euery day, their manifold, and manifest*
ignorance, doth sticke vnnaturall reproches vpon her:
But for their petulancy, it were an act of the greatest in-
iustice, either to let the learned suffer; or so diuine a
skill (which indeed should not bee attempted with vn-
25 *cleane hands) to fall, vnder the least contempt. For, if*
men will impartially, and not à-squint, looke toward
the offices, and function of a Poet, they will easily con-
clude to themselues, the impossibility of any mans being
the good Poet, without first being a good man. He that
is

30 *issaid to be able to informe yong-men to all good disci-
 plines, inflame growne-men to all great vertues, keepe
 old-men in their best and supreme state, or as they de-
 clinetochild-hood, recouer them to their first strength;
 that comes forth the interpreter, and arbiter of nature,*
 35 *ateacher of things diuine, nolessethen humane. a ma-
 ster in manners; and can alone (or with a few) effect
 the businesse of man-kind : this, I take him, is no sub-
 iect for pride, and ignorance to exercisetheir rayling
 rhetoriquerpon. But, it will here be hastily answer'd,*
 40 *that the writers of these dayes are other things; that,
 not only their manners, but their natures are inuerted;
 and nothing remayning with them of the dignitie of
 Poet, but the abused name, which euery Scribe surps :
 that now, especially in dramatick, or (as they terme it)*
 45 *stage-poetrie, nothing but ribaldry, profanation, blas-
 phemy, all licence of offenceto god, and man, is practis'd.*
*I dare not denie a great part of this (and am sorry, I
 dare not) because in some mens abortiue features (and
 would they had neuer boasted the light) it is ouer-true :*
 50 *But, that all are embarqu'd in this bold aduenture for
 hell, is a most vncharitable thought, and, vtter'd, a
 more malicious slander. For my particular, I can (and
 from a most cleare conscience) affirme, that I haue e-
 uertrembled to thinketoward the least prophanesse ;*
 55 *haue lothed the vse of such foule, and vn-wash'd bau-
 dr'y, as is now made the foode of the scene : And, how-
 soeuer I cannot escape, from some, the imputation of
 sharpnesse, but that they will say, I haue taken a pride,*
 or

or lust, to be bitter, and not my yongest infant but hath
 60 come into the world with all his teeth; I would aske of
 these supercilious politiques, what nation, societie, or
 generall order, or state I haue prouok'd? what publique
 person? whether I haue not (in all these) preseru'd their
 dignitie, as mine owne person, safe? My workes are
 65 read, allow'd, (I speake of those that are intirely mine)
 looke into them: What broad reproofes haue I vs'd?
 Where haue I beene particular? Where personall? ex-
 cept to a mimick, cheater, bawd, or buffon, creatures
 (for their insolencies) worthy to be tax'd? Yet, to which
 70 of these so pointingly, as he might not, either ingenuously
 haue confest, or wisely dissembled his disease? But it is
 not rumour can make men guillie, much lesse entitle
 me, to other mens crimes. I know, that nothing can bee
 so innocently writ, or carryed, but may be made obnoxi-
 75 ous to construction; many, whilst I beare mine inno-
 cence about mee, I feare it not. Application, is now,
 growne a trade with many; and there are, that professe
 to haue a key for the decyphering of euery thing; but let
 wise and noble persons take heed how they be too credu-
 80 lous, or giue leaue to these inuading interpreters, to bee
 ouer-familiar with their fames, who cunningly, and of-
 ten, vtter their owne virulent malice, vnder other mens
 simplest meanings. As for those, that will (by faults
 which charitie hath rack'd vp, or common honestie con-
 85 ceal'd) make themselves a name with the multitude, or
 (to draw their rude, and beastly claps) care not whose
 liuing faces they intrench, with their petulant stiles;
 may

may they doe it, without a riual, for me : I choose rather to liue grau'd in obscuritie, then share with them,
 90 in so preposterous a fame. Nor can I blame the wishes of those seuere, and wiser patriots, who prouiding the hurts these licentious spirits may doe in a state, desire rather to see fooles, and deuils, and those antique reliques of barbarisme retriu'd, with all other ridiculous,
 95 and exploded follies: then behold the wounds of priuate men, of princes, and nations. For, as HORACE makes TREBATIVS speake, among these

— Sibi quisq; timet, quanquam est intactus, & odit.

And men may iustly impute such rages, if continu'd, to
 100 the writer, as his sports. The increase of which lust in liberty, together with the present trade of the stage, in all their misc'line enter-ludes, what learned or liberall soule doth not already abhor? where nothing but the filth of the time is vtter'd, and that with such impriety of phrase, such plenty of solœcismes, such dearth
 105 of sense, so bold prolepse's, so rackt metaphor's, with brothelry, able to violate the eare of a pagan, and blasphemy, to turne the bloud of a christian to water. I cannot but be serious in a cause of this nature, wherein my
 110 fame, and the reputations of diuers honest, and learned are the question; when a Name, so full of authority, antiquity, and all great marke, is (through their insolence) become the lowest scorne of the age: and those men subject to the petulancy of euery vernaculous Orator, that
 115 were wont to bee the care of Kings, and happiest Monarchs. This it is, that hath not only rap't me to pre-

sent indignation, but made me studious, heretofore; and,
 by all my actions, to stand off, from them: which may
 most appeare in this my latest worke (which you, most
 120 learned ARBITRESSES, haue seene, iudg'd, and to my
 crowne, approu'd) wherein I haue labour'd, for their in-
 struction, and amendment, to reduce, not onely the an-
 cient formes, but manners of the scene, the easinesse, the
 propriety, the innocence, and last the doctrine, which is
 125 the principall end of poesie, to informe men, in the best
 reason of liuing. And though my catastrophe may, in
 the strict rigour of comick law, meet with censure, as
 turning back to my promise; I desire the learned, and
 charitable critick to haue so much faith in me, to thinke
 130 it was done off industrie: For, with what ease I could
 haue varied it, neerer his scale (but that I feare to boast
 my owne faculty) I could here insert. But my speciall
 ayme being to put the snaffle in their mouths, that crie
 out, we neuer punish vice in our enterludes, &c. I tooke
 135 the more liberty; though not without some lines of ex-
 ample, drawne euen in the ancients themselues, the go-
 ings out of whose comedies are not alwaies ioyfull, but
 oft-times, the bawdes, the seruants, the riuals, yea, and
 the masters are mulcted: and fitly, it being the office of
 140 a comick-Poet, to imitate iustice, and instruct to life,
 as well as puritie of language, or stirre vp gentle affe-
 ctions. To which, I shall take the occasion else-where to
 speake. For the present (most reuerenced SISTERS)
 as I haue car'd to be thankefull for your affections past,
 145 and here made the vnderstanding acquainted with some
 ground

ground of your fauours ; let me not despaire their con-
 tinuance , to the maturing of some worthier fruits :
 wherein, if my M V S E S be true to me, J shall raise the
 despis'd head of poetrie againe, and stripping her out
 150 of those rotten and base rags, wherewith the Times haue
 adulterated her form. restore her to her primitiue habit.
 feature, and maiesty, and render her worthy to be imbra-
 ced. and kist. of all the great and master-spirits of our
 world. As for the vile, and slothfull. who neuer affe-
 155 cted an act. worthy of celebration, or are so inward with
 their owne vicious natures, as they worthily feare her ;
 and thinke it a high point of policie, to keepe her in con-
 tempt with their declamatorie , and windy inuectiues :
 shee shall out of iust rage incite her seruants (who are
 160 genus irritable) to spout inke in their faces. that shall
 eate, farder then their marrow, into their fames ; and
 not C I N N A M V S the barber, with his arte, shall be able
 to take out the brands . but they shall liue . and bee
 165 seruing of themselves in chiefe, and
 then of all man-
 kind.

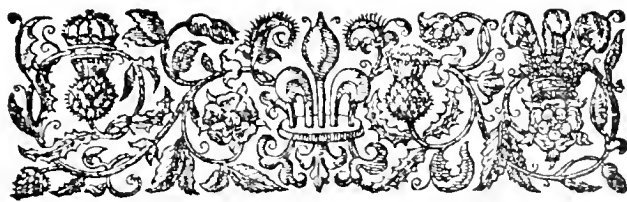
The Persons of the Play.

VOLPONE, <i>a Magnifico.</i>	POLITIQUE WOVLDBEE, <i>a Knight.</i>
170 MOSCA, <i>his Parasite.</i>	PEREGRINE, <i>a Gent.-traveller.</i>
VOLTORE, <i>an Advocate.</i>	BONARIO, <i>a young Gentleman.</i>
CORBACCIO, <i>an old Gentleman.</i>	FINE MADAME WOVLDBEE, <i>the Knights wife.</i>
CORVINO, <i>a Merchant.</i>	CELIA, <i>the Merchants wife.</i>
175 AVOCATORI, <i>four Magistrates</i>	COMMANDADORI, <i>Officers.</i>
NOTARIO, <i>the Register.</i>	MERCATORI, <i>three Merchants.</i>
NANO, <i>a Dwarf.</i>	ANDROGYNO, <i>a Hermaphrodite.</i>
CASTRONE, <i>an Eunuch.</i>	SERVITORE, <i>a Servant.</i>
GREGE.	WOMEN.

180

T H E S C E N E

VENICE.



VOLPONE,

OR

THE FOXE.

185

THE ARGUMENT.

VOLPONE, *childlesse, rich, fainesseicke, despaires,*
Offers his state to hopes of seuerall heires,
Lies languishing ; His Parasite receaues
Presents of all, assures, deludes : Then weaues
 190 *O ther crosse-plots, which ope' themselues, are told.*
New tricks for safety, are sought ; they thriue : When, bold,
Each tempts th' other againe, and all are sold.

PROLOGVE.

195

200



Ow, luck yet send vs, and a little wit
 Will serue, to make our play hit ;
 (According to the palates of the season)
 Here is ri'me, not emptie of reason :
 This we were bid to credit, from our *Poet*,
 Whose true scope, if you would know it,
 In all his *poemes*, stil, hath been this measure,
 To mixe profit, with your pleasure ;
 And not as some (whose throats their enuy
 fayling)

Cry hoarsely, all he writes, is rayling :
 205 And, when his playes come forth, thinke they can flout them,
 With saying, he was a yeere about them.
 To these there needs no lie, but this his creature,
 Which was, two months since, no feature ;
 And, though he dares giue them fūe liues to mend it,
 210 'Tis knowne, fūe weekes fully pen'd it :

From his owne hand, without a co-adiutor,
 Nouice, iourney-man, or tutor.
 Yet, thus much I can giue you, as a token
 Of his Playes worth, No egges are broken ;
 215 Nor quaking custards with fierce teeth affrighted,
 Wherewith your rout are so delighted ;
 Nor hailes he in a gull, old ends reciting,
 To stop gaps in his loose writing ;
 With such a deale of monstrous, and forc'd action :
 220 As might make *Be'lem* a faction :
 Nor made he'his Play, for iests, stolne from each table,
 But makes iests, to fit his fable.
 And, so presents quick *comedie*, refined,
 As best Criticks haue designed,
 225 The lawes of time, place, persons he obserueth,
 From no needfull rule he swerueth.
 All gall, and coppresse, from his inke, he drayneth,
 Onely, a little salt remayneth ;
 Wherewith, he'll rub your checks, til (red with laughter)
 230 They shall looke fresh, a weeke after.

Act I. Scene I.

VOLPONE, MOSCA.

235 **G**ood morning to the day ; and, next, my gold :
 Open the shrine, that I may see my *saint*.
 Haile the worlds soule, and mine. More glad then is
 The teeming earth, to see the long'd-for Sunne
 Peepe through the hornes of the celestiall *Ram*,
 Am I, to view thy splendor, darkening his :
 That lying here, amongst my other hoords,
 240 Shew'st like a flame, by night ; or like the day
 Strooke out of *chaos*, when all darkenesse fled
 Vnto the center. O, thou sonne of SOL,
 (But brighter then thy father) let me kisse,
 With adoration, thee, and euery relique
 245 Of sacred treasure, in this blessed roome.
 Well did wise Poets, by thy glorious name,
 Title that age, which they would haue the best ;
 Thou being the best of things : and far transcending
 All stile of ioy, in children, parents, friends,
 250 Or any other waking dreame on earth.
 Thy looks, when they to VENVS did ascribe,
 They should haue giu'n her twentie thousand CVPIDS ;

Such

- Such are thy beauties, and our loues ! Deare *saint*,
 Riches, the dumbe god, that giu'st all men tongues :
- 255 That canst doe nought, and yet mak'st men doe all things ;
 The price of soules ; euen hell, with the to boot,
 Is made worth heauen ! Thou art vertue, fame,
 Honour, and all things else ! Who can get thee,
 He shall be noble, valiant, honest, wise——
- 260 MOS. And what he will, sir. Riches are in fortune
 A greater good, then wisdom is in nature.
 VOL. True, my beloued MOSCA. Yet, I glory
 More in the cunning purchase of my wealth,
 Then in the glad possession ; since I gaine
- 265 No common way : I vse no trade, no venter ;
 I wound no earth with plow-shares, I fat no beasts
 To feede the shambles ; haue no mills for yron,
 Oyle, corne, or men, to grinde 'hem into poulder ;
 I blow no subtill glasse ; expose no ships
- 270 To threatnings of the furrow-faced sea ;
 I turne no moneys, in the publike banke ;
 Nor vsure priuate. MOS. No, sir, nor deuoure
 Soft prodigalls. You shall ha' some will swallow
 A melting heire, as glibly, as your *Dutch*
- 275 Will pills of butter, and ne're purge for't ;
 Teare forth the fathers of poore families
 Out of their beds, and coffin them, aliue,
 In some kind, clasping prison, where their bones
 May be forth-comming, when the flesh is rotten :
- 280 But your sweet nature doth abhorre these courses ;
 You lothe, the widdowes, or the orphans teares
 Should wash your pauements ; or their pittious cryes
 Ring in your roofes : and beate the aire, for vengeance.
- VOL. Right, MOSCA, I doe lothe it. MOS. And besides, sir,
- 285 You are not like a thresher, that doth stand
 With a huge flaile, watching a heape of corne,
 And, hungrie, dares not taste the smallest graine,
 But feeds on mallowes, and such bitter herbs ;
 Nor like the marchant, who hath fill'd his vaults
- 290 With *Romagnia*, and rich *Candian* wines,
 Yet drinkes the lees of *Lombards* vineger :
 You will not lie in straw, whilst moths, and wormes
 Feed on your sumptuous hangings, and soft beds.
 You know the vse of riches, and dare giue, now,
- 295 From that bright heape, to me, your poore obseruer,
 Or to your dwarfe, or your *hermaphrodite*,
 Your *cunnuch*, or what other houshold-trifle

Your

- Your pleasure allowes maint'nance.— VOL. Hold thee, MOSCA,
 Take, of my hand ; thou strik'st on truth, in all :
- 300 And they are enuious, terme thee parasite.
 Call forth my dwarfe, my eunuch, and my foole,
 And let'hem make me sport. What should I doe,
 But cocker vp my *genius*, and liue free
 To all delights, my fortune calls me to?
- 305 I haue no wife, no parent, child, allie,
 To giue my substance to ; but whom I make,
 Must be my heire : and this makes men obserue me.
 This drawes new clients, daily, to my house,
 Women, and men, of euery sexe, and age,
- 310 That bring me presents, send me plate, coyne, iewels,
 With hope, that when I die, (which they expect
 Each greedy minute) it shall then returne,
 Ten-fold, vpon them ; whil'st some, couetous
 About the rest, seeke to engrosse me, whole,
- 315 And counter-worke, the one, vnto the other,
 Contend in gifts, as they would seeme, in loue :
 All which I suffer, playing with their hopes,
 And am content to coyne 'hem into profit,
 And looke vpon their kindnesse, and take more,
- 320 And looke on that ; still bearing them in hand,
 Letting the cherry knock against their lips,
 And, draw it, by their mouths, and back againe. How now !

Act I. Scene II.

NANO, ANDROGYNO, CASTRONE,
 325 VOLPONE, MOSCA.

- N**OW, roome, for fresh gamsters, who doe will you to know,
 They doe bring you neither play, nor Vniuersitie shew;
 And therefore doe intreat you, that whatsoeuer they reherse,
 May not fare a whit the worse, for the false pase of the verse.
- 330 If you wonder at this, you will wonder more, ere we passe,
 For know, here is inclos'd the Soule of PYTHAGORAS,
 That iuggler diuine, as hereafter shall follow ;
 Which Soule (fast, and loose, sir) came first from APOLLO,
 And was breath'd into ÆTHALIDES, MERCVRIVS his sonne,
- 335 Where it had the gift to remember all that euer was done.
 From thence it fled forth, and made quick transmigration
 To goldy-lockt EVPHORBVS, who was kill'd, in good fashion,
 At the siege of old Troy, by the Cuckold of Sparta.
 HERMOTIMVS was next (I find it, in my charta)

- 340 *To whom it did passe, where no sooner it was missing,
But with one PYRRHVS, of Delos, it learn'd to goe a fishing :
And thence, did it enter the Sophist of Greece.
From PYTHAGORE, shee went into a beautifull peece,
Hight ASPASIA, the meretrix ; and the next tosse of her*
- 345 *Was, againe, of a whore, shee became a Philosopher,
CRATES the Cynick : (as it selfe doth relate it)
Since, Kings, Knights, and Beggers, Knaues, Lords and Fooles gat it,
Besides, oxe, and asse, cammell, mule, goat, and brock,
In all which it hath spoke, as in the Coblers cock.*
- 350 *But I come not here, to discourse of that matter,
Or his one, two, or three, or his great oath, by quater,
His musicks, his trigon, his golden thigh,
Or his telling how elements shift : but I
Would aske, how of late, thou hast suffered translation,*
- 355 *And shifted thy coat, in these dayes of reformation?
AND. Like one of the reformed, a Foole, as you see,
Counting all old doctrine heresie.
NAN. But not on thine owne forbid meates hast thou venter'd ?
AND. On fish, when first, a carthusian I enter'd.*
- 360 *NAN. Why, then thy dogmaticall silence hath left thee?
AND. Of that an obstreperous Lawyer bereft mee.
NAN. O wonderfull change ! when Sir Lawyer forsooke thee,
For PYTHAGORE'S sake, what body then tooke thee?
AND. A good dull moyle. NAN. And how ! by that meanes,*
- 365 *Thou wert brought to allow of the eating of beanes ?
AND. Yes. NAN. But, from the moyle, into whom did'st thou passe ?
AND. Into a very strange beast, by somewriters cal'd an asse ;
By others, a precise, pure, illuminate brother,
Of those deuoure flesh, and sometimes one another :*
- 370 *And will drop you forth a libell, or a sanctified lie,
Betwixt euery spoonefull of a natiuitie-pie.
NAN. Now quit thee, for heauen, of that profane nation ;
And gently, report thy next transmigration.
AND. To the same that I am. NAN. A creature of delight ?*
- 375 *And (what is more then a Foole) an hermaphrodite ?
Now' pray thee, sweet Soule, in all thy variation,
Which body would'st thou choose, to take v^p thy station ?
AND. Troth, this I am in, euen here would I tarry.
NAN. 'Cause here, the delight of each sexe thou canst vary ?*
- 380 *AND. Alas, those pleasures be stale, and forsaken ;
No, 'tis your Foole, wherewith I am so taken,
The onely one creature, that I can call blessed :
For all other formes I haue pron'd most distressed.*

NAN.

NAN. *Spoke true, as thou wert in PYTHAGORAS still.*

385 *This learned opinion we celebrate will,
Fellow eunuch (as behooves vs) with all our wit, and art,
To dignifie that, whereof our selues are so great, and speciall a part.*

VOL. Now very, very pretty : MOSCA, this
Was thy inuention? MOS. If it please my patron,
390 Not else. VOL. It doth, good MOSCA. MOS. Then it was, sir.

SONG.

FOoles, they are the onely nation
Worth mens enny, or admiration;
Free from care, or sorrow-taking,
395 Selues, and others merry-making :
All they speake, or doe, is sterling.
Your Foole, he is your great mans dearling,
And your ladies sport, and pleasure ;
Tongue, and bable are his treasure.
400 Eene his face begetteth laughter,
And he speakes truth, free from slaughter ;
Hee's the grace of euery feast,
And, sometimes, the chieftest guest :
Hath his trencher, and his stoole,
405 When wit waites vpon the foole.
O, who would not bee
Hee, hee, hee ?

*One knocks
without.*

VOL. Who's that? away, looke MOSCA. MOS. Foole, be gone,
'Tis signior VOLTORE, the Aduocate,
410 I know him, by his knock. VOL. Fetch me my gowne,
My furies, and night-caps ; say, my couch is changing :
And let him entertayne himselfe, awhile,
Without i' th' gallerie. Now, now, my clients
Beginne their visitation ! vulture, kite,
415 Rauen, and gor-crow, all my birds of prey,
That thinke me turning carcasse, now they come :
I am not for 'hem yet. How now? the newes?

MOS. A piece of plate, sir. VOL. Of what bignesse? MOS. Huge,
Massie, and antique, with your name inscrib'd,
420 And armes ingrauen. VOL. Good! and not a foxe
Stretch'd on the earth, with fine delusiue sleights,
Mocking a gaping crow? ha, MOSCA? MOS. Sharpe, sir.

VOL. Giue me my furies. Why dost thou laugh so, man?

MOS. I cannot choose, sir, when I apprehend
425 What thoughts he has (without) now, as he walkes :
That this might be the last gift, he should giue ;

That

- That this would fetch you ; if you dyed to day,
 And gaue him all, what he should be to morrow ;
 What large returne would come of all his venters ;
 430 How he should worship'd be, and reuerenc'd ;
 Ride, with his furies, and foot-clothes ; waited on
 By herds of fooles, and clients ; haue cleere way
 Made for his moyle, as letter'd as himselfe ;
 Be cald the great, and learned Aduocate :
- 435 And then concludes, there's nought impossible.
 VOL. Yes, to be learned, MOSCA. MOS. O, no : rich
 Implies it. Hood an asse, with reuerend purple,
 So you can hide his two ambitious eares,
 And, he shall passe for a cathedrall Doctor.
- 440 VOL. My caps, my caps, good MOSCA, fetch him in.
 MOS. Stay, sir, your ointment for your eyes. VOL. That's true ;
 Dispatch, dispatch : I long to haue possession
 Of my new present. MOS. That, and thousands more,
 I hope, to see you lord of. VOL. Thankes, kind MOSCA.
- 445 MOS. And that, when I am lost in blended dust,
 And hundred such, as I am, in succession——
 VOL. Nay, that were too much, MOSCA. MOS. You shall liue,
 Still, to delude these *harpyies*. VOL. Louing MOSCA,
 'Tis well, my pillow now, and let him enter.
- 450 Now, my fain'd cough, my phthisick, and my gout,
 My apoplexie, palsie, and catarrhes,
 Helpe, with your forced functions, this my posture,
 Wherein, this three yeere, I haue milk'd their hopes.
 He comes, I heare him (vh, vh, vh, vh) ô.

455

Act I. Scene III.

MOSCA, VOLTORE, VOLPONE.

- Y**ou still are, what you were, sir. Onely you
 (Of all the rest) are he, commands his loue :
 And you doe wisely, to preserue it, thus,
- 460 With early visitation, and kind notes
 Of your good meaning to him, which, I know,
 Cannot but come most gratefull. Patron, sir.
 Here's signior VOLTORE is come —— VOLP. What say you ?
- MOS. Sir, signior VOLTORE is come, this morning,
 465 To visit you. VOLP. I thanke him. MOS. And hath brought
 A piece of antique plate, bought of S. MARKE,
 With which he here presents you. VOLP. He is welcome.
 Pray him, to come more often. MOS. Yes. VOLT. What sayes he ?
 MOS.

- MOS. He thanks you, and desires you see him often. (is he?)
- 470 VOLP. MOSCA. MOS. My patron? VOLP. Bring him neere, where
I long to feele his hand. MOS. The plate is here, sir.
- VOLT. How fare you, sir? VOLP. I thanke you, signior VOLTORE.
Where is the plate? mine eyes are bad. VOLT. I'm sorry,
To see you still thus weake. MOS. That he is not weaker.
- 475 VOLP. You are too munificent. VOLT. No, sir, would to heauen,
I could as well giue health to you, as that plate.
- VOLT. You giue, sir, what you can. I thanke you. Your loue
Hath taste in this, and shall not be vn-answer'd.
I pray you see me often. VOLT. Yes, I shall, sir.
- 480 VOLP. Be not far from me. MOS. Doe you obserue that, sir?
VOLP. Harken vnto me, still: It will concerne you.
MOS. You are a happy man, sir, know your good.
VOLP. I cannot now last long— (MOS. You are his heire, sir.
VOLT. Am I?) VOLP. I feele me going, (vh, vh, vh, vh.)
- 485 I am sayling to my port, (vh, vh, vh, vh?)
And I am glad, I am so neere my hauen.
- MOS. Alas, kind gentleman, well, we must all goe— (heare me.
VOLT. But, MOSCA— MOS. Age wil conquer. VOLT. 'Pray thee
Am I inscrib'd his heire, for certayne? MOS. Are you?)
- 490 I doe beseech you, sir, you will vouchsafe
To write me, i' your family. All my hopes,
Depend vpon your worship. I am lost,
Except the rising sunne doe shine on me.
- VOLT. It shall both shine, and warme thee, MOSCA. MOS. Sir.
- 495 I am a man, that haue not done your loue
All the worst offices: here I weare your keyes,
See all your coffers, and your caskets lockt,
Keepe the poore inuentorie of your iewels,
Your plate, and moneyes, am your steward, sir,
- 500 Husband your goods here. VOLT. But am I sole heire?
MOS. Without a partner, sir, confirm'd this morning;
The waxe is warme yet, and the inke scarce drie
Vpon the parchment. VOLT. Happy, happy, me!
By what good chance, sweet MOSCA? MOS. Your desert, sir;
- 505 I know no second cause. VOLT. Thy modestie
Is loth to know it; well, we shall requite it.
- MOS. He euer lik'd your course, sir, that first tooke him.
I, oft, haue heard him say, how he admir'd
Men of your large profession, that could speake
- 510 To euery cause, and things mere contraries,
Till they were hoarse againe, yet all be law;
That, with most quick agilitie, could turne,
And re-turne; make knots, and vndoe them;

- Giue forked counsell ; take prouoking gold
 515 On either hand, and put it vp : these men,
 He knew, would thriue, with their humilitie.
 And (for his part) he thought, he should be blest
 To haue his heire of such a suffering spirit,
 So wise, so graue, of so perplex'd a tongue,
 520 And loud withall, that would not wag, nor scarce
 Lie still, without a fee ; when euery word
 Your worship but lets fall, is a *cecchine* !
 Who's that ? one knocks, I would not haue you seene, sir.
 And yet — pretend you came, and went in haste ;
 525 I'll fashion an excuse. And, gentle sir,
 When you doe come to swim, in golden lard,
 Vp to the armes, in honny, that your chin
 Is borne vp stiffe, with fatnesse of the floud,
 Thinke on your vassall ; but remember me :
 530 I ha' not beene your worst of clients. VOLT. MOSCA —
 MOS. When will you haue your inuentorie brought, sir ?
 Or see a copy of the will ? (anon)
 I'll bring 'hem to you, sir. Away, be gone,
 Put businesse i' your face. VOLP. Excellent, MOSCA !
 535 Come hither, let me kisse thee. MOS. Keepe you still, sir.
 Here is CORBACCIO. VOLP. Set the plate away,
 The vulture's gone, and the old rauen's come.

Another knocks.

Act I. Scene IIII.

MOSCA, CORBACCIO, VOLPONE.

- 540 **B** Etake you, to your silence, and your sleepe :
 Stand there, and multiply. Now, shall wee see
 A wretch, who is (indeed) more impotent,
 Then this can faine to be ; yet hopes to hop
 Ouer his graue. Signior CORBACCIO !
 545 Yo' are very welcome, sir. CORB. How do's your patron ?
 MOS. Troth, as he did, sir, no amends. CORB. What ? mends he ?
 MOS. No, sir : he is rather worse. CORB. That's well. Where is he ?
 MOS. Vpon his couch, sir, newly fall'n asleepe.
 CORB. Do's he sleepe well ? MOS. No winke, sir, all this night,
 550 Nor yesterday, but slumbers. CORB. Good ! He should take
 Some counsell of physicians : I haue brought him
 An *opiate* here, from mine owne Doctor —
 MOS. He will not heare of drugs. CORB. Why ? I my selfe
 Stood by, while 't was made ; saw all th'ingredients :
 555 And know, it cannot but most gently worke.

Q q

My

My life for his, 'tis but to make him sleepe.

VOLP. I, his last sleepe, if he would take it. MOS. Sir,
He ha's no faith in physick. CORB. 'Say you? 'say you?

MOS. He ha's no faith in physick: he do's thinke,
560 Most of your Doctors are the greater danger,
And worse disease, t'escape. I often haue
Heard him protest, that your physitian
Should neuer be his heire. CORB. Not I his heire?

MOS. Not your physitian, sir. CORB. O, no, no, no,
565 I doe not meane it. MOS. No, sir, nor their fees
He cannot brooke: he sayes, they flay a man,
Before they kill him. CORB. Right, I doe conceiue you.

MOS. And then, they doe it by experiment;
For which the law not onely doth absolue 'hem,
570 But giues them great reward: and, he is loth
To hire his death, so. CORB. It is true, they kill,
With as much licence, as a iudge. MOS. Nay, more;
For he but kills, sir, where the law condemnes,
And these can kill him, too. CORB. I, or me:

575 Or any man. How do's his apoplexe?
Is that strong on him, still? MOS. Most violent.
His speech is broken, and his eyes are set,
His face drawne longer, then 't was wont—— CORB. How? how?
Stronger, then he was wont? MOS. No, sir: his face
580 Drawne longer, then 't was wont. CORB. O, good. MOS. His mouth
Is euer gaping, and his eye-lids hang. CORB. Good.

MOS. A freezing numnesse stiffens all his ioynts,
And makes the colour of his flesh like lead. CORB. 'Tis good.

MOS. His pulse beats slow, and dull. CORB. Good symptomes, still.
585 MOS. And, from his brain — CORB. Ha? how? not from his brain?
MOS. Yes, sir, and from his brain — (CORB. I conceiue you, good.)
MOS. Flowes a cold sweat, with a continuall rhewme,
Forth the resolved corners of his eyes.

CORB. Is't possible? yet I am better, ha!
590 How do's he, with the swimming of his head?

MOS. O, sir, 'tis past, the *scotomy*; he, now,
Hath lost his feeling, and hath left to snort:
You hardly can perceiue him, that he breathes.

CORB. Excellent, excellent, sure I shall out-last him:
595 This makes me yong againe, a score of yeeres.

MOS. I was a comming for you, sir. CORB. Has he made his will?
What has he giu'n me? MOS. No, sir. CORB. Nothing? ha?

MOS. He has not made his will, sir. CORB. Oh, oh, oh.
What then did VOLTORE, the Lawyer, here?

600 MOS. He smelt a carcasse, sir, when he but heard

My master was about his testament ;

(As I did vrge him to it, for your good——)

CORB. He came vnto him, did he? I thought so.

MOS. Yes, and presented him this piece of plate.

605 CORB. To be his heire? MOS. I doe not know, sir. CORB. True,
I know it too. MOS. By your owne scale, sir. CORB. Well,
I shall preuent him, yet. See, MOSCA, looke,
Here, I haue brought a bag of bright *cecchines*,
Will quite weigh downe his plate. MOS. Yea, mary, sir!

610 This is true physick, this your sacred medicine,
No talke of *opiates*, to this great *elixir*.

CORB. 'Tis *aurum palabile*, if not *potabile*.

MOS. It shall be minister'd to him, in his bowle?

CORB. I, doe, doe, doe. MOS. Most blessed cordiall!

615 This will recouer him. CORB. Yes, doe, doe, doe. (couer him.

MOS. I thinke, it were not best, sir. CORB. What? MOS. To re-

CORB. O, no, no, no; by no meanes. MOS. Why, sir, this
Will worke some strange effect, if he but feele it.

CORB. 'Tis true, therefore forbear, I'll take my venter :

620 Giue me't againe. MOS. At no hand, pardon me ;

You shall not doe your selfe that wrong, sir. I

Will so aduise you, you shall haue it all.

CORB. How? MOS. All, sir, 'tis your right, your owne; no man
Can claime a part : 'tis yours, without a riuall,

625 Decree'd by destinie. CORB. How? how, good MOSCA?

MOS. I'll tell you, sir. This fit he shall recouer——

CORB. I doe conceiue you. MOS. And, on first aduantage
Of his gayn'd sense, will I re-importune him
Vnto the making of his testament :

630 And shew him this. CORB. Good, good. MOS. 'Tis better yet,
If you will heare, sir. CORB. Yes, with all my heart.

MOS. Now, would I counsell you, make home with speed ;

There, frame a will : whereto you shall inscribe

My master your sole heire. CORB. And disinherit

635 My sonne? MOS. O, sir, the better : for that colour
Shall make it much more taking. CORB. O, but colour?

MOS. This will, sir, you shall send it vnto me.

Now, when I come to inforce (as I will doe)

Your cares, your watchings, and your many prayers,

640 Your more then many gifts, your this dayes present,

And, last, produce your will ; where (without thought,

Or least regard, vnto your proper issue,

A sonne so braue, and highly meriting)

The streame of your diuerted loue hath throwne you

645 Vpon my master, and made him your heire :

- He cannot be so stupide, or stone dead,
 But, out of conscience, and mere gratitude—— (plot
 CORB. He must pronounce me, his? MOS. 'Tis true. CORB. This
 Did I thinke on before. MOS. I doe belecue it. (proiect.
 650 CORB. Doe you not belecue it? MOS. Yes, sir. CORB. Mine owne
 MOS. Which when he hath done, sir—CORB. Publish'd me his heire?
 MOS. And you so certayne, to suruiue him—CORB. I.
 MOS. Being so lusty a man—CORB. 'Tis true. MOS. Yes, sir—
 CORB. I thought on that too. See, how he should be
 655 The very organ, to expresse my thoughts!
 MOS. You haue not onely done your selfe a good——
 CORB. But multiplyed it on my sonne? MOS. 'Tis right, sir.
 CORB. Still, my inuention. MOS. 'Lasse sir, heauen knowes,
 It hath beene all my studie, all my care,
 660 (I'eene grow grey withall) how to worke things——
 CORB. I doe conceiue, sweet MOSCA. MOS. You are he,
 For whom I labour, here. CORB. I, doe, doe, doe :
 I'lle straight about it. MOS. Rooke goe with you, rauen.
 CORB. I know thee honest. MOS. You doe lie, sir—CORB. And—
 665 MOS. Your knowledge is no better then your eares, sir.
 CORB. I doe not doubt, to be a father to thee.
 MOS. Nor I, to gull my brother of his blessing.
 CORB. I may ha' my youth restor'd to me, why not?
 MOS. Your worship is a precious asse—CORB. What say'st thou?
 670 MOS. I doe desire your worship, to make haste, sir.
 CORB. 'Tis done, 'tis done, I goe. VOLP. O, I shall burst;
 Let out my sides, let out my sides—— MOS. Contayne
 Your fluxe of laughter, sir : you know, this hope
 Is such a bait, it couers any hooke.
 675 VOLP. O, but thy working, and thy placing it!
 I cannot hold ; good rascall, let me kisse thee :
 I neuer knew thee, in so rare a humour.
 MOS. Alas, sir, I but doe, as I am taught ;
 Follow your graue instructions ; giue 'hem wordes ;
 680 Powre oyle into their eares : and send them hence.
 VOLP. 'Tis true, 'tis true. What a rare punishment
 Is auarice, to it selfe? MOS. I, with our helpe, sir.
 VOLP. So many cares, so many maladies,
 So many feares attending on old age,
 685 Yea, death so often call'd on, as no wish
 Can be more frequent with 'hem, their limbs faint,
 Their senses dull, their seeing, hearing, going,
 All dead before them ; yea, their very teeth,
 Their instruments of eating, fayling them :
 690 Yet this is reckon'd life ! Nay, here was one,

Is now gone home, that wishes to liue longer !
 Feeles not his gout, nor palsie, faines himselfe
 Yonger, by scores of yeeres, flatters his age,
 With confident belying it, hopes he may
 695 With charmes, like ÆSON, haue his youth restor'd :
 And with these thoughts so battens, as if fate
 Would be as easily cheated on, as he,
 And all turnes aire ! Who's that, there, now ? a third ?
 MOS. Close, to your couch againe : I heare his voyce.
 700 It is CORVINO, our spruce Merchant. VOLP. Dead.
 MOS. Another bout, sir, with your eyes. Who's there ?

Another knocks.

Act I. Scene v.

MOSCA, CORVINO, VOLPONE.

705 **S** Ignior CORVINO ! come most wisht for ! O,
 How happy were you, if you knew it, now ! (sir.
 CORV. Why ? what ? wherein ? MOS. The tardie houre is come,
 CORV. He is not dead ? MOS. Not dead, sir, but as good ;
 He knowes no man. CORV. How shall I doe, then ? MOS. Why, sir ?
 CORV. I haue brought him, here, a pearle. MOS. Perhaps, he has
 710 So much remembrance left, as to know you, sir ;
 He still calls on you, nothing but your name
 Is in his mouth : Is your pearle orient, sir ?
 CORV. *Venice* was neuer owner of the like. (VINO.
 VOLP. Signior CORVINO. MOS. Harke. VOLP. Signior COR-
 715 MOS. 'He calls you, step and giue it him. H'is here, sir,
 And he has brought you a rich pearle. CORV. How doe you, sir ?
 Tell him, it doubles the twelfe *caract*. MOS. Sir,
 He cannot vnderstand, his hearing's gone ;
 And yet it comforts him, to see you—— CORV. Say,
 720 I haue a diamant for him, too. MOS. Best shew't, sir,
 Put it into his hand ; 'tis onely there
 He apprehends : he has his feeling, yet.
 See, how he grasps it ! CORV. 'Lasse, good gentleman !
 How pittifull the sight is ! MOS. Tut, forget, sir.
 725 The weeping of an heire should still be laughter,
 Vnder a visor. CORV. Why ? am I his heire ?
 MOS. Sir, I am sworne, I may not shew the will,
 Till he be dead : But, here has beene CORBACCIO,
 Here has beene VOLTORE, here were others too,
 730 I cannot number 'hem, they were so many,
 All gaping here for legacies ; but I,
 Taking the vantage of his naming you,

- (Signior CORVINO, Signior CORVINO) tooke
 Paper, and pen, and inke, and there I ask'd him,
 735 Whom he would haue his heire? CORVINO. Who
 Should be executor? CORVINO. And,
 To any question, he was silent too,
 I still interpreted the nods, he made
 (Through weakenesse) for consent: and sent home th'others,
 740 Nothing bequeath'd them, but to crie, and curse.
- They embrace.* CORV. O, my deare MOSCA. Do's he not perceiue vs?
 MOS. No more then a blind harper. He knowes no man,
 No face of friend, nor name of any seruant,
 Who't was that fed him last, or gaue him drinke:
 745 Not those, he hath begotten, or brought vp
 Can he remember. CORV. Has he children? MOS. Bastards,
 Some dozen, or more, that he begot on beggers,
Gipseys, and Iewes, and black-moores, when he was drunke.
 Knew you not that, sir? 'Tis the common fable.
 750 The Dwarf, the Foole, the Eunuch are all his;
 H'is the true father of his family,
 In all, saue me: but he has giu'n 'hem nothing.
 CORV. That's well, that's well. Art sure he does not heare vs?
 MOS. Sure, sir? why, looke you, credit your owne sense.
 755 The poxe approach, and adde to your diseases,
 If it would send you hence the sooner, sir.
 For, your incontinence, it hath deseru'd it
 Thoroughly, and thoroughly, and the plague to boot.
 (You may come neere, sir) would you would once close
 760 Those filthy eyes of yours, that flow with slime,
 Like two frog-pits; and those same hanging cheeks,
 Couer'd with hide, in stead of skin: (nay, helpe, sir)
 That looke like frozen dish-clouts, set on end.
 CORV. Or, like an old smok'd wall, on which the raine
 765 Ran downe in streakes. MOS. Excellent, sir, speake out;
 You may be lowder yet: a culuering,
 Discharged in his eare, would hardly bore it.
 CORV. His nose is like a common sewre, still running.
 MOS. 'Tis good! and, what his mouth? CORV. A very draught.
 770 MOS. O, stop it vp— CORV. By no meanes. MOS. 'Pray you let me.
 Faith, I could stifle him, rarely, with a pillow,
 As well, as any woman, that should keepe him.
 CORV. Doe as you will, but I'll be gone. MOS. Be so;
 It is your presence makes him last so long.
 775 CORV. I pray you, vse no violence. MOS. No, sir? why?
 Why should you be thus scrupulous? 'pray you, sir.
 CORV. Nay, at your discretion. MOS. Well, good sir, be gone.
 CORV.

CORV. I will not trouble him now, to take my pearle?

MOS. Puh, nor your diamant. What a needlesse care

780 Is this afflicts you? Is not all, here, yours?

Am not I here? whom you haue made? your creature?

That owe my being to you? CORV. Gratefull MOSCA!

Thou art my friend, my fellow, my companion,

My partner, and shalt share in all my fortunes. (wife, sir.

785 MOS. Excepting one. CORV. What's that? MOS. Your gallant

Now, is he gone: we had no other meanes,

To shoot him hence, but this. VOLP. My diuine MOSCA!

Thou hast to day out-gone thy selfe. Who's there?

Another knocks.

I will be troubled with no more. Prepare

790 Me musicke, dances, banquets, all delights;

The *Turke* is not more sensuall, in his pleasures,

Then will VOLPONE. Let mee see, a pearle?

A diamant? plate? *cecchines*? good mornings purchase;

Why, this is better then rob churches, yet:

795 Or fat, by eating (once a mon'th) a man.

Who is't? MOS. The beauteous lady WOVLDBEE, sir.

Wife, to the *English* Knight, Sir POLITIQUE WOVLDBEE,

(This is the stile, sir, is directed mee)

Hath sent to know, how you haue slept to night,

800 And if you would be visited. VOLP. Not, now.

Some three houres, hence—— MOS. I told the Squire, so much.

VOLP. When I am high with mirth, and wine: then, then.

'Fore heauen, I wonder at the desperate valure

Of the bold *English*, that they dare let loose

805 Their wiues, to all encounters! MOS. Sir, this knight

Had not his name for nothing, he is politique,

And knowes, how ere his wife affect strange aires,

Shee hath not yet the face, to be dishonest.

But, had shee signior CORVINO'S wiues face——

810 VOLP. Has shee so rare a face? MOS. O, sir, the wonder,

The blazing starre of *Italie*! a wench

O'the first yeere! a beautie, ripe, as haruest!

Whose skin is whiter then a swan, all ouer!

Then siluer, snow, or lillies! a soft lip,

815 Would tempt you to eternitie of kissing!

And flesh, that melteth, in the touch, to bloud!

Bright as your gold! and louely, as your gold!

VOLP. Why had not I knowne this, before? MOS. Alas, sir.

My selfe, but yesterday, discouer'd it.

820 VOLP. How might I see her? MOS. O, not possible;

Shee's kept as warily, as is your gold:

Neuer do's come abroad, neuer takes ayre,

But

- But at a windore. All her lookes are sweet,
 As the first grapes, or cherries : and are watch'd
 825 As neere, as they are. VOLP. I must see her—— MOS. Sir.
 There is a guard, of ten spies thick, vpon her ;
 All his whole houshold : each of which is set
 Vpon his fellow, and haue all their charge,
 When he goes out, when he comes in, examin'd.
 830 VOLP. I will goe see her, though but at her windore.
 MOS. In some disguise, then. VOLP. That is true. I must
 Maintayne mine owne shape, still, the same : wee'll thinke.

Act II. Scene I.

POLITIQUE WOVLDBEE, PEREGRINE.

- 835 **S**ir, to a wise man, all the world's his soile.
 It is not *Italie*, nor *France*, nor *Europe*,
 That must bound me, if my fates call me forth.
 Yet, I protest, it is no salt desire
 Of seeing countries, shifting a religion,
 840 Nor any dis-affection to the state
 Where I was bred (and, vnto which I owe
 My dearest plots) hath brought me out ; much lesse,
 That idle, antique, stale, grey-headed proiect
 Of knowing mens minds, and manners, with VLYSSES :
 845 But, a peculiar humour of my wiues,
 Laid for this height of *Venice*, to obserue,
 To quote, to learne the language, and so forth——
 I hope you trauell, sir, with licence? PER. Yes.
 POL. I dare the safelier conuerse—— How long, sir,
 850 Since you left *England*? PER. Seuen weekes. POL. So lately !
 You ha' not beene with my lord Ambassador?
 PER. Not yet, sir. POL. 'Pray you, what newes, sir, vents our climate?
 I heard, last night, a most strange thing reported
 By some of my lords followers, and I long
 855 To heare, how't will be seconded ! PER. What was't, sir?
 POL. Mary, sir, of a rauens, that should build
 In a ship royall of the Kings. PER. This fellow
 Do's he gull me, trow? or is gull'd? your name, sir? (him.
 POL. My name is POLITIQUE WOVLDBEE. PER. O, that speaks
 860 A Knight, sir? POL. A poore knight, sir. PER. Your lady
 Lies here, in *Venice*, for intelligence
 Of tyres, and fashions, and behaiour,
 Among the curtizans? the fine lady WOVLDBEE?
 POL. Yes, sir, the spider, and the bee, oft-times,

Suck

- 865 Suck from one flowre. PER. Good sir POLITIQUE!
 I cry you mercie; I haue heard much of you :
 'Tis true, sir of your rauen. POL. On your knowledge?
 PER. Yes, and your lyons whelping, in the *Tower*.
 POL. Another whelp! PER. Another, sir. POL. Now, heauen !
- 870 What prodigies be these? The fires at *Berwike* !
 And the new starre! these things concurring, strange!
 And full of omen! Saw you those meteors?
 PER. I did, sir. POL. Fearefull! Pray you sir, confirme me,
 Were there three porcpisces seene, aboue the bridge,
- 875 As they giue out? PER. Sixe, and and a sturgeon, sir.
 POL. I am astonish'd! PER. Nay, sir, be not so ;
 Ile tell you a greater prodigie, then these——
 POL. What should these things portend! PER. The verie day
 (Let me be sure) that I put forth from *London*,
- 880 There was a whale discover'd, in the riuier,
 As high as *Woolwich*, that had waited there
 (Few know how manie mon'ths) for the subuersion
 Of the *Stode-Fleet*. POL. Is't possible? Beleeue it,
 'Twas either sent from *Spaine*, or the *Arch-dukes* !
- 885 SPINOLA'S whale, vpon my life, my credit !
 Will they not leaue these proiects? Worthie sir,
 Some other newes. PER. Faith, STONE, the foole, is dead ;
 And they doe lacke a tauerne-foole, extremely.
 POL. Is MASS' STONE dead! PER. H'is dead, sir, why? I hope
- 890 You thought him not immortall? O, this Knight
 (Were he well knowne) would be a precious thing
 To fit our *English* stage : He that should write
 But such a fellow, should be thought to faine
 Extremely, if not maliciously. POL. STONE dead !
- 895 PER. Dead. Lord! how deeply, sir, you apprehend it?
 He was no kinsman to you? POL. That I know of.
 Well! that same fellow was an vnknowne foole.
 PER. And yet you knew him, it seemes? POL. I did so. Sir,
 I knew him one of the most dangerous heads
- 900 Liuing within the state, and so I held him.
 PER. Indeed, sir? POL. While he liu'd, in action.
 He has receiu'd weekly intelligence,
 Vpon my knowledge, out of the *low Countries*,
 (For all parts of the world) in cabages ;
- 905 And those dispens'd, againe, to 'Ambassadors,
 In oranges, musk-melons, apricotes,
 Limons, pome-citrons, and such like : sometimes,
 In *Colchester*-oysters, and your *Selsey*-cockles.
 PET. You make me wonder! POL. Sir, vpon my knowledge.
 Nay,

910 Nay, I haue obseru'd him, at your publique ordinarie,
 Take his aduertisement, from a trauceller
 (A conceal'd states-man) in a trencher of meat :
 And, instantly, before the meale was done,
 Conuey an answere in a tooth-pick. PER. Strange !

915 How could this be, sir? POL. Why, the meat was cut
 So like his character, and solaid, as he
 Must easily reade the cypher. PER. I haue heard,
 He could not reade, sir. POL. So, 'twas giuen out,
 (In politie) by those, that did imploy him :

920 But he could read, and had your languages,
 And to't, as sound a noddle — PER. I haue heard, sir,
 That your *Bab'ouns* were spies ; and that they were
 A kind of subtle nation, neere to *China*.

POL. I, I, your *Mamuluchi*. Faith, they had
 925 Their hand in a *French* plot, or two ; but they
 Were so extremely giuen to women, as
 They made discouery of all : yet I
 Had my aduises here (on wensday last)
 From one of their owne coat, they were return'd,
 930 Made their relations (as the fashion is)
 And now stand faire, for fresh imployment. PER. 'Hart !
 This, sir POLL. will be ignorant of nothing.
 It seemes, sir, you know all? POL. Not all, sir. But,
 I haue some generall notions ; I doe loue

935 To note, and to obserue : though I liue out,
 Free from the actiue torrent, yet I'd marke
 The currents, and the passages of things,
 For mine owne priuate vse ; and know the ebbes,
 And flowes of state. PER. Beleue it, sir, I hold

940 My selfe, in no small tie, vnto my fortunes,
 For casting me thus luckily, vpon you ;
 Whose knowledge (if your bountie equall it)
 May doe me great assistance, in instruction
 For my behauiour, and my bearing, which

945 Is yet so rude, and raw — POL. Why? came you forth
 Emptie of rules, for trauaile? PER. Faith, I had
 Some common ones, from out that vulgar *grammar*,
 Which he, that cry'd *Italian* to me, taught me.

POL. Why, this it is, that spoiles all our braue blouds;
 950 Trusting our hopefull gentrie vnto pedants:
 Fellowes of out-side, and mere barke. You seeme
 To be a gentleman, of ingenuous race —
 I not professe it, but my fate hath beene
 To be, where I haue beene consulted with;

955 In this high kind, touching some great mens sonnes,
Persons of bloud, and honour—— PER. Who be these, sir?

Act II. Scene II.

MOSCA, POLITIQUE, PEREGRINE,
VOLPONE, NANO,
960 GREGE.

VNDER that windore, there't must be. The same.

POL. Fellowes, to mount a banke ! Did your instructor
In the deare tongues, neuer discourse to you

Of the *Italian* mountebankes? PER. Yes, sir. POL. Why,

965 Here shall you see one. PER. They are quack-saluers,
Fellowes, that liue by venting oyles, and drugs?

POL. Was that the character he gaue you of them?

PER. As I remember. POL. Pitie his ignorance.

They are the onely-knowing men of *Europe* !

970 Great generall schollers, excellent phisicians,
Most admir'd states-men, profest fauourites,
And cabinet-counsellors, to the greatest princes!
The onely languag'd-men, of all the world !

PER. And, I haue heard, they are most lewd impostors ;

975 Made all of termes, and shreds ; no lesse belyers
Of great-mens fauours, then their owne vile med'cines ;
Which they will vtter, vpon monstrous othes :
Selling that drug, for two pence, ere they part,
Which they haue valu'd at twelue crownes, before.

980 POL. Sir, calumnies are answer'd best with silence :
Your selfe shall iudge. Who is it mounts, my friends ?

MOS. SCOTO of *Mantua*, sir. POL. Is't he? nay, then
I'le proudly promise, sir, you shall behold
Another man, then has beene phant'sied to you.

985 I wonder, yet, that he should mount his banke
Here, in this nooke, that has beene wont t'appeare
In face of the *piazza* ! Here, he comes.

VOLP. Mount, *Zany*. GRE. Follow, follow, follow, follow, follow.

POL. See how the people follow him ! h'is a man

990 May write 10000 crownes, in banke, here. Note,
Marke but his gesture : I doe vse to obserue
The state he keeps, in getting vp ! PER. 'Tis worth it, sir.

VOLP. *Most noble gent: and my worthy patrons, it may seeme strange, that
I, your SCOTO MANTVANO, who was euer wont to fixe my banke in face of
995 the publike piazza, neere the shelter of the portico, to the procuratia, should,
now (after eight months absence, from this illustrious city of Venice) humbly re-
tire my selfe, into an obscure nooke of the piazza.* POL.

POL. Did not I, now, object the same? PER. Peace, sir.

VOLP. *Let me tell you : I am not (as your Lombard prouerb saith) cold on*
 1000 *my feet; or content to part with my commodities at a cheaper rate, then I accnstom-*
med : looke not for it. Nor, that the calumnious reports of that impudent detra-
ctor, and shame to our profession, (ALESSANDRO BUTTONE, I meane) who
gaue out, in publike, I was condemn'd a' Sforzato to the galleys, for poyso-
ning the Cardinall BEMBO'S—Cooke, hath at all attached, much lesse delected
 1005 *me. No, no, worthy gent. (to tell you true) I cannot indure, to see the rabble of*
these ground Ciarlitani, that spread their clokes on the pauement, as if they
meant to do feates of actiuitie, and then come in, lamely, with their mouldy tales out
of BOCCACIO, like stale TABARINE, the Fabulist : some of them discoursing
their trauelles, and of their tedious captiuitie in the Turkes galleys, when indeed
 1010 *(were the truth knowne) they were the Christians galleyes, where very temperate-*
ly, they eate bread, and drunke water, as a wholesome penance (enioyn'd them by
their Confessors) for base pilferies.

POL. Note but his bearing, and contempt of these.

VOLP. *These turdy-facy-nasty-paty-lousy-farticall rogues, with one poore*
 1015 *groats-worth of vn-prepar'd antimony, finely wrapt vp in senerall' scartoc-*
cios, are able, very well, to kill their twentie a weeke, and play; yet, these meagre
staru'd spirits, who haue halfe stop't the organs of their mindes with earthy oppila-
tions, want not their fauourers among your shrinel'd, sallad-eating artizans : who
are ouer-ioy'd, that they may haue their halfe-pe'rth of physick, though it purge
 1020 *'hem into another world, 't makes no matter.*

POL. Excellent ! ha' you heard better language, sir ?

VOLP. *Well, let 'hem goe. And gentlemen, honorable gentlemen, know, that*
for this time, our banke, being thus remou'd from the clamours of the cana-
glia, shall be the scene of pleasure, and delight : For, I haue nothing to sell, little,
 1025 *or nothing to sell.*

POL. I told you, sir, his end. PER. You did so, sir.

VOLP. *I protest, I, and my sixe seruants, are not able to make of this precious*
liquor, so fast, as it is fetch'd away from my lodging, by gentlemen of your city;
strangers of the terra-ferma; worshipfull merchants; I, and senators too : who,
 1030 *euer since my arriuall, haue detayned me to their vses, by their splendidous libera-*
lities. And worthily. For, what auailles your rich man to haue his magazines
stuf't with moscadelli, or of the purest grape, when his physitians prescribe him
(on paine of death) to drinke nothing but water, cocted with anise-seeds ? O,
health ! health ! the blessing of the rich ! the riches of the poore ! who can buy thee
 1035 *at too deare a rate, since there is no enioying this world, without thee ? Be not then*
so sparing of your purses, honorable gentlemen, as to abridge the naturall course
of life ———

PER. You see his end ? POL. I, is't not good ?

VOLP. *For, when a humide fluxe, or catarrhe, by the mutability of aire, falls*
 1040 *from your head, into an arme, or shoulder, or any other part ; take you a duckat,*
or your cecchine of gold, and apply to the place affected : see, what good effect it
can worke. No, no, 'tis this blessed vnguento, this rare extraction, that hath only
 power

power to disperse all malignant humours, that proceed, either of hot, cold, moist, or windy causes—

1045 PER. I would he had put in drie to. POL. 'Pray you, obserue.

VOLP. *To fortifie the most indigest, and crude stomach, I, were it of one, that (through extreme weakenesse) vomited bloud, applying only a warme napkin to the place, after the vunction, and fricace; for the vertigine, in the head, putting but a drop into your nostrills, likewise, behind the eares; a most soueraigne, and*
 1050 *approued remedie: the mal-caduco, crampes, conuulsions, paralyties, epilepsies, tremor-cordia, retyred-nerues, ill vapours of the spleene, stoppings of the liuer, the stone, the strangury, hernia ventosa, iliaca passio; stops a disenteria, immediately; easeth the torsion of the small guts; and cures melancolia hypocondriaca, being taken and applyed, according to my printed receipt. For, this is the physitian, this the medicine; this counsells, this cures; this giues the direction, this workes the effect: and (in summe) both together may bee*
 1055 *term'd an abstract of the theoricke, and practick in the Æsculapian arte. 'Twill cost you eight crownes. And, ZAN FRITADA, 'pray thee sing a verse, extempore, in honour of it.*

*Pointing to his
bill and his
glasse.*

1060 POL. How doe you like him, sir? PER. Most strangely, I!

POL. Is not his language rare? PER. But *Alchimy*

I neuer heard the like: or BROUGHTONS bookes.

SONG.

1065 **H** *Ad old HIPPOCRATES, or GALEN,
(That to their bookes put med'cines all in)
But knowne this secret, they had neuer
(Of which they will be guiltie euer)
Beene murderers of so much paper,
Or wasted many a hurtlesse taper:*
 1070 *No Indian drug had ere beene famed,
Tabacco, sassafras not named;
Ne yet, of guacum one small stick, sir,
Nor RAYMVND LVLLIES great elixir.
Ne, had beene knowne the Danish GONSWART.
 1075 Or PARACELSVS, with his long-sword.*

PER. All this, yet, will not doe, eight crownes is high.

VOLP. No more. Gentlemen, if I had but time to discourse to you the miraculous effects of this my oile, surnamed oglio del SCOTO; with the count-lesse catalogue of those I haue cured of th'aforesaid, and many more diseases; the patents and priuiledges of all the Princes, and common-wealths of Christendome; or but the depositions of those that appear'd on my part, before the signiory of the Sanità, and most learned colledge of physitians; where I was authorized, vpon notice taken of the admirable vertues of my medicaments, and mine owne excellency, in matter of rare, and unknowne secrets, not onely to disperse them publiquely in this famous citie, but in all the territories, that happily ioy vnder the

R r

gouverne-

gouvernement of the most pious and magnificent states of Italy. But may some other gallant fellows say, O, there be diuers, that make profession to haue as good, and as experimented receipts, as yours : Indeed, very many haue assay'd, like
 1090 oyle; bestow'd great cost in furnaces, stills, alembeks, continuall fires, and preparation of the ingredients, (as indeede there goes to it sixe hundred seuerall simples, besides, some quantity of humane fat, for the conglutination, which we buy of the anatomistes) but, when these practitioners come to the last decoction, blow, blow, puff, puff, and all flies in fumo : ha, ha, ha. Poore wretches ! I rather pit-
 1095 tie their folly, and indiscretion, then their losse of time, and money ; for those may be recouered by industrie : but to bee a foole borne, is a disease incurable. For my selfe, I alwaies from my youth haue indeuour'd to get the rarest secrets, and booke them ; either in exchange, or for money : I spared nor cost, nor labour, where any thing was worthy to bee learned. And gentlemen, honourable gen-
 1100 tlemen, I will undertake (by vertue of chymicall art) out of the honourable hat, that couers your head, to extract the foure elements ; that is to say, the fire, ayre, water, and earth, and returne you your felt without burne, or staine. For, whil'st others haue beene at the balloo, I haue beene at my booke : and am now past the craggie pathes of studie, and come to the flowrie plaines of honour, and re-
 1105 putation.

POL. I doe assure you, sir, that is his ayme.

VOLP. But, to our price. PER. And that withall, sir POL.

VOLP. You all know (honourable gentlemen) I neuer valu'd this ampulla, or viall, at lesse then eight crownes, but for this time, I am content, to be deprin'd
 1110 of it for sixe ; sixe crownes is the price ; and lesse in courtesie, I know you cannot offer me : take it, or leaue it, howsoeuer, both it, and I, am at your seruice. I aske you not, as the value of the thing, for then I should demand of you a thousand crownes, so the Cardinals MONTALTO, FERNESE, the great duke of Tuscan-ny, my gossip, with diuers other princes haue giuen me ; but I despise money : onely
 1115 to shew my affection to you, honourable gentlemen, and your illustrious state here, I haue neglected the messages of these princes, mine owne offices, fram'd my iourney hither, onely to present you with the fruits of my trauels. Tune your voices once more to the touch of your instruments, and giue the honourable assembly some delightfull recreation.

1120 PER. What monstrous, and most painefull circumstance
 Is here, to get some three, or foure gazets !
 Some three-pence, i'th whole, for that 'twill come to.

SONG.

1125 **Y** On that would last long, list to my song,
 Make no more coyle, but buy of this oyle.
 Would you be euer faire ? and yong ?
 Stout of teeth ? and strong of tongue ?
 Tart of palat ? quick of care ?
 Sharpe of sight ? of nostrill cleare ?

Moist

- 1130 Moist of hand ? and light of foot ?
 (Or I will come neerer to't)
 Would you live free from all diseases ?
 Doe the act, your mistress pleases ;
 Yet fright all aches from your bones ?
 1135 Here's a med'cine, for the nones.

VOLP. Well, I am in a humour (at this time) to make a present of the small quantitie my coffer containes : to the rich, in courtesie, and to the poore, for Gods sake. Wherefore, now marke ; I ask'd you sixe crownes ; and sixe crownes, at other times, you haue paid me ; you shall not giue me sixe crownes, nor iue, nor 1140 foure, nor three, nor two, nor one ; nor halfe a duckat ; no, nor a muccinigo : sixe—pence it will cost you, or sixe hundred pound—expect no lower price, for by the banner of my front, I will not bate a bagatine, that I will haue, only, a pledge of your loues, to carry something from amongst you, to shew, I am not contemn'd by you. Therefore, now, tosse your handkerchiefes, chearefully, chearefully ; and 1145 be aduertised, that the first heroique spirit, that deignes to grace me, with a handkerchiefe, I will giue it a little remembrance of something, beside, shall please it better, then if I had presented it with a double pistolet.

PER. Will you be that heroique sparke, sir POL ?

O, see ! the windore has preuented you.

1150 VOLP. Lady, I kisse your bountie : and, for this timely grace, you haue done your poore SCOTO of Mantua, I will returne you, ouer and aboue my oile, a secret, of that high, and inestimable nature, shall make you for euer enamour'd on that minute, wherein your eye first descended on someane, (yet not altogether to be despis'd) an obiect. Here is a poulder, conceal'd in this paper, of which, if I 1155 should speake to the worth, nine thousand volumes were but as one page, that page as a line, that line as a word : so short is this pilgrimage of man (which some call life) to the expressing of it. Would I reflect on the price ? why, the whole world were but as an empire, that empire as a prouince, that prouince as a banke, that banke as a private purse, to the purchase of it. I will, onely, tell you ; It is the 1160 poulder, that made VENVS a goddessse (giuen her by APOLLO) that kept her perpetually yong, clear'd her wrinckles, firm'd her gummes, fill'd her skin, colour'd her haire ; from her, deriu'd to HELEN, and at the sack of Troy (vnfortunately) lost : till now, in this our age, it was as happily recouer'd, by a studious Antiquarie, out of some ruines of Asia, who sent a moyetie of it, to the court of 1165 France (but much sophisticated) wherewith the ladies there, now, colour their haire. The rest (at this present) remaines with me ; extracted, to a quintessence : so that, where euer it but touches, in youth it perpetually presernes, in age restores the complexion ; seat's your teeth, did they dance like virginall iacks, firme as a wall ; makes them white, as inory, that were black, as ———

CELIA at the
 windo' throwes
 downe her
 handkerchiefe.

1170

Act II. Scene III.

CORVINO, POLITIQUE,
PEREGRINE.*He beates away
the montebanke
&c.*

1175 **S** Pight o' the deuill, and my shame! come downe, here;
Come downe : no house but mine to make your *scene* ?
Signior FLAMINIO, will you downe, sir? downe?

What is my wife your FRANCISCINA? sir?

No windores on the whole *piazza*, here,

To make your properties, but mine? but mine?

Hart! ere to morrow, I shall be new christen'd,

1180 And cald the PANTALONE *di bisogniosi*,

About the towne. PER. What should this meane, sir POL?

POL. Some trick of state, beleeeue it. I will home.

PER. It may be some designe, on you. POL. I know not.

I'll stand vpon my guard. PER. It is your best, sir.

1185 POL. This three weekes, all my aduises, all my letters,

They haue^e beene intercepted. PER. Indeed, sir?

Best haue a care. POL. Nay, so I will. PER. This knight,

I may not lose him, for my mirth, till night.

Act II. Scene IIII.

1190

VOLPONE, MOSCA.

O, I am wounded. MOS. Where, sir? VOLP. Not without;
Those blowes were nothing : I could beare them euer.

But angry CVPID, bolting from her eyes,

Hath shot himselfe into me, like a flame;

1195 Where, now, he flings about his burning heat,

As in a fornace, an ambitious fire,

Whose vent is stopt. The fight is all within me.

I cannot liue, except thou helpe me, MOSCA;

My liuer melts, and I, without the hope

1200 Of some soft aire, from her refreshing breath,

Am but a heape of cinders. MOS. 'Lasse, good sir!

Would you had neuer seene her. VOLP. Nay, would thou

Had'st neuer told me of her. MOS. Sir, 'tis true;

I doe confesse, I was vnfortunate,

1205 And you vnhappy : but I'am bound in conscience,

No lesse then duty, to effect my best

To your release of torment, and I will, sir.

VOLP. Deare MOSCA, shall I hope? MOS. Sir, more then deare,

I will not bid you to despaire of ought,

Within

- 1210 Within a humane compasse. VOLP. O, there spoke
My better Angell. MOSCA, take my keyes,
Gold, plate, and iewells, all's at thy deuotion ;
Employ them, how thou wilt ; nay, coyne me, too :
So thou, in this, but crowne my longings. MOSCA?
- 1215 MOS. Vse but your patience. VOLP. So I haue. MOS. I doubt not
To bring successe to your desires. VOLP. Nay, then,
I not repent me of my late disguise.
MOS. If you can horne him, sir, you need not. VOLP. True :
Besides, I neuer meant him for my heire.
- 1220 Is not the colour o' my beard, and eye-browes,
To make me knowne? MOS. No iot. VOLP. I did it well.
MOS. So well, would I could follow you in mine,
With halfe the happinesse; and, yet, I would
Escape your *epilogue*. VOLP. But, were they gull'd
- 1225 With a beliefe, that I was SCOTO? MOS. Sir,
SCOTO himselfe could hardly haue distinguish'd !
I haue not time to flatter you, now, wee'll part :
And, as I prosper, so applaud my art.

Act II. Scene V.

- 1230 CORVINO, CELIA, SERVITORE.

- D**Eath of mine honour, with the cities foole ?
A iuggling, tooth-drawing, prating mountebanke ?
And, at a publike windore ? where wil'st he,
With his strain'd action, and his dole of faces,
- 1235 To his drug-lecture drawes your itching eares,
A crue of old, vn-marri'd, noted lechers,
Stood leering vp, like *Satyres* : and you smile,
Most graciously ! and fan your fauours forth,
To giue your hot spectators satisfaction !
- 1240 What, was your mountebanke their call ? their whistle ?
Or were you' enamour'd on his copper rings ?
His saffron iewell, with the toade-stone in't ?
Or his imbroidred sute, with the cope-stitch,
Made of a herse-cloth ? or his old tilt-feather ?
- 1245 Or his starch'd beard ? well ! you shall haue him, yes.
He shall come home, and minister vnto you
The fricace, for the moother. Or, let me see,
I thinke, you' had rather mount ? would you not mount ?
Why, if you'll mount, you may ; yes truely, you may :
- 1250 And so, you may be seene, downe to' th' foot.
Get you a citterne, lady *vanitie*,

- And be a dealer, with the vertuous man ;
 Make one : I'll but protest my selfe a cuckold,
 And saue your dowrie. I am a *Dutchman*, I !
- 1255 For, if you thought me an *Italian*,
 You would be damn'd, ere you did this, you whore :
 Thou'ldst tremble, to imagine, that the murder
 Of father, mother, brother, all thy race,
 Should follow, as the subiect of my iustice!
- 1260 CEL. Good sir, haue patience! CORV. What coul'dst thou propose
 Lesse to thy selfe, then, in this heat of wrath,
 And stung with my dishonour, I should strike
 This steele vnto thee, with as many stabs,
 As thou wert gaz'd vpon with goatish eyes?
- 1265 CEL. Alasse sir, be appeas'd ! I could not thinke
 My being at the windore should more, now,
 Moue your impatience, then at other times.
 CORV. No? not to seeke, and entertaine a parlee,
 With a knowne knaue? before a multitude?
- 1270 You were an actor, with your handkerchiefe !
 Which he, most sweetly, kist in the receipt,
 And might (no doubt) returne it, with a letter,
 And point the place, where you might meet : your sisters,
 Your mothers, or your aunts might serue the turne.
- 1275 CEL. Why, deare sir, when doe I make these excuses?
 Or euer stirre, abroad, but to the church?
 And that, so seldome——CORV. Well, it shall be lesse ;
 And thy restraint, before, was libertie,
 To what I now decree : and therefore, marke me.
- 1280 First, I will haue this bawdy light dam'd vp ;
 And, til't be done, some two, or three yards off,
 I'll chalke a line : o're which, if thou but chance
 To set thy desp'rate foot ; more hell, more horror,
 More wilde, remorselesse rage shall seize on thee,
- 1285 Then on a coniurer, that, had heedlesse left
 His circles safetie, ere his deuill was laid.
 Then, here's a locke, which I will hang vpon thee ;
 And, now I thinke on't, I will keepe thee backe-wards ;
 Thy lodging shall be backe-wards; thy walkes back-wards;
- 1290 Thy prospect-all be backe-wards ; and no pleasure,
 That thou shalt know but backe-wards : Nay, since you force
 My honest nature, know, it is your owne
 Being too open, makes me vse you thus.
 Since you will not containe your subtle nostrils
- 1295 In a sweet roome, but they must snuffe the ayre

Knocke within.

Of ranke, and sweatie passengers——One knockes.

Away, and be not seene, paine of thy life ;

Not looke toward the windore : if thou dost ——

(Nay stay, heare this) let me not prosper, whore,

1300 But I will make thee an anatomie,

Dissect thee mine owne selfe, and read a lecture

Vpon thee, to the citie, and in publique.

Away. Who's there? SER. 'Tis signior MOSCA, sir.

Act. II. Scene. VI.

1305 CORVINO, MOSCA.

L Et him come in, his master's dead : There's yet
Some good, to helpe the bad. My MOSCA, welcome,
I ghesse your newes. MOS. I feare you cannot, sir.

CORV. Is't not his death? MOS. Rather the contrarie.

1310 CORV. Not his recouerie? MOS. Yes, sir, CORV. I am curst,
I am bewitch'd, my crosses meet to vex me.

How? how? how? how? MOS. Why, sir, with SCOTO's oyle!

CORBACCIO, and VOLTORE brought of it,

Whil'st I was busie in an inner roome——

1315 CORV. Death! that damn'd mountebanke! but, for the law,

Now, I could kill the raskall: 't cannot be,

His oyle should haue that vertue. Ha'not I

Knowne him a common rogue, come fidling in

To th'*osteria*, with a tumbling whore,

1320 And, when he ha's done all his forc'd trickes, beene glad

Ofa poore spoonefull of dead wine, with flyes in't?

It cannot be. All his ingredients

Are a sheepes gall, a rosted bitches marrow,

Some few sod earewigs, pounded caterpillers,

1325 A little capons grease, and fasting spittle :

I know'hem, to a dram. MOS. I know not, sir,

But some on't, there they powr'd into his eares,

Some in his nostrils, and recouer'd him ;

Applying but the fricace. CORV. Pox o' that fricace.

1330 MOS. And since, to seeme the more officious,

And flatt'ring of his health, there, they haue had

(At extreme fees) the colledge of physicians

Consulting on him, how they might restore him ;

Where, one would haue a cataplasme of spices,

1335 Another, a flayd ape clapt to his brest,

A third would ha'it a dogge, a fourth an oyle

With

- With wild cats skinned : at last, they all resolu'd
 That, to preserve him, was no other meanes,
 But some yong woman must be streight sought out,
 1340 Lustie, and full of iuice, to sleepe by him ;
 And, to this service (most vnhappily,
 And most vnwillingly) am I now imploy'd,
 Which, here, I thought to pre-acquaint you with,
 For your aduice, since it concernes you most,
 1345 Because, I would not doe that thing might crosse
 Your ends, on whom I haue my whole dependance, sir :
 Yet, if I doe it not, they may delate
 My slacknesse to my patron, worke me out
 Of his opinion; and there, all your hopes,
 1350 Venters, or whatsoeuer, are all frustrate.
 I doe but tell you, sir. Besides, they are all
 Now struing, who shall first present him. Therefore——
 I could intreat you, briefly, conclude some-what :
 Preuent 'hem if you can. CORV. Death to my hopes !
 1355 This is my villanous fortune! Best to hire
 Some common curtezan? MOS. I, I thought on that, sir.
 But they are all so subtle, full of art,
 And age againe doting, and flexible,
 So as——I cannot tell——we may perchance
 1360 Light on a queane, may cheat vs all. CORV. 'Tis true.
 MOS. No, no : it must be one, that ha's no trickes, sir,
 Some simple thing, a creature, made vnto it;
 Some wench you may command. Ha' you no kinswoman?
 Gods so——Thinke, thinke, thinke, thinke, thinke, thinke, thinke, sir.
 1365 One o'the Doctors offer'd, there, his daughter.
 CORV. How! MOS. Yes, signior LVPO, the physician,
 CORV. His daughter? MOS. And a virgin, sir. Why? Alasse
 He knowes the state of's bodie, what it is;
 That nought can warme his bloud, sir, but a feuer ;
 1370 Nor any incantation rayse his spirit :
 A long forgetfulnesse hath seiz'd that part.
 Besides, sir, who shall know it? some one, or two——
 CORV. I pray thee giue me leaue. If any man
 But I had had this lucke——The thing in't selfe,
 1375 I know, is nothing ——Wherefore should not I
 As well command my bloud, and my affections,
 As this dull Doctor? In the point of honour,
 The cases are all one, of wife, and daughter.
 MOS. I heare him comming. CORV. Shee shall doo't : 'Tis done.
 1380 Slight, if this Doctor, who is not engag'd,

- Vnlesse't be for his counsell (which is nothing)
 Offer his daughter, what should I, that am
 So deeply in? I will preuent him : wretch !
 Couetous wretch ! MOSCA, I haue determin'd.
- 1385 MOS. How, sir? CORV. We'll make all sure. The party, you wot of,
 Shall be mine owne wife, MOSCA. MOS. Sir. The thing,
 (But that I would not seeme to counsell you)
 I should haue motion'd to you, at the first :
 And, make your count, you haue cut all their throtes.
- 1390 Why ! 'tis directly taking a possession !
 And, in his next fit, we may let him goe.
 'Tis but to pull the pillow, from his head,
 And he is thratled : 't had beene done, before,
 But for your scrupulous doubts. CORV. I, a plague on't,
- 1395 My conscience fooles my wit. Well, I'le be brieft,
 And so be thou, lest they should be before vs ;
 Goe home, prepare him, tell him, with what zeale,
 And willingnesse, I doe it : sweare it was,
 On the first hearing (as thou maist doe, truly)
- 1400 Mine owne free motion. MOS. Sir, I warrant you,
 I'le so possesse him with it, that the rest
 Of his staru'd clients shall be banisht, all :
 And onely you receiu'd. But come not, sir,
 Vntill I send, for I hauesome-thing else
- 1405 To ripen, for your good (you must not know't)
 CORV. But doe not you forget to send, now. MOS. Feare not.

Act II. Scene VII.

CORVINO, CELIA.

- 1410 **VV** Here are you, wife? my CELIA? wife? what, blubbering?
 Come, drie those teares. I thinke, thou thought'st me in earnest?
 Ha? by this light, I talk'd so but to trie thee.
 Me thinkes, the lightnesse of the occasion
 Should ha' confirm'd thee. Come, I am not iealous.
- CEL. No? CORV. Faith, I am not, I, nor neuer was:
- 1415 It is a poore, vnprofitable humour.
 Doe not I know, if women haue a will,
 They'll doe'gainst all the watches, o' the world?
 And that the fiercest spies, are tam'd with gold?
 Tut, I am confident in thee, thou shalt see't :
- 1420 And see, I'le giue thee cause too, to beleue it.
 Come, kisse me. Goe, and make thee ready straight,
 In all thy best attire, thy choicest iewells,

Put

Put 'hem all on, and, with 'hem, thy best looks :
 We are invited to a solemne feast,
 1425 At old VOLPONE'S, where it shall appeare
 How far I am free, from iealousie, or feare.

Act III. Scene I.

M O S C A.

1430 **I** Feare, I shall begin to grow in loue
 With my deare selfe, and my most prosp'rous parts,
 They doe so spring, and burgeon ; I can feele
 A whimsey i' my bloud : (I know not how)
 Successe hath made me wanton. I could skip
 Out of my skin, now, like a subtill snake,
 1435 I am so limber. O ! Your Parasite
 Is a most precious thing, dropt from aboue,
 Not bred'mong'st clods, and clot-poules, here on earth.
 I muse, the mysterie was not made a science,
 It is so liberally profest ! almost
 1440 All the wise world is little else, in nature,
 But Parasites, or Sub-parasites. And, yet,
 I meane not those, that haue your bare towne-arte,
 To know, who's fit to feede 'hem ; haue no house,
 No family, no care, and therefore mould
 1445 Tales for mens cares, to bait that sense ; or get
 Kitchin-inuention, and some stale receipts
 To please the belly, and the groine ; nor those,
 With their court-dog-tricks, that can fawne, and fleere,
 Make their reuennue out of legs, and faces,
 1450 Eccho my-Lord, and lick away a moath :
 But your fine, elegant rascall, that can rise,
 And stoope (almost together) like an arrow ;
 Shoot through the aire, as nimbly as a starre ;
 Turne short, as doth a swallow ; and be here,
 1455 And there, and here, and yonder, all at once ;
 Present to any humour, all occasion ;
 And change a visor, swifter, then a thought !
 This is the creature, had the art borne with him ;
 Toiles not to learne it, but doth practise it
 1460 Out of most excellent nature : and such sparkes,
 Are the true Parasites, others but their *Zani's*.

Act III. Scene II.

MOSCA, BONARIO.

- 1465 **VV** Ho's this ? BONARIO? old CORBACCIO'S sonne?
 The person I was bound to seeke. Faire sir,
 You are happ'ly met. BON. That cannot be, by thee.
 MOS. Why, sir? BON. Nay'pray thee know thy way, & leaue me:
 I would be loth to inter-change discourse,
 With such a mate, as thou art. MOS. Courteous sir,
 1470 Scorne not my pouertie. BON. Not I, by heauen :
 But thou shalt giue me leaue to hate thy basenesse.
 MOS. Basenesse? BON. I, answere me, is not thy sloth
 Sufficient argument? thy flatterie?
 Thy meanes of feeding? MOS. Heauen, be good to me.
 1475 These imputations are too common, sir,
 And eas'ly stuck on vertue, when shee's poore ;
 You are vnequall to me, and how ere
 Your sentence may be righteous, yet you are not,
 That ere you know me, thus, proceed in censure :
 1480 St. MARKE beare witnesse 'gainst you, 'tis inhumane.
 BON. What? do's he weepe? the signe is soft, and good !
 I doe repent me, that I was so harsh.
 MOS. 'Tis true, that, sway'd by strong necessitie,
 I am enforc'd to eate my carefull bread
 1485 With too much obsequie ; 'tis true, beside,
 That I am faine to spin mine owne poore rayment,
 Out of my mere obseruance, being not borne
 To a free fortune : but that I haue done
 Base offices, in rending friends asunder,
 1490 Diuiding families, betraying counsells,
 Whispering false lyes, or mining men with praises,
 Train'd their credulitie with periuries,
 Corrupted chastitie, or am in loue
 With mine owne tender ease, but would not rather
 1495 Proue the most rugged, and laborious course,
 That might redeeme my present estimation ;
 Let me here perish, in all hope of goodnesse.
 BON. This cannot be a personated passion !
 I was to blame, so to mistake thy nature ;
 1500 'Pray thee forgiue me : and speake out thy bus'nesse.
 MOS. Sir, it concernes you ; and though I may seeme,
 At first, to make a maine offence, in manners,
 And in my gratitude, vnto my master,
 Yet, for the pure loue, which I beare all right,

And

- 1505 And hatred of the wrong, I must reueale it.
 This verie houre, your father is in purpose
 To disinherit you——BON. How! MOS. And thrust you forth,
 As a mere stranger to his bloud; 'tis true, sir:
 The worke no way ingageth me, but, as
- 1510 I claime an interest in the generall state
 Of goodnesse, and true vertue, which I heare
 T'abound in you: and, for which mere respect,
 Without a second ayme, sir, I haue done it.
 BON. This tale hath lost thee much of the late trust,
- 1515 Thou hadst with me; it is impossible:
 I know not how to lend it any thought,
 My father should be so vnnaturall.
 MOS. It is a confidence, that well becomes
 Your pietie; and form'd (no doubt) it is,
- 1520 From your owne simple innocence: which makes
 Your wrong more monstrous, and abhor'd. But, sir,
 I now, will tell you more. This verie minute,
 It is, or will be doing: And, if you
 Shall be but pleas'd to goe with me, I'll bring you,
- 1525 (I dare not say where you shall see, but) where
 Your eare shall be a witsse of the deed;
 Heare your selfe written bastard: and profest
 The common issue of the earth. BON. I'm maz'd!
 MOS. Sir, if I doe it not, draw your iust sword,
- 1530 And score your vengeance, on my front, and face;
 Marke me your villaine: You haue too much wrong,
 And I doe suffer for you, sir. My heart
 Weepes bloud, in anguish——BON. Lead. I follow thee.

Act III. Scene III.

1535 VOLPONE, NANO, ANDROGYNO,
 CASTRONE.

- MOSCA stayes long, me thinkes. Bring forth your sports
 And helpe, to make the wretched time more sweet.
 NAN. *Dwarfe, Foole, and Eunuch, well met here we be.*
- 1540 *A question it were now, whether of vs three,
 Being all the knowne delicats of a rich man,
 In pleasing him, claime the precedencie can?*
 CAS. *I claime for my selfe.* AND. *And, so doth the foole.*
 NAN. *'Tis foolish indeed: let me set you both to schoole.*
- 1545 *First, for your dwarfe, hee's little, and wittie,
 And euery thing, as it is little, is prittie;*

Else,

- Else, why doe men say to a creature of my shape,
So soone as they see him, it's a pritty little ape?
And, why a pritty ape? but for pleasing imitation*
1550 *Of greater mens action, in a ridiculous fashion.
Beside, this feat body of mine doth not craue
Halfe the meat, drinke, and cloth, one of your bulkes will haue.
Admit, your fooles face be the mother of laughter,
Yet, for his braine, it must alwaies come after:*
1555 *And, though that doe feed him, it's a pittifull case,
His body is beholding to such a bad face.
VOLP. Who's there? my couch, away, looke, NANO, see:
Giue me my cappes, first——go, enquire. Now, CVPID
Send it be MOSCA, and with faire returne.*
1560 *NAN. It is the beauteous madam——VOLP. WOVLDBE——is it?
NAN. The same. VOLP. Now, torment on me; squire her in:
For she will enter, or dwell here for euer.
Nay, quickly, that my fit were past. I feare
A second hell too, that my loathing this*
1565 *Will quite expell my appetite to the other:
Would shee were taking, now, her tedious leaue.
Lord, how it threatens me, what I am to suffer!*

One knocks.

Act III. Scene IIII.

LADY, VOLPONE, NANO,
1570 WOMEN. 2.

- I** Thanke you, good sir. 'Pray you signifie
Vnto your patron, I am here. This band
Shewes not my neck inough (I trouble you, sir,
Let me request you, bid one of my women
1575 Come hither to me) in good faith, I, am drest
Most fauourably, to day, it is no matter,
'Tis well inough. Looke, see, these petulant things!
How they haue done this! VOLP. I do feelee the feuer
Entring, in at mine eares; ô, for a charme,
1580 To fright it hence. LAD. Come neerer: is this curle
In his right place? or this? why is this higher
Then all the rest? you ha' not wash'd your eies, yet?
Or do they not stand euen i' your head?
Where's your fellow? call her. NAN. Now, ST. MARKE
1585 Deliuers vs: anon, shee'll beate her women,
Because her nose is red. LAD. I pray you, view
This tire, forsooth: are all things apt, or no?
WOM. One haire a little, here, sticks out, forsooth.

S s

LAD.

LAD. Do's't so forsooth? and where was your deare sight
1590 When it did so, forsooth? what now? bird-ey'd?

And you, too?'pray you both approach, and mend it.

Now (by that light) I muse, yo' are not asham'd!

I, that haue preach'd these things, so oft, vnto you,

Read you the principles, argu'd all the grounds,

1595 Disputed euery fitnessse, euery grace,

Call'd you to counsell of so frequent dressings——

(NAN. More carefully, then of your fame, or honour)

LAD. Made you acquainted, what an ample dowrie

The knowledge of these things would be vnto you,

1600 Able, alone, to get you noble husbands

At your returne: and you, thus, to neglect it?

Besides, you seeing what a curious nation

Th'*Italians* are, what will they say of me?

The *English* lady cannot dresse her selfe;

1605 Here's a fine imputation, to our countrie!

Well, goe your wayes, and stay, i' the next roome.

This *fucus* was too course too, it's no matter.

Good-sir, you'll giue'hem entertaynement?

VOLP. The storme comes toward me. LAD. How do's my VOLP?

1610 VOLP. Troubled with noise, I cannot sleepe; I dreamt

That a strange *furie* entred, now, my house,

And, with the dreadfull tempest of her breath,

Did cleaue my roofe asunder. LAD. Beleeue me, and I

Had the most fearefull dreame, could I remember't——

1615 VOLP. Out on my fate; I ha' giu'n her the occasion

How to torment me: shee will tell me hers.

LAD. Me thought, the golden mediocritie

Polite, and delicate—— VOLP. O, if you doe loue me,

No more; I sweat, and suffer, at the mention

1620 Of any dreame: feelee, how I tremble yet.

LAD. Alas, good soule! the passion of the heart.

Seed-pearle were good now, boild with syrrope of apples,

Tincture of gold, and corral, citron-pills,

Your elicampane roote, mirobalanes ——

1625 VOLP. Ay me, I haue tane a grasse-hopper by the wing.

LAD. Burnt silke, and amber, you haue muscadell

Good i' the house—— VOLP. You will not drinke, and part?

LAD. No, feare not that. I doubt, we shall not get

Some *english* saffron (halfe a dram would serue)

1630 Your sixteene cloues, a little muske, dri'd mints,

Buglosse, and barley-meale —— VOLP. Shée's in againe,

Before I fayn'd diseases, now I haue one.

LAD. And these appli'd, with a right scarlet-cloth——

VOLP

VOLP. Another flood of wordes ! a very torrent !

1635 LAD. Shall I, sir, make you a poultise ? VOLP. No, no, no ;
I'am very well : you need prescribe no more.

LAD. I haue, a little, studied physick ; but, now,
I'am all for musique : saue, i'the fore-noones,
An houre, or two, for painting. I would haue
1640 A lady, indeed, t'haue all, letters, and artes,
Be able to discourse, to write, to paint,
But principall (as PLATO holds) your musique
(And, so do's wise PYTHAGORAS, I take it)
Is your true rapture ; when there is concent

1645 In face, in voyce, and clothes : and is, indeed,
Our sexes chiefest ornament. VOLP. The Poet,
As old in time, as PLATO, and as knowing,
Say's that your highest female grace is silence.

LAD. Which o' your Poets ? PETRARCH ? or TASSO ? or DANTE ?
1650 GVERRINI ? ARIOSTO ? ARETINE ?
CIECO di Hadria ? I haue read them all.

VOLP. Is euery thing a cause, to my destruction ?

LAD. I thinke, I ha' two or three of 'hem, about me.

VOLP. Thesunne, the sea will sooner, both, stand still,
1655 Then her eternall tongue ! nothing can scape it.

LAD. Here's PASTOR FIDO — VOLP. Professe obstinate silence,
That's, now, my safest. LAD. All our *English* writers,
I meane such, as are happy in th' *Italian*,
Will deigne to steale out of this author, mainely ;

1660 Almost as much, as from MONTAGNIE :
He has so moderne, and facile a veine,
Fitting the time, and catching the court-eare.
Your PETRARCH is more passionate, yet he,
In dayes of sonetting, trusted 'hem, with much :

1665 DANTE is hard, and few can vnderstand him.

But, for a desperate wit, there's ARETINE !

Onely, his pictures are a little obscene —

You marke me not ? VOLP. Alas, my mind's perturb'd.

LAD. Why, in such cases, we must cure our selues,
1670 Make vse of our philosophie — VOLP. O'y me.

LAD. And, as we find our passions doe rebell,
Encounter 'hem with reason ; or diuert 'hem,
By giuing scope vnto some other humour
Of lesser danger : as, in politique bodies,
1675 There's nothing, more, doth ouer-whelme the iudgement,
And clouds the vnderstanding, then too much
Settling, and fixing, and (as't were) subsiding
Vpon one obiect. For the incorporating

- Of these same outward things, into that part,
 1680 Which we call mentall, leaues some certaine *faces*,
 That stop the organs, and, as PLATO sayes,
 Assassinate our knowledge. VOLP. Now, the spirit
 Of patience helpe me. LAD. Come, in faith, I must
 Visit you more, a dayes; and make you well :
 1685 Laugh, and be lusty. VOLP. My good anrell saue me.
 LAD. There was but one sole man, in all the world,
 With whom I ere could sympathize; and he
 Would lie you often, three, foure houres together,
 To heare me speake : and be (sometime) so rap't,
 1690 As he would answere me, quite from the purpose,
 Like you, and you are like him, iust. I'll discourse
 (And't be but only, sir, to bring you a-sleepe)
 How we did spend our time, and loues, together,
 For some sixe yeeres. VOLP. Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh.
 1695 LAD. For we were *coactanei*, and brought vp——
 VOLP. Some power, some fate, some fortune rescue me.

Act III. Scene v.

MOSCA, LADY, VOLPONE.

- 1700 **G**Od saue you, Madam. LAD. Good sir. VOLP. MOSCA? welcom,
 Welcome to my redemption. MOS. Why, sir? VOLP. Oh,
 Rid me of this my torture, quickly, there ;
 My Madam, with the euerlasting voyce :
 The bells, in time of pestilence, ne're made
 Like noise, or were in that perpetuall motion ;
 1705 The cock-pit comes not neere it. All my house,
 But now, steam'd like a bath, with her thicke breath.
 A lawyer could not haue beene heard ; nor scarce
 Another woman, such a hayle of wordes
 Shee has let fall. For hells sake, rid her hence.
 1710 MOS. Has shee presented? VOLP. O, I doe not care,
 I'll take her absence, vpon any price,
 With any losse. MOS. Madam—— LAD. I ha' brought your patron
 A toy, a cap here, of mine owne worke—— MOS. 'Tis well,
 I had forgot to tell you, I saw your Knight,
 1715 Where you'd little thinke it—— LAD. Where? MOS. Mary,
 Where yet, if you make haste, you may apprehend him,
 Rowing vpon the water in a *gondole*,
 With the most cunning curtizan, of *Venice*.
 LAD. Is't true? MOS. Pursue 'hem, and beleeue your eyes :
 1720 Leaue me, to make your gift. I knew, 't would take.

For

For lightly, they that vse themselues most licence,
Are still most iealous. VOLP. MOSCA, hearty thanks,
For thy quicke fiction, and deliury of mee.
Now, to my hopes, what saist thou? LAD. But doe you heare, sir?—

1725 VOLP. Againe; I feare a *paroxisme*. LAD. Which way
Row'd they together? MOS. Toward the *rialto*.

LAD. I pray you lend me your dwarfe. MOS. I pray you, take him.
Your hopes, sir, are like happie blossomes, faire,
And promise timely fruit, if you will stay

1730 But the maturing; keepe you, at your couch,
CORBACCIO will arriue straight, with the will:
When he is gone, ile tell you more. VOLP. My blood,
My spirits are return'd; I am alieue:
And like your wanton gam'ster, at *primero*,
1735 Whose thought had whisper'd to him, not goe lesse,
Me thinkes I lie, and draw—for an encounter.

Act III. Scene VI.

MOSCA, BONARIO.

1740 **S**Ir, here conceald, you may heare all. But 'pray you
Haue patience, sir; the same's your father, knocks:
I am compeld, to leaue you. BON. Do so. Yet,
Cannot my thought imagine this a truth.

One knocks.

Act. III. Scene. VII.

MOSCA, CORVINO, CELIA, BONARIO,
1745 VOLPONE.

DEath on me! you are come too soone, what meant you?
Did not I say, I would send? CORV. Yes, but I feard
You might forget it, and then they preuent vs.

MOS. Preuent? did ere man haste so, for his hornes?

1750 A courtier would not ply it so, for a place.

Well, now there's no helping it, stay here;

Ile presently returne. CORV. Where are you, CELIA?

You know not wherefore I haue brought you hither?

CEL. Not well, except you told me. CORV. Now, I will:

1755 Harke hither. MOS. Sir, your father hath sent word,

It will be halfe an houre, ere he come;

And therefore, if you please to walke, the while,

Into that gallery——at the vpper end,

There are some bookes, to entertaine the time:

To Bonario.

1760 And ile take care, no man shall come vnto you, sir.

BON. Yes, I will stay there, I doe doubt this fellow.

MOS. There, he is farre enough ; he can heare nothing :
And, for his father, I can keepe him off.

CORV. Nay, now, there is no starting backe ; and therefore,
1765 Resolue vpon it : I haue so decree'd.

It must be done. Nor, would I moue't afore,
Because I would auoide all shifts and tricks,
That might denie me. CEL. Sir, let me beseech you,
Affect not these strange trials ; if you doubt

1770 My chastitie, why locke me vp, for euer :
Make me the heyre of darkenesse. Let me liue,
Where I may please your feares, if not your trust.

CORV. Belceue it, I haue no such humor, I.
All that I speake, I meane ; yet I am not mad :
1775 Not horne-mad, see you ? Go too, shew your selfe
Obedient, and a wife. CEL. O heauen ! CORV. Isay it,
Do so. CEL. Was this the traine ? CORV. I'haue told you reasons ;
What the physitians haue set downe ; how much,
It may concerne me ; what my engagements are ;

1780 My meanes ; and the necessitie of those meanes,
For my recouery : wherefore, if you bee
Loyall, and mine, be wonne, respect my venture.

CEL. Before your honour ? CORV. Honour ? tut, a breath ;
There's no such thing, in nature : a meere terme

1785 Inuented to awe fooles. What is my gold
The worse, for touching ? clothes, for being look'd on ?
Why, this 's no more. An old, decrepit wretch,
That ha's no sense, no sinew ; takes his meate
With others fingers ; onely knowes to gape,

1790 When you doe scald his gummes ; a voice ; a shadow ;
And, what can this man hurt you ? CEL. Lord ! what spirit
Is this hath entred him ? CORV. And for your fame,
That's such a Iigge ; as if I would goe tell it,
Crie it, on the *piazza* ! who shall know it ?

1795 But hee, that cannot speake it ; and this fellow,
Whose lippes are i' my pocket : saue your selfe,
If you'll proclaime't, you may. I know no other,
Should come to know it. CEL. Are heauen, and saints then nothing ?
Will they be blinde, or stupide ? CORV. How ? CEL. Good Sir,

1800 Be iealous still, æmulate them ; and thinke
What hate they burne with, toward euery sinne.

CORV. I grant you : if I thought it were a sinne,
I would not vrge you. Should I offer this
To some yong *Frenchman*, or hot *Tuscan* blood,

That

- 1805 That had read ARETINE, com'd all his printes,
 Knew euery quirke within lusts laborinth,
 And were profest critique, in lechery;
 And I would looke vpon him, and applaud him,
 This were a sinne: but here, 'tis contrary,
- 1810 A pious worke, mere charity, for physick,
 And honest politie, to assure mine owne.
 CEL. O heauen! canst thou suffer such a change?
 VOLP. Thou art mine honor, MOSCA, and my pride,
 My ioy, my tickling, my delight! goe, bring 'hem.
- 1815 MOS. Please you draw neere, sir. CORV. Come on, what——
 You will not be rebellious? by that light——
 MOS. Sir, signior CORVINO, here, is come to see you.
 VOLP. Oh. MOS. And hearing of the consultation had,
 So lately, for your health, is come to offer,
- 1820 Or rather, sir, to prostitute—— CORV. Thankes, sweet MOSCA.
 MOS. Freely, vn-ask'd, or vn-intreated—— CORV. Well.
 MOS. (As the true, feruent instance of his loue)
 His owne most faire and proper wife; the beauty,
 Onely of price, in *Venice*—— CORV. 'Tis well vrg'd.
- 1825 MOS. To be your comfortresse, and to preserue you.
 VOLP. Alasse, I am past already! 'pray you, thanke 'him,
 For his good care, and promptnesse, but for that,
 'Tis a vaine labour, cene to fight, 'gainst heauen;
 Applying fire to a stone: (vh, vh, vh, vh.)
- 1830 Making a dead leafe grow againe. I take
 His wishes gently, though; and, you may tell him,
 What I' haue done for him: mary, my state is hopelesse!
 Will him, to pray for me; and t'vse his fortune,
 With reuerence, when he comes to't. MOS. Do you heare, sir?
- 1835 Go to him, with your wife. CORV. Heart of my father!
 Wilt thou persist thus? come, I pray thee, come.
 Thou seest 'tis nothing. CELIA. By this hand,
 I shall grow violent. Come, do't, I say.
 CEL. Sir, kill me, rather: I will take downe poyson,
- 1840 Eate burning coales, doe any thing—— CORV. Be damn'd.
 (Heart) I will drag thee hence, home, by the haire;
 Cry thee a strumpet, through the streets; rip vp
 Thy mouth, vnto thine eares; and slit thy nose,
 Like a raw rotchet—— Do not tempt me, come.
- 1845 Yeld, I am loth—— (Death) I will buy some slaue,
 Whom I will kill, and binde thee to him, aliue;
 And at my windore, hang you forth: deuising
 Some monstrous crime, which I, in capitall letters,
 Will eate into thy flesh, with *aqua-fortis*,

And

- 1850 And burning cor'siues, on this stubborne brest.
 Now, by the bloud, thou hast inuens'd, ile do't.
 CEL. Sir, what you please, you may, I am your martyr.
 CORV. Be not thus obstinate, I ha' not deseru'd it :
 Thinke, who it is, intreats you. 'Pray thee, sweet ;
- 1855 (Good'faith) thou shalt haue iewells, gownes, attires,
 What thou wilt thinke, and aske. Do, but, go kisse him.
 Or touch him, but. For my sake. At my sute.
 This once. No ? not ? I shall remember this.
 Will you disgrace me, thus ? do' you thirst my' vndoing ?
- 1860 MOS. Nay, gentle lady, be aduis'd. CORV. No, no.
 She has watch'd her time. God's precious, this is skiruy ;
 'Tis very skiruiie : and you are—— MOS. Nay, good, sir.
 CORV. An errant locust, by heauen, a locust. Whore,
 Crocodile, that hast thy thy teares prepar'd,
- 1865 Expecting, how thou'lt bid 'hem flow. MOS. Nay, 'Pray you, sir,
 Shee will consider. CEL. Would my life would serue
 To satisfie. CORV. (S' death) if shee would but speake to him,
 And saue my reputation, 'twere somewhat ;
 But, spightfully to affect my vtter ruine.
- 1870 MOS. I, now you' haue put your fortune, in her hands.
 Why i' faith, it is her modesty, I must quit her ;
 If you were absent, shee would be more comming ;
 I know it : and dare vndertake for her.
 What woman can, before her husband ? 'pray you,
- 1875 Let vs depart, and leaue her, here. CORV. Sweet CELIA,
 Thou mayst redeeme all, yet ; I'le say no more :
 If not, esteeme your selfe as lost. Nay, stay there.
 CEL. O god, and his good angels ! whether, whether.
 Is shame fled humane breasts ? that with such ease,
- 1880 Men dare put off your honours, and their owne ?
 Is that, which euer was a cause of life,
 Now plac'd beneath the basest circumstance ?
 And modestie an exile made, for money ?
- He leapes off
 from his couch. VOLP. I, in CORVINO, and such earth-fed mindes,
 That neuer tasted the true heau'n of loue.
 Assure thee, CELIA, he that would sell thee,
 Onely for hope of gaine, and that vncertaine,
 He would haue sold his part of paradise
 For ready money, had he met a cope-man.
- 1890 Why art thou maz'd, to see me thus reuiu'd ?
 Rather applaud thy beauties miracle ;
 'Tis thy great worke : that hath, not now alone,
 But sundry times, 'rays'd me, in seuerall shapes,
 And, but this morning, like a mountebanke,

1895 To see thee at thy windore. I, before
 I would haue left my practice, for thy loue,
 In varying figures, I would haue contended
 With the blue PROTEVS, or the horned *Floud*.
 Now, art thou welcome. CEL. Sir! VOLP. Nay, flie me not.

1900 Nor, let thy false imagination
 That I was bedrid, make thee thinke, I am so :
 Thou shalt not find it. I am, now, as fresh,
 As hot, as high, and in as iouiall plight,
 As when (in that so celebrated *scene*,
 1905 At recitation of our *comædie*,
 For entertainment of the great VALOYS)
 I acted yong ANTINOVS; and attracted
 The eyes, and eares of all the ladies, present,
 T'admire each gracefull gesture, note, and footing.

1910 S O N G .

Come, my CELIA, let vs proue,
 While we can, the sports of loue;
 Time will not be ours, for euer,
 He, at length, our good will seuer;
 1915 Spend not then his gifts, in vaine.
 Sunnes, that set, may rise againe:
 But if, once, we lose this light,
 'Tis with vs perpetuall night.
 Why should wee deferre our ioyes?
 1920 Fame, and rumor are but toies.
 Cannot we delude the eyes
 Of a few poore houshold-spies?
 Or his easier cares beguile,
 Thus remooued, by our wile?
 1925 'Tis no sinne, lones fruits to steale;
 But the sweet thefts to reueale:
 To be taken, to be seene,
 These haue crimes accounted beene.

CEL. Some *serene* blast me, or dire lightning strike
 1930 This my offending face. VOLP. Why droopes my CELIA?
 Thou hast in place of a base husband, found
 A worthy louer: vse thy fortune well,
 With secrecie, and pleasure. See, behold,
 What thou art queene of; not in expectation,
 1935 As I feed others: but possess'd, and crown'd.
 See, here, a rope of pearle; and each, more orient
 Then that the braue *Aegyptian* queene carrous'd:

Dissolue

- Dissolue, and drinke 'hem. See, a carbuncle,
 May put out both the eyes of our St. MARKE ;
 1940 A diamant, would haue bought LOLLIA PAVLINA,
 When she came in, like star-light hid with iewels,
 That were the spoiles of prouinces ; take these,
 And weare, and loose 'hem : yet remains an eare-ring
 To purchase them againe, and this whole state.
- 1945 A gem, but worth a priuate patrimony,
 Is nothing : we will eate such at a meale.
 The heads of parrats, tongues of nightingales,
 The braines of peacocks, and of estriches
 Shall be our food : and, could we get the phoenix,
 1950 (Though nature lost her kind) shee were our dish.
- CEL. Good sir, these things might moue a minde affected
 With such delights ; but I, whose innocence
 Is all I can thinke wealthy, or worth th'enioying,
 And which once lost, I haue nought to loose beyond it,
 1955 Cannot be taken with these sensuall baites :
 If you haue conscience ——— VOLP. 'Tis the beggers vertue,
 If thou hast wisdom, heare me, CELIA.
 Thy bathes shall be the iuyce of iuly-flowres,
 Spirit of roses, and of violets,
- 1960 The milke of vnicornes, and panthers breath
 Gather'd in bagges, and mixt with *cretan* wines.
 Our drinke shall be prepared gold, and amber ;
 Which we will take, vntill my rooffe whirle round
 With the *vertigo* : and my dwarfe shall dance,
- 1965 My eunuch sing, my foole make vp the antique.
 Whil'st, we, in changed shapes, act OVIDS tales,
 Thou, like EVROPA now, and I like IOVE,
 Then I like MARS, and thou like ERYCINE,
 So, of the rest, till we haue quite run through
- 1970 And weary'd all the fables of the gods.
 Then will I haue thee in more moderne formes,
 Attired like some sprightly dame of *France*,
 Braue *Tuscan* lady, or proud *Spanish* beauty ;
 Sometimes, vnto the *Persian Sophies* wife ;
- 1975 Or the grand-Signiors mistresse ; and, for change,
 To one of our most art-full courtizans,
 Or some quick *Negro*, or cold *Russian* ;
 And I will meet thee, in as many shapes :
 Where we may, so, trans-fuse our wandring soules,
- 1980 Out at our lippes, and score vp summes of pleasures,
That the curious shall not know,
How to tell them, as they flow ;

And

*And the enuious, when they find
What their number is, be pind.*

- 1985 CEL. If you haue eares that will be pierc'd ; or eyes,
That can be open'd ; a heart, may be touch'd ;
Or any part, that yet sounds man, about you :
If you haue touch of holy saints, or heauen,
Do me the grace, to let me scape. If not,
1990 Be bountifull, and kill me. You doe know,
I am a creature, hither ill betrayd,
By one, whose shame I would forget it were,
If you will daigne me neither of these graces,
Yet feed your wrath, sir, rather then your lust ;
1995 (It is a vice, comes neerer manlinesse)
And punish that vnhappy crime of nature,
Which you miscal my beauty : flay my face,
Or poison it, with oyntments, for seducing
Your blood to this rebellion. Rub these hands,
2000 With what may cause an eating leprosie,
E'ene to my bones, and marrow : any thing,
That may disfaour me, saue in my honour.
And I will kneele to you, pray for you, pay downe
A thousand hourelly vowes, sir, for your health,
2005 Report, and thinke you vertuous——VOLP. Thinke me cold,
Frosen, and impotent, and so report me ?
That I had NESTOR'S *hernia*, thou wouldst thinke.
I doe degenerate, and abuse my nation,
To play with oportunitie, thus long :
2010 I should haue done the act, and then haue parlee'd.
Yeeld, or Ile force thee. CEL. O! iust God. VOLP. In vaine——
BON. Forbeare, foule rauisher, libidinous swine,
Free the forc'd lady, or thou dy'st, impostor.
But that I am loth to snatch thy punishment
2015 Out of the hand of iustice, thou shouldst, yet,
Be made the timely sacrifice of vengeance,
Before this altar, and this drosse, thy idoll.
Lady, let's quit the place, it is the den
Of villany ; feare nought, you haue a guard :
2020 And he, ere long, shall meet his iust reward.
VOLP. Fall on me, rooffe, and bury me in ruine,
Become my graue, that wert my shelter. O !
I am vn-masqu'd, vn-spirited, vn-done,
Betray'd to beggery, to infamy——

*He leapes out
from where
Mosca had
plac'd him.*

Act

2025

Act III. Scene VIII.

MOSCA, VOLPONE.

- VV** Hereshall I runne, most wretched shame of men,
 To beate out my vn-luckie braines? VOLP. Here, here.
 What ! dost thou bleed? MOS. O, that his wel-driu'n sword
 2030 Had beene so courteous to haue cleft me downe,
 Vnto the nauill; ere I liu'd to see
 My life, my hopes, my spirits, my patron, all
 Thus desperately engaged, by my error.
 VOLP. Woe, on thy fortune. MOS. And my follies, sir.
 2035 VOLP. Th' hast made me miserable. MOS. And my selfe, sir.
 Who would haue thought, he would haue harken'd, so?
 VOLP. What shall we do? MOS. I know not, if my heart
 Could expiate the mischance, I'd pluck it out.
 Will you be pleas'd to hang me? or cut my throate?
 2040 And i'le requite you, sir. Let's die like *Romanes*,
 Since wee haue liu'd, like *Grecians*. VOLP. Harke, who's there?
They knock I heare some footing, officers, the *Saffi*,
without. Come to apprehend vs! I doe feele the brand
 Hissing already, at my fore-head: now,
 2045 Mine eares are boring. MOS. To your couch, sir, you
 Make that place good, how euer. Guilty men
 Suspect, what they deserue still. Signior CORBACCIO!

Act III. Scene IX.

CORBACCIO, MOSCA, VOLTORE,
VOLPONE.

2050

- VV** Hy! how now? MOSCA! MOS. O, vndone, amaz'd, sir.
 Your sonne (I know not, by what accident)
 Acquainted with your purpose to my patron,
 Touching your will, and making him your heire;
 2055 Entred our house with violence, his sword drawne,
 Sought for you, call'd you wretch, vnnaturall,
 Vow'd he would kill you. CORB. Me? MOS. Yes, and my patron.
 CORB. This act, shall disinherit him indeed:
 Here is the will. MOS. 'Tis well, sir. CORB. Right and well.
 2060 Be you as carefull now, for me. MOS. My life, sir,
 Is not more tender'd, I am onely yours.
 CORB. How do's he? will he die shortly, think'st thou? MOS. I feare.
 He'll out-last *May*. CORB. To day? MOS. No, last-out *May*, sir.
 CORB.

- CORB. Couldst thou not gi' him a dram? MOS. O, by no meanes, sir.
- 2065 CORB. Nay, I'll not bid you. VOLT. This is a knave, I see.
MOS. How, signior VOLTORE! did he heare me? VOLT. Parasite.
MOS. Who's that? O, sir, most timely welcome——VOLT. Scarse,
To the discovery of your tricks, I feare.
You are his, onely? and mine, also? are you not?
- 2070 MOS. Who? I, sir! VOLT. You, sir. What device is this
About a will? MOS. A plot for you, sir. VOLT. Come,
Put not your foist's vpon me, I shall sent 'hem.
MOS. Did you not heare it? VOLT. Yes, I heare, CORBACCIO
Hath made your patron, there, his heire. MOS. 'Tis true,
2075 By my device, drawne to it by my plot,
With hope——VOLT. Your patron should reciprocate?
And, you haue promis'd? MOS. For your good, I did, sir.
Nay more, I told his sonne, brought, hid him here,
Where he might heare his father passe the deed;
2080 Being perswaded to it, by this thought, sir,
That the vnnaturalnesse, first, of the act,
And then, his fathers oft disclaiming in him,
(Which I did meane t' helpe on) would sure enrage him
To doe some violence vpon his parent.
- 2085 On which the law should take sufficient hold,
And you be stated in a double hope :
Truth be my comfort, and my conscience,
My onely ayme was, to dig you a fortune
Out of these two, old rotten sepulchers ——
- 2090 (VOLT. I cry thee mercy, MOSCA.) MOS. Worth your patience,
And your great merit, sir. And, see the change !
VOLT. Why? what successe? MOS. Most haplesse! you must helpe, sir.
Whilst we expected th' old rauens, in comes
CORVINO'S wife, sent hither, by her husband——
- 2095 VOLT. What, with a present? MOS. No, sir, on visitation :
(I'll tell you how, anon) and, staying long,
The youth, he growes impatient, rushes forth,
Seizeth the lady, wound's me, makes her sweare
(Or he would murder her, that was his vow)
- 2100 T' affirme my patron to haue done her rape :
Which how vnlike it is, you see ! and, hence,
With that pretext, hee's gone, t' accuse his father ;
Defame my patron ; defeate you——VOLT. Where's her husband?
Let him be sent for, streight. MOS. Sir, I'll goe fetch him.
- 2105 VOLT. Bring him, to the *Scrutineo*. MOS. Sir, I will.
VOLT. This must be stopt. MOS. O, you do nobly, sir.
Alasse, 'twas labor'd all, sir, for your good ;
Nor, was there want of counsel, in the plot :

But fortune can, at any time, overthrow

2110 The proiects of a hundred learned *clearkes*, sir.

CORB. What's that? VOLT. Wilt please you sir, to goe along?

MOS. Patron, go in, and pray for our successe.

VOLP. Neede makes denotion : heauen your labor blesse.

Act IIII. Scene I.

2115

POLITIOVE, PEREGRINE.

ITold you, sir, it was a plot : you see
What obseruation is. You mention'd mee,
For some instructions: I will tell you, sir,
(Since we are met, here in this height of *Venice*)

2120 Some few particulars, I haue set downe,

Onely for this *meridian*; fit to be knowne

Of your crude traeller, and they are these.

I will not touch, sir, at your phrase, or clothes,

For they are old. PER. Sir, I haue better. POL. Pardon

2125 I meant, as they are *theames*. PER. O, sir, proceed :

I'le slander you no more of wit, good sir.

POL. First, for your garbe, it must be graue, and serious;

Very reseru'd, and lock't ; not tell a secret,

On any termes, not to your father ; scarce

2130 A fable, but with caution ; make sure choise

Both of your company, and discourse ; beware,

You neuer spake a truth — PER. How! POL. Not to strangers,

For those be they you must conuerse with, most ;

Others I would not know, sir, but, at distance,

2135 So as I still might be a sauer, in'hem :

You shall haue tricks, else, past vpon you, hourelly.

And then, for your religion, professe none ;

But wonder, at the diuersitie of all ;

And, for your part, protest, were there no other

2140 But simply the lawes o'th'land, you could content you :

NIC: MACHIAVEL, and monsieur BODINE, both,

Were of this minde. Then, must you learne the vse,

And handling of your siluer forke, at meales ;

The mettall of your glasse : (these are maine matters,

2145 With your *Italian*) and to know the houre,

When you must eat your melons, and your figges.

PER. Is that a point of state, too? POL. Here it is.

For your *Venetian*, if he see a man

Preposterous, in the least, he has him straight ;

He

- 2150 He has: he strippes him. I'll acquaint you, sir,
 I now haue liu'd here ('tis some fourteene monthes)
 Within the first weeke, of my landing here,
 All tooke me for a citizen of *Venice* :
 I knew the formes, so well——PER. And nothing else.
- 2155 POL. I had read CONTARENE, tooke me a house,
 Dealt with my *Iewes*, to furnish it with moueables——
 Well, if I could but finde one man, one man,
 To mine owne heart, whom I durst trust, I would——
 PER. What? what, sir? POL. Make him rich; make him a fortune:
- 2160 He should not thinke, againe. I would command it.
 PER. As how? POL. With certaine proiects, that I haue :
 Which, I may not discouer. PER. If I had
 But one to wager with, I would lay odds, now,
 He tels me, instantly. POL. One is, (and that
- 2165 I care not greatly, who knowes) to serue the state
 Of *Venice*, with red herrings, for three yeeres,
 And at a certaine rate, from *Rotterdam*,
 Where I haue correspondence. There's a letter,
 Sent me from one o'th' States, and to that purpose;
- 2170 He cannot write his name, but that's his marke.
 PER. He is a chaundler? POL. No, a cheesemonger.
 There are some other too, with whom I treat,
 About the same negotiation ;
 And, I will vndertake it : For, 'tis thus,
- 2175 I'll do't with ease, I' haue cast it all. Your hoigh
 Carries but three men in her, and a boy ;
 And she shall make me three returnes, a yeare :
 So, if there come but one of three, I saue,
 If two, I can defalke. But, this is now,
- 2180 If my mayne proiect faile. PER. Then, you haue others?
 POL. I should be loath to draw the subtill ayre
 Of such a place, without my thousand aymes.
 Ile not dissemble, sir, where ere I come,
 I loue to be consideratiue ; and, 'tis true,
- 2185 I haue, at my free houres, thought vpon
 Some certaine goods, vnto the state of *Venice*,
 Which I doe call my cautions : and, sir, which
 I meane (in hope of pension) to propound
 To the great councill, then vnto the forty,
- 2190 So to the ten. My meanes are made already——
 PER. By whom? POL. Sir, one, that though his place b' obscure,
 Yet, he can sway, and they will heare him. H'is
 A *commandadore*. PER. What, a common sergeant?
 POL. Sir, such, as they are, put it in their mouthes,

- 2195 What they should say, sometimes : as well as greater.
 I thinke I haue my notes, to shew you ——— PER. Good, sir,
 POL. But, you shall sweare vnto me, on your gentry,
 Not to anticipate ——— PER. I, sir? POL. Nor reueale
 A circumstance ——— My paper is not with mee.
- 2200 PER. O, but, you can remember, sir. POL. My first is,
 Concerning tinder-boxes. You must know,
 No family is, here, without it's boxe.
 Now sir, it being so portable a thing,
 Put case, that you, or I were ill affected
- 2205 Vnto the state ; sir, with it in our pockets,
 Might not I goe into the *arsenale* ?
 Or you ? come out againe ? and none the wiser ?
 PER. Except your selfe, sir. POL. Goe too, then. I, therefore,
 Aduertise to the state, how fit it were,
- 2210 That none, but such as were knowne patriots,
 Sound louers of their countrey, should be sufferd
 T'enioy them in their houses : and, euen those,
 Seal'd, at some office, and, at such a bignesse,
 As might not lurke in pockets. PER. Admirable !
- 2215 POL. My next is, how t'enquire, and be resolu'd,
 By present demonstration, whether a ship,
 Newly arriued from *Soria*, or from
 Any suspected part of all the *leuant*,
 Be guilty of the plague : And, where they vse,
- 2220 To lie out fortie, fifty daies, sometimes,
 About the *Lazaretto*, for their triall ;
 Ile saue that charge, and losse vnto the merchant,
 And, in an houre, cleare the doubt. PER. Indeede, sir ?
 POL. Or ——— I will loose my labour. PER. 'My faith, that's much.
- 2225 POL. Nay, sir, conceiue me. 'Twill cost me in onions,
 Some thirtie *liu'res* ——— PER. Which is one pound sterling.
 POL. Beside my water-workes : for this I doe, sir.
 First, I bring in your ship, 'twixt two brickwalles ;
 (But those the state shall venter) on the one
- 2230 I straine me a faire tarre-paulin ; and, in that,
 I stick my onions, cut in halfes : the other
 Is full of loope-holes, out at which, I thrust
 The noses of my bellowes ; and, those bellowes
 I keepe, with water-workes, in perpetuall motion,
- 2235 (Which is the easi'st matter of a hundred)
 Now, sir, your onion, which doth naturally
 Attract th' infection, and your bellowes, blowing
 The ayre vpon him, will shew (instantly)
 By his chang'd colour, if there be contagion,

Or

- 2240 Or else, remaine as faire, as at the first.
Now'tis knowne, 'tis nothing. PER. You are right, sir.
POL. I would, I had my note. PER. 'Faith, so would I:
But, you ha'done well, for once, sir. POL. Were I false,
Or would be made so, I could shew you reasons,
2245 How I could sell this state, now, to the *Turke*;
Spight of their galleis, or their — PER. Pray you, sir POLL.
POL. I haue'hem not, about me. PER. That I fear'd.
They' are there, sir? POL. No, this is my *diary*,
Wherein I note my actions of the day.
2250 PER. 'Pray you, let's see, sir. What is here? *notandum*,
A rat had gnawne my spurre-lethers; notwithstanding,
I put on new, and did goe forth: but, first,
I threw three beanes ouer the threshold. *Item*,
I went, and bought two tooth-pickes, whereof one
2255 I burst, immediatly, in a discourse
With a *dutch* merchant, 'bout *ragion del stato*.
From him I went, and payd a *moccinigo*,
For peecing my silke stockings; by the way,
I cheapen'd sprats: and at S^t. MARKES, I vrin'd.
2260 'Faith, these are politique notes! POL. Sir, I do slippe
No action of my life, thus, but I quote it.
PER. Beleeue me it is wise! POL. Nay, sir, read forth.

Act IIII. Scene II.

LADY, NANO, WOMEN, POLITIQUE,
PEREGRINE.

2265

VV Here should this loose knight be, trow? sure, h'is hous'd.
NAN. Why, then he's fast. LAD. I, he plaies both, with me:
I pray you, stay. This heate will doe more harme

To my complexion, then his heart is worth.

2270 (I do not care to hinder, but to take him)

How it comes of! WOM. My master's yonder. LAD. Where?

WOM. With a yong gentleman. LAD. That same's the party!

In mans apparell. 'Pray you, sir, iog my knight:

I will be tender to his reputation,

2275 How euer he demerit. POL. My lady! PER. Where?

POL. 'Tis shee indeed, sir, you shall know her. She is,

Were she not mine, a lady of that merit,

For fashion, and behauiour; and, for beauty

I durst compare—— PER. It seemes, you are notiealous,

2280 That dare commend her. POL. Nay, and for discourse——

PER. Being your wife, shee cannot misse that. POL. Madame,

- Here is a gentleman, 'pray you, vse him, fairely,
 He seemes a youth, but he is — LAD. None? POL. Yes, one
 Has put his face, as soone, into the world——
- 2285 LAD. You meane, as earely? but to day? POL. How's this!
 LAD. Why in this habit, sir, you apprehend me.
 Well, master WOVLDBEE, this doth not become you;
 I had thought, the odour, sir, of your good name,
 Had beene more precious to you; that you would not
 2290 Haue done this dire massaere, on your honour;
 One of your grauity, and ranke, besides!
 But, knights, I see, care little for the oath
 They make to ladies: chiefly, their owne ladies.
- POL. Now, by my spurres (the symbole of my knight-hood)
 2295 (PER. Lord! how his braine is humbled, for an oath)
 POL. I reach you not. LAD. Right, sir, your politie
 May beare it through, thus. Sir, a word with you.
 I would be loth, to contest publikely,
 With any gentlewoman; or to seeme
 2300 Froward, or violent (as the courtier sayes)
 It comes too neere rusticity, in a lady,
 Which I would shun, by all meanes: and, how-euer
 I may deserue from master WOVLDBEE, yet,
 T'haue one faire gentlewoman, thus, be made
 2305 Th'vnkind instrument, to wrong another,
 And one she knowes not, I, and to perseuer;
 In my poore iudgement, is not warranted
 From being a *solacisme* in our sexe,
 If not in manners. PER. How is this! POL. Sweet madame,
 2310 Come neerer to your ayme. LAD. Mary, and will, sir.
 Since you prouoke me, with your impudence,
 And laughter of your light land-siren, here,
 Your SPORVS, your *hermaphrodite* — PER. What's here?
 Poetique fury, and historique stormes!
- 2315 POL. The gentleman, beleue it, is of worth,
 And of our nation. LAD. I, your *white-Friers* nation?
 Come, I blush for you, master WOVLDBEE, I;
 And am asham'd, you should ha' no more forehead,
 Then, thus, to be the patron, or S^t. GEORGE
 2320 To a lewd harlot, a base fricatrice,
 A female deuill, in a male out-side. POL. Nay,
 And you be such a one! I must bid adieu
 To your delights. The case appeares too liquide.
- LAD. I, you may carry't cleare, with your state-face!
 2325 But, for your carniale concupiscence,
 Who here is fled for liberty of conscience,

From

From furious persecution of the Marshall,
Her will I disc'ple. PER. This is fine, i'faith!
And do you vse this, often? is this part

- 2330 Of your wits exercise, 'gainst you haue occasion?
Madam——LAD. Go to, sir. PER. Do you heare me, lady?
Why, if your knight haue set you to begge shirts,
Or to inuite me home, you might haue done it
A neerer way, by farre. LAD. This cannot work you,
2335 Out of my snare. PER. Why? am I in it, then?
Indeede, your husband told me, you were faire,
And so you are; onely your nose enclines
(That side, that's next the sunne) to the queene-apple.
LAD. This cannot be endur'd, by any patience.

2340

Act IIII. Scene III.

MOSCA, LADY, PEREGRINE.

VV Hat's the matter, madame? LAD. If the *Senate*
Right not my quest, in this; I will protest 'hem,
To all the world, no *aristocracie*.

- 2345 MOS. What is the iniurie, lady? LAD. Why, the callet,
You told me of, here I haue tane disguis'd.
MOS. Who? this? what meanes your ladiship? the creature
I mention'd to you, is apprehended, now,
Before the *Senate*, you shall see her——LAD. Where?
2350 MOS. I'le bring you to her. This yong gentleman
I saw him land, this morning, at the port.
LAD. Is't possible! how has my iudgement wander'd!
Sir, I must, blushing, say to you, I haue err'd:
And plead your pardon. PER. What! more changes, yet?
2355 LAD. I hope, yo'ha'not the malice to remember
A gentlewomans passion. If you stay,
In *Venice*, here, please you to vse me, sir——
MOS. Will you go, madame? LAD. 'Pray you, sir, vse mee. In faith,
The more you see me, the more I shall conceiue,
2360 You haue forgot our quarrell. PER. This is rare!
Sir POLITIQVE WOVLDBEE? no, sir POLITIQVE bawd!
To bring me, thus, acquainted with his wife!
Well, wise sir POL: since you haue practis'd, thus,
Vpon my freshman-ship, I'le trie your salt-head,
2365 What prooffe it is against a counter-plot.

Act

Act IIII. Scene IIII.

VOLTORE, CORBACCIO, CORVINO,
MOSCA.

- 2370 **W**ELL, now you know the carriage of the businesse,
Your constancy is all, that is requir'd
Vnto the safety of it. MOS. Is the lie
Safely conuaid amongst vs? is that sure?
Knowes euery man his burden? CORV. Yes. MOS. Then, shrink not.
CORV. But, knowes the Aduocate the truth? MOS. O, sir,
2375 By no meanes. I deuis'd a formall tale,
That salu'd your reputation. But, be valiant, sir.
CORV. I feare no one, but him; that, this his pleading
Should make him stand for a co-heire——MOS. Co-halter.
Hang him: we will but vse his tongue, his noise,
2380 As we doe croakers, here. CORV. I, what shall he do? (we'll thinke,
MOS. When we ha' done, you meane? CORV. Yes. MOS. Why,
Sell him for *mummia* hee's halfe dust already.
To Voltore. Do not you smile, to see this *buffalo*,
How he doth sport it with his head? —— I' should
To Corbaccio. If all were well, and past. Sir, onely you
Are he, that shall enioy the crop of all,
And these not know for whom they toile. CORB. I, peace.
To Coruino, then to Voltore a-gaine. MOS. But you shall eate it. Much! Worshipfull sir,
MERCURY sit vpon your thundring tongue,
2390 Or the *French* HERCVLES, and make your language
As conquering as his club, to beate along,
(As with a tempest) flat, our aduersaries:
But, much more, yours, sir. VOLT. Here they come, ha' done.
MOS. I haue another witsnesse, if you neede, sir,
2395 I can produce. VOLT. Who is it? MOS. Sir, I haue her.

Act. IIII. Scene. V.

AVOCATORI, 4. BONARIO, CELIA, VOLTORE.
CORBACCIO, CORVINO, MOSCA,
NOTARIO, COMMANDADORI.

- 2400 **T**He like of this the *Senate* neuer heard of.
AVOC. 2. 'Twill come most strange to them, when we report it.
AVOC. 4. The gentlewoman has beene euer held
Of vn-reproued name. AVOC. 3. So, the yong man.
AVOC. 4. The more vnnaturall part that of his father.
2405 AVOC. 2. More of the husband. AVOC. 1. I not know to giue

His

His act a name, it is so monstrous !

AVOC. 4. But the impostor, he is a thing created

T'exceed example ! AVOC. And all after times !

AVOC. 2. I neuer heard a true voluptuary

2410 Describ'd, but him. AVOC. 3. Appeare yet those were cited ?

NOTA. All, but the old magnifico, VOLPONE.

AVOC. 1. Why is not hee here ? MOS. Please your father-hoods,
Here is his Aduocate. Himselfe's, so weake,

So feeble——AVOC. 4. What are you ? BON. His parasite,

2415 His knaue, his pandar : I beseech the court,

He may be forc'd to come, that your graue eyes

May beare strong witnesse of his strange impostures.

VOLT. Vpon my faith, and credit, with your vertues,

He is not able to endure the ayre. (Fetch him.

2420 AVO. 2. Bring him, how euer. AVO. 3. We will see him. AVO. 4.

VOLT. Your father-hoods fit pleasures be obey'd,

But sure, the sight will rather mooue your pitties,

Then indignation ; may it please the court,

In the meane time, he may be heard in me :

2425 I know this place most voide of preiudice,

And therefore craue it, since we haue no reason

To feare our truth should hurt our cause. AVOC. 3. Speake free.

VOLT. Then know, most honor'd fathers, I must now

Discouer, to your strangely' abused eares,

2430 The most prodigious, and most frontlesse piece

Of solid impudence, and trecherie,

That euer vicious nature yet brought foorth

To shame the state of *Venice*. This lewd woman

(That wants no artificiall lookes, or teares,

2435 To helpe the visor, she has now put on)

Hath long beene knowne a close adulteresse,

To that lasciuious youth there; not suspected,

I say, but knowne ; and taken, in the act ;

With him ; and by this man, the easie husband,

2440 Pardon'd : whose timelesse bounty makes him, now,

Stand here, the most vnhappy, innocent person,

That euer mans owne goodnesse made accus'd.

For these, not knowing how to owe a gift

Of that deare grace, but with their shame ; being plac'd

2445 So' aboue all powers of their gratitude,

Began to hate the benefit : and, in place

Af thanks, deuise t'extirpe the memorie

Of such an act. Wherein, I pray your father-hoods,

To obserue the malice, yea, the rage of creatures

2450 Discouer'd in their euils ; and what heart

Such

- Such take, euen, from their crimes. But that, anone,
 Will more appeare. This gentleman, the father,
 Hearing of this foule fact, with many others,
 VVhich dayly strooke at his too-tender eares,
 2455 And, grieu'd in nothing more, then that he could not
 Preserue him selfe a parent (his sonnes ill
 Growing to that strange floud) at last decreed
 To dis-inherit him. AVOC. 1. These be strange turnes !
 AVOC. 2. The yong mans fame was euer faire, and honest.
- 2460 VOLT. So much more full of danger is his vice,
 That can beguile so, vnder shade of vertue.
 But as I said (my honour'd sires) his father
 Hauing this settled purpose, (by what meanes
 To him betray'd, we know not) and this day
 2465 Appointed for the deed ; that parricide,
 (I cannot stile him better) by confederacy
 Preparing this his paramour to be there,
 Entred VOLPONE'S house (who was the man
 Your father-hoods must vnderstand, design'd
 2470 For the inheritance) there, sought his father :
 But, with what purpose sought he him, my lords ?
 (I tremble to pronounce it, that a sonne
 Vnto a father, and to such a father
 Should haue so foule, felonious intent)
- 2475 It was, to murder him. When, being preuented
 By his more happy absence, what then did he ?
 Not check his wicked thoughts ; no, now new deeds :
 (Mischiefe doth euer end, where it begins)
 An act of horror, fathers ! he drag'd forth
- 2480 The aged gentleman, that had there lien, bed-red,
 Three yeeres, and more, out off his innocent couch,
 Naked, vpon the floore, there left him ; wounded
 His seruant in the face ; and, with this strumpet
 The stale to his forg'd practise, who was glad
 2485 To be so actiue, (I shall here desire
 Your father-hoods to note but my collections,
 As most remarkable) thought, at once, to stop
 His fathers ends ; discredit his free choice,
 In the old gentleman ; redeeme themselues,
- 2490 By laying infamy vpon this man,
 To whom, with blushing, they should owe their liues. (fathers,
 AVOC. 1. What proofes haue you of this ? BON. Most honour'd
 I humbly craue, there be no credit giuen
 To this mans mercenary tongue. AVOC. 2. Forbeare. (low,
- 2495 BON. His soule moues in his fee. AVOC. 3. O, sir. BON. This fel-
 For

For six *sols* more, would pleade against his maker.

AVOC. 1. You do forget your selfe. VOLT. Nay, nay, graue fathers,
Let him haue scope : can any man imagine
That he will spare' his accuser, that would not

2500 Haue spar'd his parent? AVO. 1. Well, produce your proofes.

CEL. I would I could forget, I were a creature. (father.

VOLT. Signior CORBACCIO. AVO. 4. What is he? VOLT. The

AVO. 2. Has he had an oth? NOT. Yes. CORB. What must I do now?

NOT. Your testimony's crau'd. CORB. Speake to the knaue?

2505 I'll ha' my mouth, first, stopt with earth ; my heart

Abhors his knowledge : I disclaime in him.

AVO. 1. But, for what cause? CORB. The meere portent of nature.
He is an vtter stranger, to my loines.

BON. Haue they made you to this ! CORB. I will not heare thee,

2510 Monster of men, swine, goate, wolfe, parricide,

Speake not, thou viper. BON. Sir, I will sit downe,

And rather wish my innocence should suffer,

Then I resist the authority of a father. (this?

VOLT. Signior CORVINO. AVO. 2. This is strange ! AVO. 1. Who's

2515 NOT. The husband. AVO. 4. Is he sworn? NOT. He is. AVO. 3. Speak

CORV. This woman (please your father-hoods) is a whore, (then.
Of most hot exercise, more then a partrich,

Vpon record—AVO. 1. No more. CORV. Neighes, like a iennet.

NOT. Preserue the honour of the court. CORV. I shall,

2520 And modestie of your most reuerend eares.

And, yet, I hope that I may say, these eyes

Haue seene her glew'd vnto that peece of cedar ;

That fine well-timber'd gallant : and that, here,

The letters may be read, thorough the horne,

2525 That make the story perfect. MOS. Excellent ! sir.

CORV. There is no shame in this, now, is there? MOS. None.

CORV. Or if I said, I hop'd that she were onward

To her damnation, if there be a hell

Greater then whore, and woman ; a good catholique

2530 May make the doubt. AVO. 3. His griefe hath made him frantique.

AVO. 1. Remoue him, hence. AVO. 2. Looke to the woman. CORV. *She swownes.*

Prettily fain'd ! againe ! AVO. 4. Stand from about her. (Rare !

AVO. 1. Giue her the ayre. AVO. 3. What can you say? MOS. My wound
(May't please your wisdomes) speakes for me, receiu'd

2535 In ayde of my good patron, when he mist

His sought-for father, when that well-taught dame

Had her cue giuen her, to cry out a rape.

BON. O, most lay'd impudence ! Fathers — AVO. 3. Sir, be silent,
You had your hearing free, so must they theirs.

2540 AVO. 2. I do begin to doubt th' imposture here.

AVO. 4.

AVO. 4. This woman, has too many moods. VOLT. Graue fathers,
 She is a creature, of a most profest,
 And prostituted lewdnesse. CORV. Most impetuous!
 Unsatisfied, graue fathers! VOLT. May her fainings
 2545 Not take your wisdomes : but, this day, she baited
 A stranger, a graue knight, with her loose eyes,
 And more lasciuious kisses. This man saw 'hem
 Together, on the water, in a *gondola*.
 MOS. Here is the lady her selfe, that saw 'hem too,
 2550 Without ; who, then, had in the open streets
 Pursu'd them, but for sauing her knights honour.
 AVO. 1. Produce that lady. AVO. 2. Let her come. AVO. 4. These things,
 They strike, with wonder ! AVO. 3. I am turn'd a stone !

Act IIII. Scene VI.

2555 MOSCA, LADY, AVOCATORI, &c.

BEeresolute, madame. LAD. I, this same is shee.
 Out, thou *chameleon* harlot ; now, thine eies
 Vie teares with the *hyæna* : dar'st thou looke
 Vpon my wronged face ? I cry your pardons.
 2560 I feare, I haue (forgettingly) transgrest
 Against the dignitie of the court——AVO. 2. No, madame.
 LAD. And beene exorbitant——AVO. 4. You haue not, lady.
 AVO. 4. These proofes are strong. LAD. Surely, I had no purpose :
 To scandalize your honours, or my sexes.
 2565 AVO. 3. VVe do belecue it. LAD. Surely, you may belecue it.
 AVO. 2. Madame, we do. LAD. Indeede, you may ; my breeding
 Is not so course——AVO. 4. VVe know it. LAD. To offend
 VVith pertinacy——AVO. 3. Lady. LAD. Such a presence :
 No, surely. AVO. 1. VVe well thinke it. LAD. You may thinke it.
 2570 AVO. 1. Let her o'recome. VVhat witnesses haue you,
 To make good your report ? BON. Our consciences.
 CEL. And heauen, that neuer failes the innocent.
 AVO. 4 These are no testimonies. BON. Not in your courts,
 VVhere multitude, and clamour ouercomes.
 2575 AVO. 1. Nay, then you do waxe insolent. VOLT. Here, here,
 The testimonie comes, that will conuince,
 And put to vtter dumbnesse their bold tongues.
 See here, graue fathers, here's the rauisher,
 The rider on mens wiues, the great impostor,
 2580 The grand voluptuary ! do you not think,
 These limbes should affect *venery* ? or these eyes

*Volpone is
 brought in, as
 impotent.*

Couet a concubine? 'pray you, marke these hands.

Are they not fit to stroake a ladies brests?

Perhaps, he doth dissemble? BON. So he do's.

2585 VOLT. Would you ha' him tortur'd? BON. I would haue him prou'd.

VOLT. Best try him, then, with goades, or burning Irons;

Put him to the strappado: I haue heard,

The racke hath cur'd the gout, faith, giue it him,

And helpe him of a maladie, be courteous.

2590 I'le vndertake, before these honour'd fathers,

He shall haue, yet, as many left diseases,

As she has knowne adulterers, or thou strumpets.

O, my most equall hearers, if these deedes,

Acts, of this bold, and most exorbitant straine,

2595 May passe with sufferance, what one citizen,

But owes the forfeit of his life, yea fame,

To him that dares traduce him? which of you

Are safe, my honour'd fathers? I would aske

(With leaue of your graue father-hoods) if their plot

2600 Haue any face, or colour like to truth?

Or if, vnto the dullest nostrill, here,

It smell not rancke, and most abhorred slander?

I craue your care of this good gentleman,

Whose life is much indanger'd, by their fable;

2605 And, as for them, I will conclude with this,

That vicious persons when they are hot, and flesh'd

In impious acts, their constancy abounds:

Damn'd deedes are done with greatest confidence.

AVOC. 1. Take 'hem to custody, and seuer them.

2610 AVOC. 2. 'Tis pittie, two such prodigies should liue.

AVOC. 1. Let the old gentleman be return'd, with care:

I'am sorry, our credulitie wrong'd him.

AVO. 4. These are two creatures! AVO. 3. I haue an earthquake in me!

AVO. 2. Their shame (euen in their cradles) fled their faces.

2615 AVO. 4. You' haue done a worthy seruice to the state, sir,

In their discouerie. AVO. 1. You shall heare, ere night,

What punishment the court decrees vpon 'hem.

VOLT. We thanke your fatherhoods. How like you it? MOS. Rare.

I'd ha' your tongue, sir, tipt with gold, for this;

2620 I'd ha' you be the heire to the whole citie;

The earth I'd haue want men, ere you want liuing:

They' are bound to erect your statue, in St. MARKES.

Signior CORVINO, I would haue you goe,

And shew your selfe, that you haue conquer'd. CORV. Yes.

2625 MOS. It was much better, that you should professe

Your selfe a cuckold, thus, then that the other

Should haue beene prou'd. CORV. Nay, I consider'd that :
Now, it is her fault. MOS. Then, it had beene yours.

CORV. True, I doe doubt this Aduocate, still. MOS. I'faith,
2630 You need not, I dare ease you of that care. (MOSCA.

CORV. I trust thee, MOSCA. MOS. As your owne soule, sir. CORB.

MOS. Now for your businesse, sir. CORB. How? ha' you busines?

MOS. Yes, yours, sir. CORB. O, none else? MOS. None else, not I.

CORB. Be carefull then. MOS. Rest you, with both your eyes, sir.

2635 CORB. Dispatch it. MOS. Instantly. CORB. And looke, that all,
What-euer, be put in, iewels, plate, moneyes,
Household-stuffe, bedding, cortines. MOS. Cortine-rings, sir,
Onely, the Aduocates fee must be deducted.

CORB. I'll pay him, now : you'll be too prodigall.

2640 MOS. Sir, I must tender it. CORB. Two *ceechines* is well?

MOS. No, six, sir. CORB. 'Tis too much. MOS. He talk'd a great while,
You must consider that, sir. CORB. Well, there's three——

MOS. I'll giue it him. CORB. Doe so, and there's for thee.

MOS. Bountifull bones! What horride strange offence
2645 Did he commit 'gainst nature, in his youth,
Worthy this age? you see, sir, how I worke
Vnto your ends; take you no notice. VOLT. No,
I'll leaue you. MOS. All, is yours; the deuill, and all :
Good Aduocate. Madame, I'll bring you home.

2650 LAD. No, I'll goe see your patron. MOS. That you shall not :
I'll tell you, why. My purpose is, to vrge
My patron to reforme his will; and, for
The zeale you' haue shew'n to day, whereas before
You were but third, or, fourth, you shall be now
2655 Put in the first : which would appeare as beg'd,
If you were present. Therefore—— LAD. You shall sway me.

Act v. Scene I.

VOLPONE.

2660 **V**Well, I am here; and all this brunt is past :
I ne're was in dislike with my disguise,
Till this fled moment; here, 'twas good, in priuate,
But, in your publike, *Caue*, whil'st I breathe.
'Fore god, my left legge 'gan to haue the crampe;
And I apprehended, straight, some power had strooke me
2665 With a dead palsey : well, I must be merry,
And shake it off. A many of these feares
Would put me into some villanous disease,
Should they come thick vpon me : I'll preuent 'hem.

Giue

Giue me a boule of lustie wine, to fright
 2670 This humor from my heart ; (hum, hum, hum)
 'Tis almost gone, already : I shall conquer.
 Any deuce, now, of rare, ingenious knauery,
 That would possesse me with a violent laughter,
 Would make me vp, againe ! So, so, so, so.
 2675 This heate is life ; 'tis bloud, by this time : MOSCA !

He drinkes.

Drinkes againe.

Act v. Scene II.

MOSCA, VOLPONE, NANO,
 CASTRONE.

2680 **H**OW now, sir ? do's the day looke cleare againe ?
 Are we recouer'd ? and wrought out of error,
 Into our way ? to see our path, before vs ?
 Is our trade free, once more ? VOLP. Exquisite MOSCA !
 MOS. Was it not carry'd learnedly ? VOLP. And stoutly.
 Good wits are greatest in extremities.
 2685 MOS. It were a folly, beyond thought, to trust
 Any grand act vnto a cowardly spirit :
 You are not taken with it, enough, me thinkes ?
 VOLP. O, more, then if I had enioy'd the wench :
 The pleasure of all woman-kind's not like it.
 2690 MOS. Why, now you speake, sir. We must, here be fixt ;
 Here, we must rest ; this is our master-peece :
 We cannot thinke, to goe beyond this. VOLP. True,
 Thou 'hast playd thy prise, my precious MOSCA. MOS. Nay, sir,
 To gull the court——VOLP. And, quite diuert the torrent,
 2695 Vpon the innocent. MOS. Yes, and to make
 So rare a musique out of discordes——VOLP. Right.
 That, yet, to me 's the strangest ! how th' hast borne it !
 That these (being so diuided 'mongst themselues)
 Should not sent some-what, or in me, or thee,
 2700 Or doubt their owne side. MOS. True, they will not see't.
 Too much light blinds 'hem, I thinke. Each of 'hem
 Is so possest, and stuf with his owne hopes,
 That any thing, vnto the contrary,
 Neuer so true, or neuer so apparent,
 2705 Neuer so palpable, they will resist it——
 VOLP. Like a temptation of the diuell. MOS. Right, sir.
 Merchants may talke of trade, and your great signiors
 Of land, that yeelds well ; but if *Italy*
 Haue any glebe, more fruitfull, then these fellowes,

2710 I am deceiu'd. Did not your Aduocate rare ?

VOLP. O (my most honor'd fathers, my graue fathers,
Vnder correction of your father-hoods,
What face of truth is, here? If these strange deeds
May passe, most honour'd fathers——) I had much a doe

2715 To forbear laughing. MOS. 'T seem'd to mee, you sweat, sir.

VOLP. In troth, I did a little. MOS. But confesse, sir,
Were you not daunted? VOLP. In good faith, I was
A little in a mist ; but not dejected :

Neuer, but still my selfe. MOS. I thinke it, sir

2720 Now (so truth helpe me) I must needes say this, sir.

And, out of conscience, for your aduocate :
He' has taken paines, in faith, sir, and deseru'd,
(In my poore iudgement, I speake it, vnder fauour,
Not to contrary you, sir) very richly——

2725 Well——to be cosen'd. VOLP. 'Troth, and I thinke so too,
By that I heard him, in the latter end.

MOS. O, but before, sir ; had you heard him, first,
Draw it to certaine heads, then aggrauate,
Then vse his vehement figures——I look'd still,

2730 When he would shift a shirt ; and, doing this

Out of pure loue, no hope of gaine——VOLP. 'Tis right.
I cannot answer him, MOSCA, as I would,
Not yet ; but for thy sake, at thy intreaty,
I will beginne, eu'n now, to vexe 'hem all :

2735 This very instant. MOS. Good, sir. VOLP. Call the dwarfe,
And eunuch, forth. MOS. CASTRONE, NANO. NAN. Here.

VOLP. Shal we haue a jig, now? MOS. What you please, sir. VOLP. Go,
Streight, giue out, about the streetes, you two,
That I am dead ; doe it with constancy,

2740 Sadly, doe you heare ? impute it to the grieffe

Of this late slander. MOS. What doe you meane, sir? VOLP. O,
I shall haue, instantly, my vulture, crow,
Rauen, come flying hither (on the newes)
To peck for carrion, my shee-wolfe, and all,

2745 Greedy, and full of expectation——

MOS. And then to haue it rauish'd from their mouthes ?

VOLP. 'Tis true, I will ha' thee put on a gowne,
And take vpon thee, as thou wert mine heire ;
Shew 'hem a will : open that chest, and reach

2750 Forth one of those, that has the blankes. I'le straight

Put in thy name. MOS. It will be rare, sir. VOLP. I,
When they e'ene gape, and finde themselues deluded——

MOS. Yes. VOLP. And thou vse them skiruiely. Dispatch,
Get on thy gowne. MOS. But, what, sir, if they aske

- 2755 After the body? VOLP. Say, it was corrupted.
 MOS I'll say, it stunke, sir; and was faine t'haue it
 Coffin'd vp instantly, and sent away.
 VOLP. Any thing, what thou wilt. Hold, here's my will.
 Get thee a cap, a count-booke, pen and inke,
 2760 Papers afore thee; sit, as thou wert taking
 An inuentory of parcels: I'll get vp,
 Behind the cortine, on a stoole, and harken;
 Sometime, peepe ouer; see, how they doe looke;
 With what degrees, their bloud doth leaue their faces!
 2765 O, 'twill afford me a rare meale of laughter.
 MOS. Your Aduocate will turne stark dull, vpon it.
 VOLP. It will take off his oratories edge.
 MOS. But your *Clarissimo*, old round-backe, he
 Will crumpe you, like a hog-louse, with the touch.
 2770 VOLP. And what CORVINO? MOS. O, sir, looke for him,
 To morrow morning, with a rope, and a dagger,
 To visite all the streetes; he must runne mad.
 My Lady too, that came into the court,
 To beare false witness, for your worship—VOLP. Yes,
 2775 And kist mee 'fore the fathers; when my face
 Flow'd all with oyles. MOS. And sweate, sir. Why, your gold
 Is such another med'cine, it dries vp
 All those offensiue sauors! It transformes
 The most deformed, and restores 'hem louely,
 2780 As 't were the strange poetickall girdle. LOVE *Cestus.*
 Could not inuent, t' himselfe, a shroud more subtile,
 To passe ACRISIVS guardes. It is the thing
 Makes all the world her grace, her youth, her beauty.
 VOLP. I thinke, she loues me. MOS. Who? the lady, sir?
 2785 Shee's iealous of you. VOLP. Do'st thou say so? MOS. Harke,
 There's some already. VOLP. Looke. MOS. It is the vulture:
 He has the quickest sent. VOLP. I'll to my place,
 Thou, to thy posture. MOS. I am set. VOLP. But, MOSCA,
 Play the artificer now, torture 'hem, rarely.

2790 *Act. V. Scene. III.*

VOLTORE, MOSCA, CORBACCIO, CORVINO,
 LADY, VOLPONE.

- II Ow now, my MOSCA? MOS. Turkie carpets, nine——
 VOLT. Taking an inuentory? that is well. (will?
 2795 MOS. Two sutes of bedding, tissey—VOLT. Where's the
 Let me read that, the while. CORB. So, set me downe:

And get you home. VOLT. Is he come, now, to trouble vs?

MOS. Of cloth of gold, two more——CORB. Is it done, MOSCA?

MOS. Of seuerall vellets, eight——VOLT. I like his care.

2800 CORB. Dost thou not heare? CORV. Ha? is the houre come, MOSCA?

*Volpone peepes
from behinde a
traverse.*

VOLP. I, now, they muster. CORV. What do's the aduocate here?

Or this CORBACCIO? CORB. What do these here? LAD. MOSCA?

Is his thred spunne? MOS. Eight chests of linnen——VOLP. O,

My fine dame WOVLDBEE, too! CORV. MOSCA, the will,

2805 That I may shew it these, and rid 'hem hence.

MOS. Six chests of diaper, foure of damaske——There. (Rare!

CORB. Is that the will? MOS. Down-beds, and bouldsters---VOLP.

Be busie still. Now, they begin to flutter:

They neuer thinke of me. Looke, see, see, see!

2810 How their swift eies runne ouer the long deed,

Vnto the name, and to the legacies,

What is bequeath'd them, there——MOS. Ten suites of hangings——

VOLP. I, i'their garters, MOSCA. Now, their hopes

Are at the gaspe. VOLT. MOSCA the heire! CORB. What's that?

2815 VOLP. My aduocate is dumbe, looke to my merchant,

Hee has heard of some strange storme, a ship is lost,

He faints: my lady will swoone. Old glazen-eyes,

He hath not reach'd his dispaire, yet. CORB. All these

Are out of hope, I' am sure the man. CORV. But, MOSCA——

2820 MOS. Two cabenets——CORV. Is this in earnest? MOS. One

Of ebony.——CORV. Or, do you but delude me?

MOS. The other, mother of pearle——I am very busie.

Good faith, it is a fortune throwne vpon me——

Item, one salt of agat——not my seeking.

2825 LAD. Do you heare, sir? MOS. A perfum'd boxe---'pray you forbear,

You see I am troubled——made of an *onyx*——LAD. How!

MOS. To morrow, or next day, I shall be at leasure,

To talke with you all. CORV. Is this my large hopes issue?

LAD. Sir, I must haue a fayrer answer. MOS. Madame!

2830 Mary, and shall: 'pray you, fairely quit my house.

Nay, raise no tempest with your looks; but, harke you:

Remember, what your ladiship offred me,

To put you in, an heire; goe to, thinke on't.

And what you said, eene your best madames did

2835 For maintenance, and, why not you? inough.

Goe home, and vse the poore sir POL, your knight, well;

For feare I tell some riddles: go, be melancholique.

VOLP. O, my fine diuell! CORV. MOSCA, 'pray you a word.

MOS. Lord! will not you take your dispatch hence, yet?

2840 Me thinkes (of all) you should haue beene th'exemple.

VWhy should you stay, here? with what thought? what promise?

Heare

- Heare you, doe not you know, I know you an asse ?
 And, that you would, most faine, haue beene a wittoll,
 If fortune would haue let you ? that you are
- 2845 A declar'd cuckold, on good termes ? this pearle,
 You'll say, was yours ? right : this diamant ?
 I'le not deny't, but thanke you. Much here, else ?
 It may be so. VVhy, thinke that these good works
 May helpe to hide you bad : I'le not betray you,
- 2850 Although you be but extraordinary,
 And haue it onely in title, it sufficeth.
 Go home, be melancholique too, or mad.
 VOLP. Rare, MOSCA ! how his villany becomes him !
 VOLT. Certaine, he doth delude all these, for me.
- 2855 CORB. MOSCA, the heire ? VOLP. O, his foure eyes haue found it !
 CORB. I' am cosen'd, cheated, by a parasite-slaue ;
 Harlot, t'hast gul'd me. MOS. Yes, sir. Stop your mouth,
 Or I shall draw the onely tooth, is left.
 Are not you he, that filthy couetous wretch,
- 2860 With the three legges, that here, in hope of prey,
 Haue, any time this three yeere, snuft about,
 With your most grou'ling nose ; and would haue hir'd
 Me to the pois'ning of my patron ? sir ?
 Are not you he, that haue, to day, in court,
- 2865 Profess'd the dis-inheriting of your sonne ?
 Periur'd your selfe ? Go home, and die, and stinke ;
 If you but croake a sillable, all comes out :
 Away and call your porters, go, go, stinke.
 VOLP. Excellent varlet ! VOLT. Now, my faithfull MOSCA,
- 2870 I finde thy constancie. MOS. Sir ? VOLT. Sincere. MOS. A table
 Of porphiry —— I mar'le, you'll be thus troublesome.
 VOLT. Nay, leaue off now, they are gone. MOS. Why ? who are you ?
 VVhat ? who did send for you ? O'cry you mercy,
 Reuerend sir ! good faith, I am greeu'd for you,
- 2875 That any chance of mine should thus defeate
 Your (I must needs say) most deseruing trauels :
 But, I protest, sir, it was cast vpon me,
 And I could, almost, wish to be without it,
 But, that the will o' th' dead, must be obseru'd.
- 2880 Mary, my ioy is, that you need it not,
 You haue a gift, sir, (thanke your education)
 VVill neuer let you want, while there are men,
 And malice, to breed causes. VVould I had
 But halfe the like, for all my fortune, sir.
- 2885 If I haue any suites (as I doe hope,
 Things being so easie, and direct, I shall not)

I will

I wil make bold with your obstreperous aide,
 (Conceiue me) for your fee, sir. In meane time,
 You, that haue so much law, I know ha' the conscience,
 2890 Not to be couetous of what is mine.

Good sir, I thanke you for my plate : 'twill helpe
 To set vp a yong man. Good faith, you looke
 As you were costieue ; best go home, and purge, sir.

VOLP. Bid him, eat lettuce well : my wittie *mischiefe*,
 2895 Let me embrace thee. O, that I could now
 Transforme thee to a VENVS—— MOSCA, goe,
 Streight, take my habit of *Clarissimo* ;
 And walke the streets ; be seene, torment 'hem more :
 We must pursew, as well as plot. Who would
 2900 Haue lost this feast ? MOS. I doubt it will loose them.

VOLP. O, my recouery shall recouer all.
 That I could now but thinke on some disguise,
 To meet 'hem in : and aske 'hem questions.
 How I would vexe 'hem still, at euery turne ?
 2905 MOS. Sir, I can fit you. VOLP. Canst thou ? MOS. Yes, I know
 One o' the *Commandatori*, sir, so like you,
 Him will I streight make drunke, and bring you his habit.

VOLP. A rare disguise, and answering thy braine !
 O, I will be a sharpe disease vnto 'hem.
 2910 MOS. Sir, you must looke for curses——VOLP. Till they burst ;
 The *Foxxe* fares euer best, when he is curst.

Act v. Scene IIII.

PEREGRINE, MERCATORI. 3. WOMAN, POLITIQUE.

2915 **A** M I enough disguis'd ? MER. 1. I warrant you.
 PER. All my ambition is to fright him, onely.
 MER. 2. If you could ship him away, 'twere excellent.
 MER. 3. To *Zant*, or to *Alepo* ? PER. Yes, and ha' his
 Aduentures put i' th' *booke of voyages*,
 2920 And his guld story registred, for truth ?
 Well, gentlemen, when I am in, a while,
 And that you thinke vs warme in our discourse,
 Know your approaches. MER. 1. Trust it to our care.
 PER. Saue you, faire lady. Is sir POLL. within ?
 2925 WOM. I do not know, sir. PER. 'Pray you, say vnto him,
 Here is a merchant, vpon earnest businesse,
 Desires to speake with him. WOM. I will see, sir. PER. 'Pray you.
 I see, the family is all female, here.

WOM.

- WOM. He sai's, sir, he has waighty affaires of state,
 2930 That now require him whole, some other time
 You may possesse him. PER. 'Pray you say againe,
 If those require him whole, these will exact him,
 VVhereof I bring him tidings. VVhat might be
 His graue affaire of state, now? how, to make
 2935 *Bolognians* sauseges, here, in *Venice*, sparing
 One o' th' ingredients. VVOM. Sir, he sai's, he knowes
 By your word, tidings, that you are no states-man,
 And therefore, wills you stay. PER. Sweet, 'pray you returne him,
 I haue not read so many proclamations,
 2940 And studied them, for words, as he has done,
 But—— Here he deignes to come. POL. Sir, I must craue
 Your courteous pardon. There hath chanc'd (to day)
 Vnkinde disaster, 'twixt my lady, and mee :
 And I was penning my apologie
 2945 To giue her satisfaction, as you came, now.
 PER. Sir, I am grieu'd, I bring you worse disaster;
 The gentleman, you met at th' port, to day,
 That told you, he was newly arriu'd —— POL. I, was
 A fugitiue punke? PER. No, sir, a spie, set on you :
 2950 And, he has made relation to the Senate,
 That you profest to him, to haue a plot,
 To sell the state of *Venice*, to the *Turke*.
 POL. O me! PER. For which, warrants are sign'd by this time,
 To apprehend you, and to search your study,
 2955 For papers —— POL. Alasse, sir. I haue none, but notes,
 Drawne out of play-bookes —— PER. All the better, sir.
 POL. And some essayes. What shall I doe? PER. Sir, best
 Conuay your selfe into a sugar-chest,
 Or, if you could lie round, a fraile were rare :
 2960 And I could send you, aboard. POL. Sir, I but talk'd so,
 For discourse sake, merely. PER. Harke, they are there.
 POL. I am a wretch, a wretch. PER. What, will you doe, sir?
 Ha you ne're a curren-but to leape into?
 They'll put you to the racke, you must be sudden.
 2965 POL. Sir, I haue an ingine—— (MER. 3. Sir POLITIQUE WOVLDBE?
 MER. 2. Where is he?) POL. That I haue thought vpon, before time.
 PER. What is it? POL. (I shall ne're indure the torture.)
 Mary, it is, sir, of a tortoyse-shell,
 Fitted, for these extremities : 'pray you sir, helpe me.
 2970 Here, I' haue a place, sir, to put backe my leggs,
 (Please you to lay it on, sir) with this cap,
 And my blacke gloues, I'le lye, sir, like a tortoyse,
 Till they are gone. PER. And, call you this an ingine?

*They knocke
without.*

POL.

POL. Mine owne device—— good sir, bid my wiues women
They rush in. To burne my papers. MER. 1. Where's he hid? MER. 3. We must,
 And will, sure, find him. MER. 2. Which is his study? MER. 1. What
 Are you, sir? PER. I am a merchant, that came heere
 To looke vpon this tortoyse. MER. 3. How? MER. 1. S^t. MARKE!
 What beast is this? PER. It is a fish. MER. 2. Come out, here.
 2980 PER. Nay, you may strike him, sir, and tread vpon him :
 Hee'll beare a cart. MER. 1. What, to runne ouer him? PER. Yes. (sir.
 MER. 3. Let's iump, vpon him. MER. 2. Can he not go? PER. He creeps,
 MER. 1. Let's see him creepe. PER. No, good sir, you will hurt him.
 MER. 2. (Heart) I'll see him creepe ; or pricke his guts.
 2985 MER. 3. Come out, here. PER. 'Pray you sir, (creepe a little)
 MER. 1. Foorth.
 MER. 2. Yet further. PER. Good sir, (creepe) MER. 2. We'll see his legs.
They pul of the MER. 3. Gods 'so, he has garters! MER. 1. I, and gloues! MER. 2. Is this
shel and disco-
uer him. Your fearefull tortoyse? PER. Now, sir POLL. we are euen ;
 2990 For your next proiect, I shall be prepar'd :
 I am sorry, for the funerall of your notes, sir.
 MER. 1. 'Twere a rare motion, to be seene in *Fleet-street*!
 MER. 2. I, i'the terme. MER. 1. Or *Smithfield*, in the faire.
 MER. 3. Me thinkes, tis but a melancholique sight!
 2995 PER. Farewell, most politique tortoyse. POL. Where's my lady?
 Knowes shee of this? WOM. I know not, sir. POL. Enquire.
 O, I shall be the fable of all feasts ;
 The freight of the *gazetti* ; ship-boyes tale ;
 And, which is worst, euen talke for ordinaries.
 3000 WOM. My lady's come most melancholique, home,
 And say's, sir, she will straight to sea, for physick.
 POL. And I, to shunne, this place, and clime for euer ;
 Creeping, with house, on backe : and thinke it well,
 To shrinke my poore head, in my politique shell.

3005

Act IIII. Scene V.

VOLPONE, MOSCA.

*The first, in the
 habit of a Com-
 mandadore :
 the other, of a
 Clarissimo.*

A M I then like him? MOS. O, sir, you are he :
 No man can seuer you. VOLP. Good. MOS. But, what am I?
 VOLP. 'Fore heau'n, a braue *Clarissimo*, thou becom'st it!
 3010 Pitty, thou wert not borne one. MOS. If I hold
 My made one, 'twill be well. VOLP. I'll goe, and see
 What newes, first, at the court. MOS. Doe so. My FOXE
 Is out on his hole, and, ere he shall re-enter,
 I'll make him languish, in his borrow'd case,
 3015 Except he come to composition, with me :

ANDRO-

ANDROGINO, CASTRONE, NANO. ALL. Here.

MOS. Goe, recreate your selues, abroad ; goe, sport :

So, now I haue the keies, and am possest.

Since he will, needes, be dead, afore his time,

3020 I'le burie him, or gaine by him. I' am his heire :

And so will keepe me, till he share at least.

To cosen him of all, were but a cheat

Well plac'd ; no man would construe it a sinne :

Let his sport pay for't, this is call'd the FOXE-trap.

3025

Act v. Scene VI.

CORBACCIO, CORVINO, VOLPONE.

THey say, the court is set. CORV. We must maintaine
Our first tale good, for both our reputations. (kild me.

CORB. Why? mine's no tale : my sonne would, there, haue

3030 CORV. That's true, I had forgot : mine is, I am sure.

But, for your will, sir. CORB. I, I'le come vpon him,

For that, hereafter, now his Patron's dead.

VOLP. Signior CORVINO ! and CORBACCIO ! sir,

Much ioy vnto you. CORV. Of what? VOLP. The sodaine good,

3035 Dropt downe vpon you—CORB. Where? VOLP. (And, none knowes
From old VOLPONE, sir. CORB. Out, errant knaue. (how)

VOLP. Let not your too much wealth, sir, make you furious. (me?

CORB. Away, thou varlet. VOLP. Why sir? CORB. Do'st thou mocke

VOLP. You mocke the world, sir, did you not change wills?

3040 CORB. Out, harlot. VOLP. O! belike you are the man,

Signior CORVINO? 'faith, you carry it well ;

You grow not mad withall : I loue your spirit.

You are not ouer-leauen'd, with your fortune.

You should ha' some would swell, now like a wine-fat,

3045 With such an *Autumne*—— Did he gi' you all, sir?

CORV. Auoid, you rascall. VOLP. Troth, your wife has shew'ne

Her selfe a very woman : but, you are well,

You neede not care, you haue a good estate,

To beare it out, sir, better by this chance.

3050 Except CORBACCIO haue a share? CORB. Hence, varlet.

VOLP. You will not be a' knowne, sir : why 'tis wise.

Thus doe all gam'sters, at all games, dissemble.

No man will seeme to winne. Here, comes my vulture,

Heauing his beake vp i' the ayre, and snuffing.

Act

3055

Act V. Scene VII.

VOLTORE, VOLPONE.

- O** Vt-stript thus, by a parasite? a slaue?
 Would run on errands? and make legs, for crummes?
 Well, what I'll do——VOLP. The court staies for you worship.
 3060 I eene reioyce, sir, at your worships happinesse,
 And that it fell into so learned hands,
 That vnderstand the fingering.——VOLT. What doe you meane?
 VOLP. I meane to be a sutor to your worship,
 For the small tenement, out of reparations;
 3065 That, at the end of your long row of houses,
 By the *piscaria*: it was, in VOLPONE'S time,
 Your predecessor, ere he grew diseas'd,
 A handsome, pretty, custom'd, bawdy-house,
 As any was in *Venice* (none disprais'd)
 3070 But fell with him; his body, and that house
 Decay'd, together. VOLT. Come, sir, leaue your prating.
 VOLP. Why, if your worship giue me but your hand,
 That I may ha' the refusall; I haue done.
 'Tis a meere toy, to you, sir; candle rents:
 3075 As your learn'd worship knowes——VOLT. What doe I know?
 VOLP. Mary no end of your wealth, sir, god decrease it.
 VOLT. Mistaking knaue! what, mock'st thou my mis-fortune?
 VOLP. His blessing on your heart, sir, would 'twere more.
 (Now, to my first, againe; at the next corner.)

3080

Act V. Scene VIII.

 CORBACCIO, CORVINO, (MOSCA,
passant) VOLPONE.

- S** Ee, in our habite! see the impudent varlet!
 CORV. That I could shoote mine eies at him, like gun-stones.
 3085 VOLP. But, is this true, sir, of the parasite?
 CORB. Again, t' afflict vs? monster! VOLP. In good faith, sir,
 I' am hartily greeu'd, a beard of your graue length
 Should be so ouer-reach'd. I neuer brook'd
 That parasites haire, me thought his nose should cosen:
 3090 There still was somewhat, in his looke, did promise
 The bane of a *Clarissimo*. CORB. Knaue——VOLP. Me thinkes,
 Yet you, that are so traded i' the world,
 A witty merchant, the fine bird, CORVINO,
 That haue such morall *emblemes* on your name,

Should

3095 Should not haue sung you shame ; and dropt your cheese :
To let the FOXE laugh at your emptinesse.

CORV. Sirrah, you thinke, the priuiledge of the place,
And your red saucy cap, that seemes (to me)
Nayl'd to your iolt-head, with those two *cecchines*,

3100 Can warrant your abuses ; come you, hither:
You shall perceiue, sir, I dare beate you. Approch.

VOLP. No haste, sir, I doe know your valure, well :
Since you durst publish what you are, sir. CORV. Tarry,
I'd speake, with you. VOLP. Sir, sir, another time——

3105 CORV. Nay, now. VOLP. O god, sir ! I were a wise man,
Would stand the fury of a distracted cuckold.

CORB. What ! come againe ? VOLP. Vpon 'hem, MOSCA ; saue me, *Mosca walks*

CORB. The ayre's infected, where he breathes. CORV. Lets flye him. *by 'hem.*

VOLP. Excellent *Basiliske* ! turne vpon the *vulture*.

3110

Act V. Scene IX.

VOLTORE, MOSCA, VOLPONE.

VV Ell, flesh-flie, it is sommer with you, now ;
Your winter will come on. MOS. Good Aduocate,
'Pray thee, not raile, nor threaten out of place, thus ;

3115 Thou 'lt make a *solæcisme* (as madame sayes.)
Get you a biggen, more : your braine breakes loose.

VOLT. Well, sir. VOLP. Would you ha' me beate the insolent slaue?
Throw dirt, vpon his first good cloathes ? VOLT, This same
Is, doubtlesse, some familiar ! VOLP. Sir, the court

3120 In troth, stayes for you. I am mad, a mule,
That neuer read I VSTINIAN, should get vp,
And ride an Aduocate. Had you no quirke,
To auoide gullage, sir, by such a creature ?
I hope you doe but iest ; he has not done 't :

3125 This's but confederacy, to blind the rest.
You are the heire ? VOLT. A strange, officious,
Trouble-some knaue ! thou dost torment me. VOLP. I know——
It cannot be, 'sir, that you should be cosen'd ;
'Tis not within the wit of man, to doe it :

3130 You are so wise, so prudent, and, 'tis fit,
That wealth, and wisdom still, should goe together.

Act v. Scene 10.

AVOCATORI, 4. NOTARIO, COMMANDADORE,
 BONARIO, CELIA, CORBACCIO, COR-
 3135 VINO, VOLTORE, VOLPONE.

A Re all the parties, here? NOT. All, but the Aduocate. (sentence.
 AVO. 2. And, here he comes. AVO. Then bring 'hem foorth to
 VOLT. O, my most honour'd fathers, let your mercy
 Once winne vpon your iustice, to forgiue——

3140 I am distracted——VOLP. (What will he doe, now?) VOLP. O,
 I know not which t' addresse my selfe to, first,
 Whether your father-hoods, or these innocents——

(CORV. Will he betray himselfe?) VOLT. Whom, equally,
 I haue abus'd, out of most couetous endes——

3145 (CORV. The man is mad! CORB. What's that? CORV. He is possest.)
 VOLT. For which; now strooke in conscience, here I prostrate
 Myselfe, at your offended feet, for pardon.

AVO. 1. 2. Arise. CEL. O heau'n, how iust thou art! VOLP. I'am caught
 I'mine owne noose——CORV. Be constant, sir, nought now

3150 Can helpe, but impudence. AVO. 1. Speake forward. COM. Silence.
 VOLT. It is not passion in me, reuerend fathers,

But onely conscience, conscience my good sires,
 That makes me, now, tell truth. That parasite,
 That knaue hath been the instrument of all. (fathers,

3155 AVO. Where is that knaue? fetch him. VOLP. I goe. CORV. Graue
 This man's distracted; he confest it, now:

For, hoping to be old VOLPONE's heire,
 Who now is dead —— AVOC. 3. How? AVO. 2. Is VOLPONE dead?

CORV. Dead since, graue fathers——BON. O, sure vengeance! AVO. 1.
 3160 Then, he was no deceiuer? VOLT. O no, none: (Stay,,

The parasite, graue fathers. CORV. He do's speake,
 Out of meere enuie, 'cause the seruant's made
 The thing, he gap't for; please your father-hoods,
 This is the truth: though, I'll not iustifie

3165 The other, but he may be some-deale faulty.

VOLT. I, to your hopes, as well as mine, CORVINO:
 But I'll vse modesty. Pleaseth your wisdomes
 To viewe these certaine notes, and but conferre them;
 As I hope fauour, they shall speake cleare truth.

3170 CORV. The deuill ha's entred him! BON. Or bides in you.

AVO. 4. We haue done ill, by a publike officer,
 To send for him, if he be heire. AVO. 2. For whom?

AVO. 4. Him, that they call the parasite. AVO. 3. 'Tis true;
 He is a man, of great estate, now left.

AVO. 4.

- 3175 AVO. 4. Goe you, and learne his name ; and say, the court
Intreats his presence, here ; but, to the clearing
Of some few doubts. AVO. 2. This same's a labyrinth !
AVO. 1. Stand you vnto your first report ? CORV. My state,
My life, my fame — BON. (Where is't ?) CORV. Are at the stake.
3180 AVO. 1. Is yours so too ? CORB. The Aduocate's a knaue:
And has a forked tongue — AVO. 2. (Speake to the point.)
CORB. So is the parasite, too. AVO. 1. This is confusion.
VOLT. I doe beseech your father-hoods, read but those ;
CORV. And credit nothing, the false spirit hath writ :
3185 It cannot be, but he is possest, graue fathers.

Act v. Scene XI.

VOLPONE, NANO, ANDROGINO,
CASTRONE.

- 3190 **T**O make a snare, for mine owne necke ! and run
My head into it, wilfully ! with laughter !
When I had newly scap't, was free, and cleare !
Out of mere wantonnesse ! ô, the dull deuill
Was in this braine of mine, when I deuis'd it ;
And MOSCA gaue it second : he must now
3195 Helpe to seare vp this veyne, or we bleed dead.
How now ! who let you loose ? whither goe you, now ?
What ? to buy ginger-bread ? or to drowne kitlings ?
NAN. Sir, master MOSCA call'd vs out of doores,
And bid vs all goe play, and tooke the keies. AND. Yes.
3200 VOLP. Did master MOSCA take the keyes ? why, so !
I am farder, in. These are my fine conceipts !
I must be merry, with a mischief to me !
What a vile wretch was I, that could not beare
My fortune soberly ? I must ha' my crotchets !
3205 And my *conundrums* ! well, goe you, and seeke him :
His meaning may be truer, then my feare.
Bid him, he streight come to me, to the court ;
Thither will I, and, if 't be possible,
Vn-screw my aduocate, vpon new hopes :
3210 When I prouok'd him, then I lost my selfe.

Act V. Scene XII.

A V O C A T O R I, & C.

- T Hese things can nere be reconcil'd. He, here,
 Professeth, that the gentleman was wrong'd ;
 3215 And that the gentlewoman was brought thither,
 Forc'd by her husband : and there left. VOLT. Most true.
 CEL. How ready is heau'n to those, that pray! AVO. 1. But, that
 VOLPONE would haue rauish'd her, he holds
 Vtterly false ; knowing his impotence.
 3220 CORV. Graue fathers, he is possest ; againe, I say,
 Possest : nay, if there be possession,
 And obsession, he has both. AVO. 3. Here comes our officer.
 VOLP. The parasite will streight be, here, graue fathers.
 AVO. 4. You might inuent some other name, sir varlet.
 3225 AVO. 3. Did not the notarie meet him? VOLP. Not that I know.
 AVO. 4. His comming will cleare all. AVO. 2. Yet it is mistie.
 VOLT. May't please your father hoods—VOLP. Sir, the parasite
 Will'd me to tell you, that his master liues ;
 That you are still the man ; your hopes the same ;
 3230 And this was, onely a iest—VOLT. How? VOLP. Sir, to trie
 If you were, firme, and how you stood affected.
 VOLT. Art' sure he liues? VOLP. Doe I liue, sir? VOLT. O me !
 I was to violent. VOLP. Sir, you may redeeme it,
 They said, you were possest ; fall downe, and seeme so :
 I'le helpe to make it good. God blesse the man !
 (Stop your wind hard, and swell) see, see, see, see !
 He vomits crooked pinnes ! his eyes are set,
 Like a dead hares, hung in a poulters shop !
 His mouth's running away ! doe you see, signior ?
 3240 Now, 'tis in his belly. (CORV. I, the deuill !)
 VOLP. Now, in his throate. (CORV. I, I perceiue it plaine.)
 VOLP. 'Twill out, t'will out ; stand cleere. See, where it flies !
 In shape of a blew toad, with a battes wings !
 Doe not you see it, sir? CORB. What? I thinke I doe.
 3245 CORV. 'Tis too manifest. VOLP. Looke ! he comes t'himselfe !
 VOLT. Where am I? VOLP. Take good heart, the worst is past, sir.
 You are dis-possest. ATO. 1 What accident is this?
 AVO. Sodaine, and full of wonder ! ATO. 3. If he were.
 Possest, as it appeares, all this is nothing.
 3250 CORV. He has beene, often, subbiect to these fits,
 AVO. 1. Shew him that writing, do you know it, sir ?
 VOLP. Deny it, sir, forswear it, know it not.
 VOLT. Yes, I doe know it well, it is my hand :

*Volpone whis-
fers the Aduo-
cate.*

Voltore falls.

But

But all, that it containes, is false. BON.3. O practise !

3255 AVO.2. What maze is this! AVO.1. Is he not guilty, then,
Whom you, there, name the parasite? VOLT. Graue fathers,
No more then, his good patron, old VOLPONE.

AVO.4. Why, he is dead? VOLT. O no, my honor'd fathers.
He liues——AVO.1. How! liues? VOLT. Liues. AVO.2. This is subtler, yet!

3260 AVO.3 You said, he was dead? VOLT. Neuer. AVO.3. You said so?
CORV. I heard so.

AVO.4. Here comes the gentleman make him way. AVO.3. A stoole.

AVOC.4. A proper man! and were VOLPONE dead,
A fit match for my daughter. AVOC.3. Giue him way.

3265 VOLP. MOSCA, I was a'most lost, the Aduocate
Had betray'd all ; but, now, it is recouer'd :
Al's o' the hinge againe——say, I am liuing.

MOS. What busie knaue is this! most reuerend fathers,
I sooner, had attended your graue pleasures,

3270 But that my order, for the funerall
Of my deare patron did require me——VOLP. (MOSCA!)
MOS. Whom I intend to bury, like a gentleman.

VOLP. I, quicke, and cosen me of all. AVO.2. Still stranger!
More intricate! AVO.1. And come about againe!

3275 AVO.4. It is a match, my daughter is bestow'd.
MOS. (Wil you gi'me halfe? VOLP. First, I'll be hang'd. MOS. I know,
Your voice is good, cry not so lowd') AVO.1. Demand
The Aduocate. Sir, did not you affirme,
VOLPONE was alieue? VOLP. Yes, and he is ;

3280 This gent'man told me so, (thou shalt haue halfe.)
MOS. Whose drunkard is this same? speake some, that know him :
I neuer saw his face. (I cannot now
Affoord it you so cheape. VOLP. No?) AVO.1. What say you ?

VOLT. The officer told mee. VOLP. I did, graue fathers,
3285 And will maintaine, he liues, with mine owne life.
And, that this creature told me. (I was borne,
With all good starres my enemies.) MOS. Most graue fathers,
If such an insolence, as this, must passe
Vpon me, I am silent : 'twas not this,

3290 For which you sent, I hope. AVO.2. Take him away. (me?
(VOLP. MOSCA.) AVO.3. Let him be whipt. (VOLP. Wilt thou betray
Cosen me?) AVO.3. And taught to beare himselfe
Toward a person of his ranke. AVO.4. Away.

MOS. I humbly thank your father-hoods. VOLP. Soft, soft: whipt?

3295 And loose all that I haue? if I confesse,
It cannot be much more. AVO.4. Sir, are you married?

VOLP. They'll be ally'd, anon ; I must be resolute :
The FOXE shall, here, vncase. (MOS. Patron.) VOLP. Nay, now,

*He puts off his
disguise.*

- My ruines shall not come alone ; your match
 3300 Ple hinder sure : my substance shall not glew you,
 Nor screw you, into a family. (Mos. Why, patron !)
 VOLP. I am VOLPONE, and this is my knaue ;
 This, his owne knaue ; this, auarices foole ;
 This, a *Chimæra* of wittall, foole, and knaue ;
 3305 And, reuerend fathers, since we all can hope
 Nought, but a sentence, let's not now despaire it. (silence.
 You heare me briefe. CORV. May it please your father-hoods—COM.
 AVOC. 1. The knot is now vndone, by miracle !
 AVOC. 2. Nothing can be more cleare. AVOC. 3. Or can more proue
 3310 These innocent. AVOC. 1. Giue 'hem their liberty.
 BON. Heauen could not, long, let such grosse crimes be hid.
 AVOC. 2. If this be held the high way to get riches,
 May I be poore. AVOC. 3. This 's not the gaine, but torment.
 AVOC. 1. These possesse wealth, as sicke men possesse feuers,
 3315 Which, trulyer may be said to possesse them.
 AVOC. 2. Disroabe that parasite. CORV. MOS. Most honor'd fathers.
 AVOC. 1. Can you plead ought to stay the course of iustice ?
 If you can, speake. CORV. VOLT. We beg fauor, CEL. And mercy.
 AVOC. 1. You hurt your innocence, suing for the guilty.
 3320 Stand forth ; and, first, the parasite. You appeare
 T' haue beene the chiefest minister, if not plotter,
 In all these lewd impostures ; and now, lastly,
 Haue, with your impudence, abus'd the court,
 And habit of a gentleman of *Venice*,
 3325 Being a fellow of no birth, or blood :
 For which, our sentence is, first thou be whipt ;
 Then liue perpetuall prisoner in our gallies.
 VOLT. I thanke you, for him. MOS. Bane to thy wooluish nature.
 AVOC. 1. Deliuier him to the *Saffi*. Thou, VOLPONE,
 3330 By blood, and ranke a gentleman, canst not fall
 Vnder like censure ; but our iudgement on thee
 Is, that thy substance all be straight confiscate
 To the hospitall, of the *Incurabili* :
 And, since the most was gotten by imposture,
 3335 By faining lame, gout, palsey, and such diseases,
 Thou art to lie in prison, cramp't with irons,
 Till thou bee'st sicke, and lame indeed. Remoue him.
 VOLP. This is call'd mortifying of a FOXE.
 AVOC. 1. Thou VOLTORE, to take away the scandale
 3340 Thou hast giu'n all worthy men, of thy profession,
 Art banish'd from their fellowship, and our state.
 CORBACCIO, bring him neere. We here possesse
 Thy sonne, of all thy state ; and confine thee

To the monasterie of *San' Spirito* :

- 3345 Where, since thou knew'st not how to liue well here,
 Thou shalt be learn'd to die well. CORB. Ha ! what said he ?
 COM. You shall know anone, sir. AVOC. Thou CORVINO, shalt
 Be straight imbarqu'd from thine owne house, and row'd
 Round about *Venice*, through the *grand canale*,
 3350 Wearing a cap, with faire, long asses eares,
 In stead of hornes : and, so to mount (a paper
 Pin'd on thy brest) to the *berlino* —— CORV. Yes,
 And, haue mine eies beat out with stinking fish,
 Bruis'd fruit, and rotten egges —— 'Tis well. I' am glad,
 3355 I shall not see my shame, yet. AVOC. I. And to expiate
 Thy wrongs done to thy wife, thou art to send her
 Home, to her father, with her dowrie trebled :
 And these are all your iudgements. (ALL. Honour'd fathers.)
 AVOC. I. Which may not be reuok'd. Now, you begin,
 3360 When crimes are done, and past, and to be punish'd,
 To thinke what your crimes are : away with them.
 Let all, that see these vices thus rewarded,
 Take heart, and loue to study 'hem. Mischiefes feed
 Like beasts, till they be fat, and then they bleed.

3365

VOLPONE.

- THE seasoning of a play is the applause.
 Now, though the FOXE be punish'd by the lawes,
 He, yet, doth hope there is no suffring due,
 For any fact, which he hath done 'gainst you ;
 3370 If there be, sensure him : here he, doubtfull, stands.
 If not, fare iouially, and clap your hands.

THE END.

This Comoedie vvas first
acted, in the yeere

3375

1605.

By the Kings Maiesties
SERVANTS.

The principall Comœdians were,

3380

RIC. BURBADGE.	}	IOH. HEMINGS.
HEN. CONDEL.		IOH. LOWIN.
WILL. SLY.		ALEX. COOKE.

With the allowance of the Master of REVELLS.

EPICŒNE, OR

The silent Woman.

A Comædie.

Acted in the yeere 1609. By
the Children of her Maiesties

REVELLS.

The Author B. I.

HORAT.

*Vt sis tu similis Calî, Byrrhig, latronum,
Non ego sum Capri, neq, Sulci. Cur metuas me?*

LONDON,

Printed by WILLIAM STANSBY.

M. D C. XVI.

TO THE TRVLV NOBLE, BY ALL TITLES.

Sir Francis Stuart:

5

SIR,

10



Y hope is not so nourish'd by example, as it will conclude. this dumbe peece should please you, by cause it hath pleas'd others before: but by trust, that when you haue read it, you will find it worthy to haue dis-pleas'd none.

This makes, that I now number you, not onely in the Names of fauour, but the Names of iustice, to what I
 15 *write; and doe, presently, call you to the exercise of that noblest, and manlyest vertue: as coueting rather to be freed in my fame, by the authority of a Iudge, then the credit of an Vndertaker. Read therefore, I pray you, and censure. There is not a line, or syllable in it*
 20 *changed from the simplicity of the first Copy. And, when you shall consider, through the certaine hatred of some, how much a mans innocency may bee indanger'd by an vn-certaine accusation; you will, I doubt not, so beginne to hate the iniquitie of such natures, as I shall*
 25 *loue the contumely done me, whose end was so honorable, as to be wip'd off by your sentence.*

Your vnprofitable, but true louer,

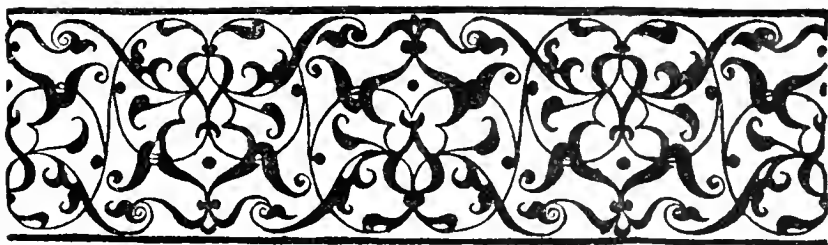
BEN. IONSON.

The Persons of the Play.

- 30 MOROSE. *A Gent. that loues no noise.*
DAVP. EVGENIE. *A Knight his nephew.*
CLERIMONT. *A Gent. his friend.*
TRVE-WIT. *Another friend.*
EPICOENE. *A yong Gent. suppos'd the silent Woman.*
35 IOH. DAW. *A Knight, her seruant.*
AMORVS LA FOOLE. *A Knight also.*
THOM: OTTER. *A land, and sea-Captaine.*
CVTBERD. *A Barber.*
MVTE. *One of MOROSE his seruants.*
40 MAD. HAUGHTY. }
MAD. CENTAVRE. } *Ladies Collegiates.*
M^{rs}. MAVIS. }
M^{rs}. TRVSTY. | *The La. HAUGHTIES woman.*
M^{rs}. OTTER. | *The Captaines wife. } Pretenders.*
45 PARSON.
PAGES.
SERVANTS.
-

THE SCENE

LONDON.



50

E P I C O E N E,

O R

The silent Woman.

P R O L O G V E.

55



60

Ruth sayes, of old, the art of making plaies
Was to content the people; & their praise
Was to the *Poet* money, wine, and bayes.
But in this age, a sect of writers are,
That, onely, for particular likings care,
And will taste nothing that is populaire.
With such we mingle neither braines, nor
brests; feasts)
Our wishes, like to those (make publique
Are not to please the cookes tastes, but the
guests.

65 Yet, if those cunning palates hether come,
They shall find guests entreaty, and good roome;
And though all relish not, sure, there will be some,
That, when they leaue their seates, shall make 'hem say,
Who wrot that piece, could so haue wrote a play :
70 But that, he knew, this was the better way.
For, to present all custard, or all tart,
And haue no other meats, to beare a part,
Or to want bread, and salt, were but course art.
The *Poet* prayes you then, with better thought
75 To sit; and, when his cates are all in brought,
Though there be none far fet, there will deare-bought
Be fit for ladies: some for lords, knights, squires,
Some for your waiting wench, and citie-wires,
Some for your men, and daughters of *white-Friars*.

Y y

Nor

80 Nor is it, onely, while you keepe your seate
 Here, that his feast will last ; but you shall eate
 A weeke at ord'naries, on his broken meat :
 If his *Muse* be true,
 Who commends her to you.

85

Another.

*Occasion'd by
 some persons
 impertinent
 exception.*

THe ends of all, who for the *Scene* doe write,
 Are, or should be, to profit, and delight.
 And still't hath beene the praise of all best times,
 So persons were not touch'd, to taxe the crimes.
 90 Then, in this play, which we present to night,
 And make the obiect of your eare, and sight,
 On forfeit of your selues, thinke nothing true :
 Lest so you make the maker to iudge you.
 For he knowes, *Poet* neuer credit gain'd
 95 By writing truths, but things (like truths) well fain'd.
 If any, yet, will (with particular slight
 Of application) wrest what he doth write ;
 And that he meant of him, or her, will say :
 They make a libell, which he made a play.

100

Act I. Scene I.

*He comes out
 making himselfe
 ready.*

CLERIMONT, BOY, TRVE-WIT.

HA' you got the song yet perfect I ga'you, boy?
 BOY. Yes, sir.
 CLE. Let me heare it.

105 BOY. You shall, sir, but i' faith let no body else.

CLE. Why, I pray?

BOY. It will get you the dangerous name of a *Poet* in towne, sir, besides me a perfect deale of ill will at the mansion you wot of, whose ladie is the argument of it : where now I am the welcom'st thing vnder a man
 110 that comes there.

CLE. I thinke, and aboue a man too, if the truth were rack'd out of you.

BOY. No faith, I'll confesse before, sir. The gentlewomen play with me, and throw me o'the bed ; and carry me in to my lady ; and shee kisses
 115 me with her oil'd face ; and puts a perruke o' my head ; and askes me an' I will weare her gowne ; and I say, no : and then she hits me a blow o' the eare, and calls me innocent, and lets me goe.

CLE. No maruell, if the dore bee kept shut against your master, when the entrance is so eàsie to you——well sir, you shall goe there no more, lest

I bee

120 I bee faine to seeke your voyce in my ladies rushes , a fortnight hence.
Sing, sir.

Boy sings.

TRV. Why , here's the man that can melt away his time , and neuer
feeles it ! what, betweene his mistris abroad, and his engle at home , high
fare, soft lodging, fine clothes, and his fiddle ; hee thinkes the houres ha'
125 no wings, or the day no post-horse. Well , sir gallant , were you strooke
with the plague this minute , or condemn'd to any capitall punishment
to morrow, you would beginne then to thinke , and value euery article o'
your time, esteeme it at the true rate, and giue all for't.

CLE. Why, what should a man doe ?

130 TRV. Why, nothing : or that, which when 'tis done, is as idle. Harken
after the next horse-race, or hunting-match ; lay wagers , praise *Puppy*, or *Horses o' the*
Pepper-corne , *White-foote* , *Franklin* ; sweare vpon *White-maynes* partie ; *time.*
spend aloud , that my lords may heare you ; visite my ladies at night,
and bee able to giue 'hem the character of euery bowler , or better o' the
135 greene. These be the things, wherein your fashionable men exercise them-
selues, and I for companie.

CLE. Nay, if I haue thy authoritie, I'll not leaue yet. Come, the o-
ther are considerations, when wee come to haue gray heads , and weake
hammes, moist eyes, and shrunke members. Wee'll thinke on 'hem then ;
140 then wee'll play, and fast.

TRV. I , and destine onely that time of age to goodnesse, which our
want of abilitie will not let vs employ in euill ?

CLE. Why , then 'tis time enough.

TRV. Yes : as if a man should sleepe all the terme , and thinke to ef-
145 fect his businesse the last day. O, CLERIMONT, this time, because it is an
incorporeall thing, and not subiect to sense, we mocke our selues the fine-
liest out of it , with vanitie , and miserie indeede : not seeking an end of
wretchednesse, but onely changing the matter still.

CLE. Nay, thou'lt not leaue now —

150 TRV. See but our common disease ! with what iustice can wee com-
plaine, that great men will not looke vpon vs, nor be at leisure to giue our
affaires such dispatch , as wee expect , when wee will neuer doe it to our
selues : nor heare, nor regard our selues.

CLE. Foh, thou hast read PLVTARCHS moralls, now, or some such
155 tedious fellow ; and it shoves so vilely with thee : 'Fore god, 'twill spoile
thy wit vtterly. Talke me of pinnes, and feathers, and ladies, and rushes,
and such things : and leaue this *Stoicitie* alone, till thou mak'st sermons.

TRV. Well, sir. If it will not take, I haue learn'd to loose as little of
my kindnesse, as I can. I'll doe good to no man against his will, certaine-
160 ly. When were you at the colledge ?

CLE. What colledge ?

TRV. As if you knew not !

CLE. No faith, I came but from court, yesterday.

TRV. Why, is it not arriu'd there yet, the newes ? A new foundation,

165 sir, here i' the towne, of ladies, that call themselves the Collegiates, an order
betweene courtiers, and country-madames, that liue from their husbands;
and giue entertainment to all the *Wits*, and *Braueries* o' the time,
as they call 'hem: crie downe, or vp, what they like, or dislike in a braine,
or a fashion, with most masculine, or rather *hermaphroditicall* authoritie:
170 and, euery day, gaine to their colledge some new probationer.

CLE. Who is the President?

TRV. The graue, and youthfull matron, the lady HAVGHTY.

CLE. A poxe of her autumnall face, her peec'd beautie: there's no
man can bee admitted till shee be ready, now adaies, till shee has painted,
175 and perfum'd, and wash'd, and scour'd, but the boy here; and him shee
wipes her oil'd lips vpon, like a sponge. I haue made a song, I pray thee
heare it, o' the subiect.

S O N G.

180 **S** Till to be neat, still to be drest,
As, you were going to a feast;
Still to be pou'dred, still perfum'd:
Lady, it is to be presum'd,
Though arts hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

185 Giue me a looke, giue me a face,
That makes simplicitie a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, haire as free:
Such sweet neglect more taketh me,
Then all th'adulteries of art.

190 Thy strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

TRV. And I am, clearely, o' the other side: I loue a good dressing, be-
fore any beautie o' the world. O, a woman is, then, like a delicate garden;
nor, is there one kind of it: she may varie, euery houre; take often coun-
sell of her glasse, and choose the best. If shee haue good eares, shew 'hem;
195 good haire, lay it out; good legs, weare short cloathes; a good hand, dis-
couer it often; practise any art, to mend breath, clense teeth, repaire eye-
browes, paint, and professe it.

CLE. How? publiquely?

TRV. The doing of it, not the manner: that must bee priuate. Ma-
200 ny things, that seeme foule, i' the doing, doe please, done. A lady
should, indeed, studie her face, when wee thinke shee sleepes: nor, when
the dores are shut, should men bee inquiring, all is sacred within, then.
Is it for vs to see their perrukes put on, their false teeth, their complexion,
their eye-browes, their nailes? you see guilders will not worke, but
205 inclos'd. They must not discouer, how little serues, with the helpe
of art, to adorne a great deale. How long did the canuas hang afore
Ald-

Ald-gate? were the people suffer'd to see the cities *Loue*, and *Charitie*, while they were rude stone, before they were painted, and burnish'd? No. No more should seruants approach their mistresses, but when they are com-
210 pleat, and finish'd.

CLE. Well said, my TRVE-WIT.

TRV. And a wise ladie will keepe a guard alwaies vpon the place, that shee may doe things securely. I once followed a rude fellow into a chamber, where the poore madame, for haste, and troubled, snatch'd at her per-
215 ruke, to couer her baldnesse : and put it on, the wrong way.

CLE. O prodigie !

TRV. And the vn-conscionable knaue held her in complement an houre, with that reuerst face, when I still look'd when shee should talke from the t'other side.

220 CLE. Why, thou should'st ha' releeu'd her.

TRV. No faith, I let her alone, as wee'l let this argument, if you please, and passe to another. When saw you DAVPHINE EVGENIE ?

CLE. Not these three daies. Shall we goe to him this morning? he is very melancholique, I heare.

225 TRV. Sicke o'the vncke? is hee? I met that stiffe peece of formalitie, his vncke, yesterday, with a huge turbant of night-caps on his head, buckled ouer his eares.

CLE. O, that's his custome when he walkes abroad. Hee can endure no noise, man.

230 TRV. So I haue heard. But is the disease so ridiculous in him, as it is made? they say, hee has beene vpon diuers treaties with the Fish-wiues, and Orange-women; and articles propounded betweene them : mary, the Chimney-sweepers will not be drawne in.

CLE. No, nor the Broome-men : they stand out stiffely. He cannot
235 endure a Costard-monger, he swounes if he heare one.

TRV. Me thinkes, a Smith should be ominous.

CLE. Or any Hāmer-man. A Brasier is not suffer'd to dwel in the parish, nor an Armorer. He would haue hang'd a Pewterers' prentice once vp on a shroue-tuesdaies riot, for being o'that trade, when the rest were quit.

240 TRV. A Trumpet should fright him terribly, or the Hau'-boyes?

CLE. Out of his senses. The Waights of the citie haue a pension of him, not to come neere that ward. This youth practis'd on him, one night, like the Bell-man; and neuer left till hee had brought him downe to the doore, with a long-sword : and there left him flourishing with the aire.

245 BOY. Why, sir! hee hath chosen a street to lie in, so narrow at both ends, that it will receiue no coaches, nor carts, nor any of these common noises : and therefore, we that loue him, deuise to bring him in such as we may, now and then, for his exercise, to breath him. Hee would grow resty else in his ease. His vertue would rust without action. I entreated a
250 Beare-ward, one day, to come downe with the dogs of some foure parishes that way, and I thanke him, he did; & cryed his games vnder master

MOROSE'S windore : till he was sent crying away, with his head made a most bleeding spectacle to the multitude. And, another time , a Fencer, marching to his prize , had his drum most tragically run through , for taking that street in his way, at my request.

TRV. A good wag. How do's he for the bell's ?

CLE. O, i' the Queenes time, he was wont to goe out of towne euery satterday at ten a clock, or on holy-day-eues. But now , by reason of the sicknesse , the perpetuitie of ringing has made him deuise a roome , with double walls ; and treble seelings ; the windores close shut , and calk'd : and there he liues by candle-light. He turn'd away a man, last weeke, for hauing a paire of new shooes that creak'd. And this fellow waits on him, now , in tennis-court socks , or slippers sol'd with wooll : and they talke each to other, in a trunke. See, who comes here.

265

Act I. Scene II.

DAUPHINE, TRVEWIT, CLERIMONT.

HOW now ! what aile you sirs ? dumbe ?

TRV. Strooke into stone, almost, I am here, with tales o' thine vncl ! There was neuer such a prodigie heard of.

270 DAVP. I would you would once loose this subiect, my masters, for my sake. They are such as you are, that haue brought mee into that predicament, I am, with him.

TRV. How is that ?

275 DAVP. Mary, that he will dis-inherit me, no more. Hee thinks, I, and my companie are authors of all the ridiculous acts , and moniments are told of him.

TRV. S'lid, I would be the author of more , to vex him , that purpose deserues it : it giues thee law of plaguing him. I'll tell thee what I would doe. I would make a false almanack ; get it printed : and then ha' him drawne out on a coronation day to the *lower-wharfe* , and kill him with the noise of the ordinance. Dis-inherit thee ! hee cannot, man. Art not thou next of blood, and his sisters sonne ?

DAVP. I, but he will thrust me out of it, he vowes, and marry.

285 TRV. How ! that's a more portent. Can he endure no noise, and will venter on a wife ?

CLE. Yes : why, thou art a stranger, it seemes, to his best trick, yet. He has imploid a fellow this halfe yeere , all ouer *England*, to harken him out a dumbe woman ; bee shee of any forme, or any qualitie, so shee bee able to beare children : her silence is dowrie enough, he saies.

290 TRV. But, I trust to god, he has found none.

CLE. No, but hee has heard of one that's lodg'd i' the next street to him, who is exceedingly soft-spoken ; thrifty of her speech ; that spends but sixe words a day. And her hee's about now, and shall haue her.

TRV.

TRV. Is't possible ! who is his agent i' the businesse ?

295 CLE. Mary, a Barber, one CVT-BERD : an honest fellow, one that tells DAVPHINE all here.

TRV. Why, you oppresse mee with wonder ! A woman, and a barber, and loue no noise !

CLE. Yes faith. The fellow trims him silently, and has not the
300 knacke with his sheeres, or his fingers : and that continence in a barber hee thinkes so eminent a vertue, as it has made him chiefe of his counsell.

TRV. Is the barber to be seene ? or the wench ?

CLE. Yes, that they are.

305 TRV. I pray thee, DAVPHINE, let's goe thether.

DAVP. I haue some businesse now : I cannot i' faith.

TRV. You shall haue no businesse shall make you neglect this, sir, wee'll make her talke, belecue it ; or if shee will not, wee can giue out, at least so much as shall interrupt the treatie : wee will breake it. Thou art
310 bound in conscience, when hee suspects thee without cause, to torment him.

DAVP. Not I, by any meanes. I'll giue no suffrage to't. He shall neuer ha' that plea against me, that I oppos'd the least phant'sie of his. Let it lie vpon my starres to be guiltie, I'll be innocent.

315 TRV. Yes, and be poore, and beg ; doe, innocent : when some groome of his has got him an heire, or this barber, if hee himselſe cannot. Innocent ! I pray thee, NED, where lyes shee ? let him be innocent, still.

CLE. Why, right ouer against the barbers ; in the house, where sir IOHN DAW lyes.

320 TRV. You doe not meane to confound me !

CLE. Why ?

TRV. Do's he, that would marry her, know so much ?

CLE. I cannot tell.

TRV. 'Twere inough of imputation to her, with him.

325 CLE. Why ?

TRV. The onely talking sir i' th' towne ! IACK DAW ! And he teach her not to speake — God b'w'you. I haue some businesse too.

CLE. Will you not goe thether then ?

TRV. Not with the danger to meet DAW, for mine cares.

330 CLE. Why ? I thought you two had beene vpon very good termes.

TRV. Yes, of keeping distance.

CLE. They say he is a very good scholler.

TRV. I, and hee sayes it first. A poxe on him, a fellow that pretends onely to learning, buyes titles, and nothing else of bookes in him.

335 CLE. The world reports him to be very learned.

TRV. I am sorry, the world should so conspire to belie him.

CLE. Good faith, I haue heard very good things come from him.

TRV. You may. There's none so desperately ignorant to denie that :
would

would they were his owne. God b'w' you, gentlemen.

340 CLE. This is very abrupt!

Act I. Scene III.

DAVPHINE, CLERIMONT, BOY.

COME, you are a strange open man, to tell euery thing, thus.
 345 CLE. Why, beleeue it DAVPHINE, TRVE-WIT'S a very honest fellow.

DAVP. I thinke no other : but this franke nature of his is not for secrets.

CLE. Nay, then, you are mistaken DAVPHINE : I know where he has beene well trusted, and discharg'd the trust very truely, and heartily.

350 DAVP. I contend not, NED, but, with the fewer a businesse is carried, it is euer the safer. Now we are alone, if you'll goe thether, I am for you.

CLE. When were you there?

DAVP. Last night: and such a *decameron* of sport fallen out! BOCCACE neuer thought of the like. DAW do's nothing but court her; and the
 355 wrong way. Hee would lie with her, and praises her modestie; desires that shee would talke, and bee free, and commends her silence in verses: which hee reades, and swears, are the best that euer man made. Then railes at his fortunes, stamps, and mutines, why he is not made a counselor, and call'd to affaires of state.

360 CLE. I pray thee let's goe. I would faine partake this. Some water, Boy.

DAVP. Wee are inuited to dinner together, he and I, by one that came thether to him, sir LA-FOOLE.

CLE. O, that's a precious mannikin!

365 DAVP. Doe you know him?

CLE. I, and he will know you too, if ere he saw you but once, though you should meet him at church in the midst of praiers. Hee is one of the *Braueries*, though he be none o' the *Wits*. He will salute a Iudge vpon the bench, and a Bishop in the pulpit, a Lawyer when hee is pleading at the
 370 barre, and a Lady when shee is dauncing in a masque, and put her out. He do's giue playes, and suppers, and inuites his guests to 'hem, aloud, out of his windore, as they ride by in coaches. He has a lodging in the *Strand* for the purpose. Or to watch when ladies are gone to the *China* houses, or the *Exchange*, that hee may meet 'hem by chance, and giue 'hem presents,
 375 some two or three hundred pounds-worth of toyes, to be laught at. He is neuer without a spare banquet, or sweet-meats in his chamber, for their women to alight at, and come vp to, for a bait.

DAVP. Excellent! He was a fine youth last night, but now he is much finer! what is his christen-name? I ha' forgot.

380 CLE. Sir AMOROV'S LA-FOOLE.

BOY.

BOY. The gentleman is here below, that owne's that name.

CLE. Hart, hee's come, to inuite me to dinner, I hold my life.

DAVP. Like enough : pray thee, let's ha' him vp.

CLE. Boy, marshall him.

385 BOY. With a truncheon, sir?

CLE. Away, I beseech you. I'll make him tell vs his pedigree, now ; and what meat he has to dinner ; and, who are his guests ; and, the whole course of his fortunes : with a breath.

Act I. Scene IIII.

390 LA-FOOLE, CLERIMONT, DAVPHINE.

S'Aue, deare sir DAVPHINE, honor'd master CLERIMONT.

CLE. Sir AMOROUS ! you haue very much honored my lodging, with your presence.

LA-F. Good faith, it is a fine lodging ! almost, as delicate a lodging,
395 as mine.

CLE. Not so, sir.

LA-F. Excuse me, sir, if it were i' the *Strand*, I assure you. I am come, master CLERIMONT, to entreat you wait vpon two or three ladies, to dinner, to day.

400 CLE. How, sir ! wait vpon 'hem ? did you euer see me carry dishes ?

LA-F. No, sir, dispence with me ; I meant, to beare 'hem companie.

CLE. O, that I will, sir. The doubtfulnesse o' your phrase, beleuee it, sir, would breed you a quarrell, once an houre, with the terrible boyes, if you should but keepe 'hem fellowship a day.

405 LA-F. It should be extremely against my will, sir, if I contested with any man.

CLE. I beleuee it, sir ; where hold you your feast ?

LA-F. At TOM OTTERS, sir.

DAVP. TOM OTTER ? what's he ?

410 LA-F. Captaine OTTER, sir ; he is a kind of gamster : but he has had command, both by sea, and by land.

DAVP. O, then he is *animal amphibium* ?

LA-F. I, sir : his wife was the rich *China*-woman, that the courtiers visited so often, that gaue the rare entertainment. She commands all at home.

415 CLE. Then, shee is Captaine OTTER ?

LA-F. You say very well, sir : she is my kins-woman, a LA-FOOLE by the mother side, and will inuite, any great ladies, for my sake.

DAVP. Not of the LA-FOOLES of *Essex* ?

LA-F. No, sir, the LA-FOOLES of *London*.

420 CLE. Now, h'is in.

LA-F. They all come out of our house, the LA-FOOLES o' the north, the LA-FOOLES of the west, the LA-FOOLES of the east, and south—we
are

are as ancient a family, as any is in *Europe*—but I my selfe am descended
 lineally of the *french* LA-FOOLES—and , wee doe beare for our coate
 425 *Yellow*, or *Or*, checker'd *Azure*, and *Gules*, and some three or foure colours
 more, which is a very noted coate, and has, some-times, beene solemnly
 worne by diuers nobilitie of our house—but let that goe , antiquitie is
 not respected now—I had a brace of fat Does sent me, gentlemen, & halfe
 a dosen of phesants, a dosen or two of godwits , and some other fowle,
 430 which I would haue eaten, while they are good, and in good company—
 there will bee a great lady, or two, my lady HAUGHTY, my lady CEN-
 TAVRE, mistris DOLMAVIS—and they come a' purpose , to see the si-
 lent gentlewoman , mistris EPICONE , that honest sir IOHN DAW has
 promis'd to bring thether—and then , mistris TRVSTY, my ladies wo-
 435 man, will be there too, and this honorable Knight, sir DAVPHINE, with
 your selfe, master CLERIMONT—and wee'll bee very merry, and haue
 fidlers, and daunce—I haue beene a mad wag, in my time, and haue spent
 some crownes since I was a page in court, to my lord LOFTY, and after,
 my ladies gentleman-vsher , who got mee knighted in *Ireland* , since it
 440 pleas'd my elder brother to die—I had as faire a gold ierkin on that
 day, as any was worne in the *Iland-voyage*, or at *Caliz*, none disprais'd, and
 I came ouer in it hither, show'd my selfe to my friends, in court, and after
 went downe to my tenants, in the countrey , and suruai'd my lands , let
 new leases, tooke their money, spent it in the eye o' the land here, vpon la-
 445 dies—and now I can take vp at my pleasure.

DAVP. Can you take vp ladies, sir?

CLE. O, let him breath, he has not recouer'd.

DAVP. Would I were your halfe, in that commoditie——

LA-F. No, sir, excuse mee : I meant money , which can take vp any
 450 thing. I haue another guest, or two, to inuite, and say as much to , gen-
 tlemen. I'll take my leaue abruptly, in hope you will not faile——Your
 seruant.

DAVP. Wee will not faile you, sir precious LA-FOOLE; but shee shall,
 that your ladies come to see : if I haue credit, afore sir DAW.

455 CLE. Did you euer heare such a wind-fucker, as this?

DAVP. Or, such a rooke, as the other ! that will betray his mistris, to be
 seene. Come, 'tis time, we preuented it.

CLE. Goe.

Act II. Scene 1.

460

MOROSE, MVTE.

C Annot I, yet , find out a more compendious method , then by
 this trunke, to saue my seruants the labour of speech , and mine
 eares, the discord of sounds? Let mee see : all discourses, but mine
 owne, afflict mee, they seeme harsh, impertinent , and irksome. Is it not
 possible

465 possible, that thou should'st answer me, by signes, and, I apprehend thee,
fellow? speake not, though I question you. You haue taken the ring, off
from the street dore, as I bad you? answer me not, by speech, but by si-
lence; vnlesse, it be otherwise (—) very good. And, you haue fastened
on a thicke quilt, or flock-bed, on the out-side of the dore; that if they
470 knocke with their daggers, or with bricke-bats, they can make no noise?
but with your leg, your answer, vnlesse it be otherwise (—) very good.
This is not, onely, fit modestie in a seruant, but good state, and discretion
in a master. And you haue beene with C V T B E R D, the barber, to haue him
come to me? (—) good. And, he will come presently? answer me not
475 but with your leg, vnlesse it be otherwise: if it be otherwise, shake your
head, or shrug (—) so. Your *Italian*, and *Spaniard*, are wise in these! and
it is a frugall, and comely grauitie. How long will it bee, ere C V T B E R D
come? stay, if an houre, hold vp your whole hand; if halfe an houre, two
fingers; if a quarter, one; (—) good: halfe a quarter? 'tis well. And haue
480 you giuen him a key, to come in without knocking? (—) good. And, is
the lock oild, and the hinges, to day? (—) good. And the quilting of the
staires no where worne out, and bare? (—) very good. I see, by much
doctrine, and impulsion, it may be effected: stand by. The *Turke*, in this
diuine discipline, is admirable, exceeding all the potentates of the earth;
485 still waited on by mutes; and all his commands so executed; yea, euen
in the warre (as I haue heard) and in his marches, most of his charges, and
directions, giuen by signes, and with silence: an exquisite art! and I am
heartily asham'd, and angrie often-times, that the Princes of *Christendome*,
should suffer a *Barbarian*, to transcend 'hem in so high a point of felicitie.
490 I will practise it, hereafter. How now? oh! oh! what villaine? what pro-
digie of mankind is that? looke. Oh! cut his throat, cut his throat: what
murderer, hell-hound, deuill can this be?

*At the breaches,
still the fellow
makes legs: or
signes.*

*One windes a
horne without.
Again.*

M V T. It is a post from the court ———

M O R. Out rogue, and must thou blow thy horne, too?

495 M V T. Alas, it is a post from the court, sir, that sayes, hee must speake
with you, paine of death ———

M O R. Paine of thy life, be silent.

Act II. Scene II.

T R V E - W I T, M O R O S E, C V T B E R D.

500 **B**Y your leaue, sir (I am a stranger here) is your name, master M O -
R O S E? is your name, master M O R O S E? fishes! *Pythagoreans* all!
this is strange! What say you, sir, nothing? Has H A R P O C R A T E S
beene here, with his club, among you? well sir, I will beleeeue you to bee
the man, at this time: I will venter vpon you, sir. Your friends at court
505 commend 'hem to you, sir ———

(M O R.

(MOR. O men ! ô manners ! was there euer such an impudence ?)

TRV. And are extremely solicitous for you, sir.

MOR. Whose knaue are you !

TRV. Mine owne knaue, and your compere, sir.

510 MOR. Fetch me my sword——

TRV. You shall taste the one halfe of my dagger, if you do (groome) and you, the other, if you stirre, sir: be patient, I charge you, in the kings name, and heare mee without insurrection. They say, you are to marry ? to marry ! doe you marke, sir ?

515 MOR. How then, rude companion !

TRV. Mary, your friends doe wonder, sir, the *Thames* being soneere, wherein you may drowne so handsomely; or *London-bridge*, at a low fall, with a fine leape, to hurry you downe the streame; or, such a delicate steeple, i' the towne, as *Bow*, to vault from; or, a brauer height, as *Pauls*;
 520 or, if you affected to doe it neerer home, and a shorter way, an excellent garret windore, into the street; or, a beame, in the said garret, with this
He shewes him a halter. halter; which they haue sent, and desire, that you would sooner commit your graue head to this knot, then to the wed-lock nooze; or, take a little sublimate, and goe out of the world, like a rat; or a flie (as one
 525 said) with a straw i' your arse: any way, rather, then to follow this goblin *matrimony*. Alas, sir, doe you euer thinke to find a chaste wife, in these times? now? when there are so many masques, plaies, puritane preachings, mad-folkes, and other strange sights to be seene daily, priuate and pub-
 530 lique? if you had liu'd in king *ETHELDRED*'s time, sir, or *EDWARD* the Confessors, you might, perhaps, haue found in some cold countrey-ham-
 let, then, a dull frostie wench, would haue beene contented with one man: now, they will as soone be pleas'd with one leg, or one eye. I'll tell you, sir, the monstrous hazards you shall runne with a wife.

MOR. Good sir ! haue I euer cosen'd any friends of yours of their
 535 land? bought their possessions? taken forfeit of their morgage? begg'd a reuersion from 'hem? bastarded their issue? what haue I done, that may deserue this?

TRV. Nothing, sir, that I know, but your itch of marriage.

MOR. Why? if I had made an assassinate vpon your father; vitiated
 540 your mother; rauished your sisters——

TRV. I would kill you, sir, I would kill you, if you had.

MOR. Why? you doe more in this, sir: It were a vengeance centuple, for all facinorous acts, that could be nam'd, to doe that you doe ——

TRV. Alas, sir, I am but a messenger: I but tell you, what you must
 545 heare. It seemes, your friends are carefull after your soules health, sir, and would haue you know the danger (but you may doe your pleasure, for all them, I perswade not, sir) If, after you are married, your wife doe run away with a vaulter, or the *Frenchman* that walkes vpon ropes, or him that daunces the iig, or a fencer for his skill at his weapon, why it is
 550 not their fault; they haue discharged their consciences: when you know
 what

what may happen. Nay, suffer valiantly, sir, for I must tell you, all the perills that you are obnoxious too. If shee be faire, yong, and vegetous, no sweet meats euer drew more flies ; all the yellow doublets, and great roses i' the towne will bee there. If foule, and crooked, shee'll bee with
555 them, and buy those doublets and roses, sir. If rich, and that you marry her dowry, not her ; shee'll raigne in your house, as imperious as a widow. If noble, all her kindred will be your tyrannes. If fruitfull, as proud as *May*, and humorous as *April* ; she must haue her doctors, her midwiues, her nurses, her longings euery houre : though it be for the dearest morsell
560 of man. If learned, there was neuer such a parrat ; all your patrimony will be too little for the guests, that must be inuited, to heare her speake *Latine* and *Greeke* : and you must lie with her in those languages too, if you will please her. If precise, you must feast all the silenc'd brethren, once in three daies ; salute the sisters ; entertaine the whole family, or wood of
565 'hem ; and heare long-winded exercises, singings, and catechisings, which you are not giuen to, and yet must giue for : to please the zealous matron your wife, who, for the holy cause, will cosen you, ouer and aboue. You beginne to sweat, sir ? but this is not halfe, i'faith : you may do your pleasure notwithstanding, as I said before, I come not to perswade you.
570 Vpon my faith, master seruingman, if you doe stirre, I will beat you.

The Mute is stealing away.

MOR. O, what is my sinne ! what is my sinne ?

TRV. Then, if you loue your wife, or rather, dote on her, sir : ô, how shee'll torture you ! and take pleasure i' your torments ! you shall lye with her but when she lists ; she will not hurt her beauty, her complexion ; or
575 it must be for that iewell, or that pearle, when she do's ; euery halfe houres pleasure must be bought anew : and with the same paine, and charge, you woo'd her at first. Then, you must keepe what seruants shee please ; what company shee will ; that friend must not visit you without her licence ; and him shee loues most shee will seeme to hate eagerliest, to decline your
580 ielousie ; or, faigne to bee ielous of you first ; and for that cause goe liue with her she-friend, or cosen at the colledge, that can instruct her in all the mysteries, of writing letters, corrupting seruants, taming spies ; where shee must haue that rich gounce for such a great day ; a new one for the next ; a richer for the third ; bee seru'd in siluer ; haue the chamber fill'd
585 with a succession of groomes, foot-men, vshers, and other messengers ; besides embroyderers, iewellers, tyre-women, sempsters, fether-men, perfumers ; while shee feeles not how the land drops away ; nor the acres melt ; nor forsees the change, when the mercer has your woods for her veluets ; neuer weighes what her pride costs, sir : so shee may kisse a page,
590 or a smoth chinne, that has the despaire of a beard ; bee a states-woman, know all the newes, what was done at *Salisbury*, what at the *Bath*, what at court, what in progresse ; or, so shee may censure *poets*, and authors, and stiles, and compare 'hem, DANIEL with SPENSER, IONSON with the tother youth, and so foorth ; or, be thought cunning in controuersies,
595 or the very knots of diuinitie ; and haue, often in her mouth, the state of

the question : and then skip to the *Mathematiques*, and demonstration and answer, in religion to one ; in state, to another, in baud'ry to a third.

MOR. O, ô!

TRV. All this is very true, sir. And then her going in disguise to that
600 coniuurer, and this cunning woman : where the first question is, how soone
you shall die ? next, if her present seruant loue her ? next that, if she shall
haue a new seruant ? and how many ? which of her family would make
the best baud, male, or female ? what precedence shee shall haue by her
next match ? and sets downe the answers, and beleeuces 'hem aboute the
605 scriptures. Nay, perhaps she'll study the art.

MOR. Gentle sir, ha' you done ? ha' you had your pleasure o' me ? I'll
thinke of these things.

TRV. Yes sir: and then comes reeking home of vapor and sweat, with
going afoot, and lies in, a moneth, of a new face, all oyle, and birdlime; and
610 rises in asses milke, and is clens'd with a new *fucus* : god b'w' you, sir. One
thing more (which I had almost forgot.) This too, with whom you are to
marry, may haue made a conuayance of her virginity afore hand, as your
wise widdowes doe of their states, before they marry, in trust to some
friend, sir: who can tell ? or if she haue not done it yet, she may doe, vpon
615 the wedding day, or the night before, and antidate you cuckold. The
like has beene heard of, in nature. 'Tis no deu's'd impossible thing, sir.
God b'w' you : I'll be bold to leaue this rope with you, sir, for a remem-
brance. Farewell MVTE.

*The horne a-
gaine.*

MOR. Come, ha' me to my chamber : but first shut the dore. O, shut
620 the dore, shut the dore : Is he come againe ?

CVT. 'Tis I, sir, your barber.

MOR. OCVTBERD, CVTBERD, CVTBERD! here has bin a cut-throate
with me : helpe me in to my bed, and giue me physicke with thy counsell.

Act II. Scene III.

625 DAW, CLERIMONT, DAVPHINE,
 EPICOENE.

N Ay, and she will, let her refuse, at her owne charges : 'tis nothing
to me, gentlemen. But she will not bee inuited to the like feasts,
or guests, euery day.

*They dissuade
her, priuately.*

CLE. O, by no meanes, shee may not refuse—to stay at home, if you
loue your reputation : 'Slight, you are inuited thither o' purpose to bee
seene, and laught at by the lady of the colledge, and her shadowes. This
trumpeter hath proclaim'd you.

DAVP. You shall not goe ; let him be laught at in your steade, for not
635 bringing you : and put him to his extemporall faculty of fooling, and tal-
king loud to satisfie the company.

CLE. He will suspect vs, talke aloud. 'Pray' mistris EPICOENE, let's see
your

your verses; we haue sir IOHN DAW's leaue : doe not conceale your seruants merit, and your owne glories.

640 EPI. They'll proue my seruants glories, if you haue his leaue so soone.

DAVP. His vaine glories, lady!

DAW. Shew 'hem, shew 'hem, mistris, I dare owne 'hem.

EPI. Iudge you, what glories?

DAW. Nay, I'll read 'hem my selfe, too : an author must recite his
645 owne workes. It is a *madrigall* of modestie.

Modest, and faire, for faire and good are neere

Neighbours, how ere. —

DAVP. Very good.

CLE. I, Is't not?

650 DAW. *No noble vertue euer was alone,
But two in one.*

DAVP. Excellent!

CLE. That againe, I pray'sir IOHN.

DAVP. It has some thing in't like rare wit, and sense.

655 CLE. Peace.

DAW. *No noble vertue euer was alone,
But two in one.*

Then, when I praise sweet modestie, I praise

Bright beauties raies:

660 *And hauing prais'd both beauty and modestie,
I haue prais'd thee.*

DAVP. Admirable!

CLE. How it chimes, and cries tinke i' the close, diuinely!

DAVP. I, 'tis SENECA.

665 CLE. No, I thinke 'tis PLVTARCH.

DAW. The *dor* on PLVTARCH, and SENECA, I hate it: they are mine owne imaginations, by that light. I wonder those fellows haue such credit with gentlemen!

CLE. They are very graue authors.

670 DAW. Graue asses! meere *Essaists*! a few loose sentences, and that's all. A man would talke so, his whole age, I doe vtter as good things euery houre, if they were collected, and obseru'd, as either of 'hem.

DAVP. Indeede! sir IOHN?

CLE. Hee must needs, liuing among the *Wits*, and *Braueries* too.

675 DAVP. I, and being president of 'hem, as he is.

DAW. There's ARISTOTLE, a mere common place-fellow; PLATO, a discourser; THUCYDIDES, and LIVIE, tedious and drie; TACITVS, an entire knot: sometimes worth the vntying, very seldome.

CLE. What doe you think of the *Poets*, sir IOHN?

680 DAW. Not worthy to be nam'd for authors. HOMER, an old tedious prolix asse, talkes of curriers, and chines of beefe. VIRGIL, of dunging of land, and bees. HORACE, of I know not what.

CLE. I thinke so.

Z z z

DAW.

DAW. And so PINDARVS, LYCOPHRON, ANACREON, CATVLLVS,
 685 SENECA the tragædian, LVCAN, PROPERTIVS, TIBVLLVS, MARTIAL,
 IVVENAL, AVSONIVS, STATIVS, POLITIAN, VALERIVS FLACCVS,
 and the rest——

CLE. What a sacke full of their names he has got!

DAVP. And how he poures 'hem out! POLITIAN, with VALERIVS

690 CLE. Was not the character right, of him? (FLACCVS!

DAVP. As could be made, i' faith.

DAW. And PERSIVS, a crabbed cockescombe, not to be endur'd.

DAVP. Why? whom do you account for authors, sir IOHN DAW?

DAW. *Syntagma Iurisciuilis, Corpus Iurisciuilis, Corpus Iuriscanonicali*, the
 695 King of *Spaines* bible.

DAVP. Is the King of *Spaines* bible an author?

CLE. Yes, and *Syntagma*.

DAVP. What was that *Syntagma*, sir?

DAW. A ciuill lawer, a *Spaniard*.

700 DAVP. Sure, *Corpus* was a *Dutch*-man. (thors.

CLE. I, both the *Corpusses*, I knew 'hem: they were very corpulent au-

DAW. And, then there's VATABLVS, POMPONATIVS, SYMANCHA,
 the other are not to be receiu'd, within the thought of a scholler.

DAVP. Fore god, you haue a simple learn'd seruant, lady, in titles.

705 CLE. I wonder that hee is not called to the helme, and made a coun-
 cellor!

DAVP. He is one extraordinary.

CLE. Nay, but in ordinarie! to say truth, the state wants such.

DAVP. Why, that will follow.

710 CLE. I muse, a mistris can be so silent to the dotes of such a seruant.

DAW. 'Tis her vertue, sir. I haue written somewhat of her silence too.

DAVP. In verse, sir IOHN?

CLE. What else?

DAVP. Why? how can you iustifie your owne being of a *Poet*, that
 715 so slight all the old *Poets*?

DAW. Why? euery man, that writes in verse, is not a *Poet*; you haue of
 the *Wits*, that write verses, and yet are no *Poets*: they are *Poets* that liue by
 it, the poore fellowes that liue by it.

DAVP. Why? would not you liue by your verses, sir IOHN.

720 CLE. No, 'twere pittie he should. A knight liue by his verses? he did
 not make 'hem to that ende, I hope.

DAVP. And yet the noble SIDNEY liues by his, and the noble family
 not asham'd.

CLE. I, he profest himselfe; but sir IOHN DAW has more caution:
 725 hee'll not hinder his owne rising i' the state so much! doe you thinke hee
 will? Your verses, good sir IOHN, and no *poems*.

DAW. *Silence in woman, is like speech in man,
 Deny't who can.*

DAVP.

DAV. Not I, beleue it : your reason, sir.

730 DAV. *Nor, i't a tale,
That female vice should be a vertue male,
Or masculine vice, a female vertue be:
You shall it see
Prou'd with increase,
740 I know to speake, and shee to hold her peace.*

Do you conceiue me, gentlemen?

DAV. No faith, how meane you with increase, sir IOHN?

DAW. Why, with increase is, when I court her for the comon cause of mankind ; and she sayes nothiug, but *consentire videtur* : and in time is
740 *grauida*.

DAVP. Then, this is a ballad of procreation ?

CLE. A *madrigall* of proceation, you mistake.

EPI. 'Pray giue me my verses againe, seruant.

DAW. If you you'll aske 'hem aloud, you shal.

745 CLE. See, here's TRVE-WIT againe!

Act II. Scene IIII.

CLERIMONT, TRVEWIT, DAVPHINE, CVT-
BERD, DAW, EPICOENE.

750 **W** Here hast thou beene, in the name of madnesse ! thus accoutred with thy horne ?

TRV. Where the sound of it might haue pierc'd your senses, with gladnes, had you beene in eare-reach of it. DAVPHINE, fall downe and worship me : I haue forbid the banes, lad. I haue been with thy vertuous vncle, and haue broke the match.

755 DAVP. You ha' not, I hope.

TRV. Yes faith ; and thou shouldst hope otherwise, I should repent me : this horne got me entrance, kisse it. I had no other way to get in, but by faining to be a post ; but when I got in once, I prou'd none, but rather the contrary, turn'd him into a post, or a stone, or what is stiffer,
760 with thundring into him the incommodities of a wife, and the miseries of marriage. If euer GORGON were seene in the shape of a woman, hee hath seene her in my description. I hane put him off o' that sent, for euer. Wby doe you not applaud, and adore me, sirs ? why stand you mute ? Are you stupid ? you are not worthy o' the benefit.

765 DAVP. Did not I tell you ? mischief ! —————

CLE. I would you had plac'd this benefit somewhere else.

TRV. Why so ?

CLE. Slight, you haue done the most inconsiderate, rash, weake thing, that euer man did to his friend.

770 DAVP. Friend ! if the most malicious enemy I haue, had studied to

inflict an iniury vpon me, it could not bee a greater.

TRV. Wherein? for gods-sake! Gent: come to your selues againe.

DAVP. But I presag'd thus much afore, to you.

CLE. Would my lips had beene soldred, when I spak on't. Slight, what
775 mou'd you to be thus impertinent?

TRV. My masters, doe not put on this strange face to pay my courtesie: off with this visor. Haue good turnes done you, and thanke 'hem this way?

DAVP. Fore heau'n, you haue vndone me. That, which I haue plotted
780 for, and beene maturing now these foure moneths, you haue blasted in a minute: now I am lost, I may speake. This gentlewoman was lodg'd here by me o' purpose, and, to be put vpon my vncke, hath profest this obstinate silence for my sake, being my entire friend; and one, that for the requitall of such a fortune, as to marry him, would haue made mee very
785 ample conditions: where now, all my hopes are vtterly miscaried by this vn lucky accident.

CLE. Thus 'tis, when a man will be ignorantly officious; doe seruices, and not know his why: I wonder what curteous itch possess'd you! you neuer did absurder part i' your life, nor a greater trespasse to friend-
790 ship, to humanity.

DAVP. Faith, you may forgiue it, best: 'twas your cause principally.

DLE. I know it, would it had not.

CAVP. How now CVTBERD? what newes?

CVT. The best, the happiest that euer was, sir. There has beene a
795 mad gentleman with your vncke, this morning (I thinke this be the gentleman) that has almost talk'd him out of his wits, with threatning him from marriage——

DAVP. On, I pray thee.

CVT. And your vncke, sir, hee thinkes 'twas done by your procure-
800 ment; therefore he will see the party, you wot of, presently: and if he like her, he sayes, and that she be so inclining to dombe, as I haue told him, he sweares hee will marry her, to day, instantly, and not deferre it a minute longer.

DAVP. Excellent! beyond our expectation!

805 TRV. Beyond your expectation? by this light, I knewe it would bee thus.

DAVP. Nay, sweet TRVE-WIT, forgiue me.

TRV. No, I was ignorantly officious, impertinent: this was the absurd, weake part.

810 CLE. Wilt thou ascribe that to merit, now, was meere fortune?

TRV. Fortune? mere prouidence. Fortune had not a finger in't. I saw it must necessarily in nature fall out so: my *genius* is neuer false to me in these things. Shew me, how it could be otherwise.

DAVP. Nay, gentlemen, contend not, tis well now.

815 TRV. Alasse, I let him goe on with inconsiderate, and rash, and what he pleas'd.

CLE.

CLE. Away thou strange iustifier of thy selfe, to bee wiser then thou wert, by the euent.

TRV. Euent! By this light, thou shalt neuer perswade me, but I foresaw it, as well as the starres themselues.

DAVP. Nay, gentlemen, 'tis well now : doe you two entertaine sir IOHN DAW, with discourse, while I send her away with instructions.

TRV. I'll be acquainted with her, first, by your fauour.

CLE. Master TRVE-WIT, lady, a friend of ours.

825 TRV. I am sorry, I haue not knowne you sooner, lady, to celebrate this rare vertue of your silence.

CLE. Faith, an' you had come sooner, you should ha' seene, and heard her well celebrated in sir IOHN DAW's *madrigalls*.

TRV. IACK DAW, god saue you, when saw you LA-F OOLE?

830 DAW. Not since last night, master TRVE-WIT.

TRV. That's miracle! I thought you two had beene inseparable.

DAW. Hee's gone to inuite his guests.

TRV. Gods so! tis true! what a false memory haue I towards that man! I am one: I met him e'ne now, vpon that he calls his delicate fine blacke
835 horse, rid into a foame, with poasting from place to place, and person to person, to giue 'hem the *cue*——

CLE. Lest they should forget?

TRV. Yes : there was neuer poore captaine tooke more paines at a muster to show men, then he, at this meale, to shew friends.

840 DAW. It is his quarter-feast, sir.

CLE. What! doe you say so, sir IOHN?

TRV. Nay, IACK DAW will not be out, at the best friends hee has, to the talent of his wit : where's his mistris, to heare and applaud him? is she gone!

845 DAW. Is mistris EPICOENE gone?

CLE. Gone afore, with sir DAVPHINE, I warrant, to the place.

TRV. Gone afore! that were a manifest iniurie; a disgrace and a halfe: to refuse him at such a festiuall time, as this, being a *Brauery*, and a *Wit* too.

850 CLE. Tut, hee'll swallow it like creame : hee's better read in *iure ciuili*, then to esteeme any thing a disgrace is offer'd him from a mistris.

DAW. Nay, let her eene goe; she shall sit alone, and bee dumbe in her chamber, a weeke together, for IOHN DAW, I warrant her : do's she refuse me?

855 CLE. No, sir, doe not take it so to heart : shee do's not refuse you, but a little neglect you. Good faith, TRVE-WIT, you were too blame to put it into his head, that shee do's refuse him.

TRV. Shee do's refuse him, sir, palpably : how euer you mince it. An' I were as hee, I would sweare to speake ne're a word to her, to day,
860 for't.

DAW. By this light, no more I will not.

TRV.

TRV. Nor to any body else, sir.

DAW. Nay, I will not say so, gentlemen.

CLE. It had beene an excellent happy condition for the company,
865 if you could haue drawne him to it.

DAW. I'll be very melancholique, i'faith.

CLE. As a dog, if I were as you, sir IOHN.

TRV. Or a snaile, or a hog-louse : I would roule my selfe vp for this
day, introth, they should not vnwinde me.

870 DAW. By this pick-tooth, so I will.

CLE. 'Tis well done: he beginnes already to be angry with his teeth.

DAW. Will you goe, gentlemen ?

CLE. Nay, you must walke alone, if you bee right melancholique, sir
IOHN.

875 TRV. Yes sir, wee'll dog you, wee'll follow you a farre off.

CLE. Was there euer such a two yards of knighthood, measur'd out
by *Time*, to be sold to laughter ?

TRV. A meere talking mole ! hang him : no mushrome was euer so
fresh. A fellow so vtterly nothing, as he knowes not what he would be.

880 CLE. Let's follow him : but first, let's goe to DAVPHINE, hee's ho-
uering about the house, to heare what newes.

TRV. Content.

Act II. Scene V.

MOROSE, EPICOENE, CVTBERD,

885

MVTE.

VVElcome CVTBERD ; draw neere with you faire chardge : and,
in her eare, softly intreat her to vnmasque (—) So. Is the dore
shut ? (—) inough. Now, CVTBERD, with the same discipline

I vse to my family, I will question you. As I conceiue, CVTBERD, this

890 gentlewoman is shee, you haue prouided, and brought, in hope shee will
fit me in the place and person of a wife ? Answer me not, but with your
leg, vnlesse it be otherwise : (—) very well done CVTBERD. I conceiue,

besides, CVTBERD, you haue beene pre-acquainted with her birth, educa-
tion, and quallities, or else you would not preferre her to my acceptance,

895 in the waighty consequence of marriage. (—) this I conceiue, CVT-
BERD. Answer me not but with your leg, vnlesse it bee otherwise. (—)

Very well done CVTBERD. Giue aside now a little, and leaue me to ex-
amine her condition, and aptitude to my affection. Shee is exceeding
faire, and of a speciall good fauour ; a sweet composition, or harmony

900 of limmes : her temper of beauty has the true height of my blood. The
knaue hath exceedingly wel fitted me without : I will now trie her within.

Come neere, faire gentlewoman : let not my behaiour seeme rude,
though vnto you, being rare, it may happely appeare strange. (—) (Nay,

lady,

*He goes about
her, and views
her.*

She curtsies.

lady, you may speake, though C V T B E R D, and my man, might not : for,
 905 of all sounds, onely, the sweet voice of a faire lady has the iust length of
 mine eares. I beseech you, say lady, out of the first fire of meeting eyes,
 (they say) loue is stricken : doe you feele any such motion, sodenly shot
 into you, from any part you see in me ? ha, lady ? (—) Alasse, lady, these *Curt'sie.*
 answers by silent curt'sies, from you, are too courtlesse, and simple. I haue
 910 euer had my breeding in court : and shee that shall bee my wife, must bee
 accomplished with courtly, and audacious ornaments. Can you speake
 lady ?

E P I. Iudge you, forsooth.

She speaks softly.

M O R. What say you, lady ? speake out, I beseech you.

915 E P I. Iudge you, forsooth.

M O R. O' my iudgement, a diuine softnes ! but can you naturally, lady,
 as I enioyne these by doctrine & industry, referre your self to the search of
 my iudgement, and (not taking pleasure in your tougue, which is a wo-
 mans chiefest pleasure) thinke it plausible, to answer me by silent ge-
 920 stures, so long as my speeches iumpe right, with what you conceiue ? (—) *Curt'sie.*
 Excellent ! diuine ! if it were possible she should hold out thus ! Peace
 C V T B R D, thou art made for euer, as thou hast made mee, if this felicitie
 haue lasting : but I will trie her further. Deare lady, I am courtly, I tell
 you, and I must haue mine eares banqueted with pleasant, and wittie con-
 925 ferences, pretty girds, scoffes, and daliance in her, that I meane to choose
 for my bedpheere. The ladies in court, thinke it a most desperate impaire
 to their quickenesse of wit, and good carriage, if they cannot giue occa-
 sion for a man to court 'hem ; and, when an amorous discourse is set on
 foot, minister as good matter to continue it, as himselfe : and doe you a-
 930 lone so much differ from all them, that, what they (with so much circum-
 stance) affect, and toile for, to seeme learn'd, to seeme iudicious, to seeme
 sharpe, and conceited, you can bury in your selfe, with silence ? and rather
 trust your graces to the faire conscience of vertue, then to the worlds,
 or your owne proclamation ?

935 E P I. I should be sorry else.

M O R. What say you, ladie ? good ladie, speake out.

E P I. I should be sorrie, else

M O R. That sorrow doth fill me with gladnesse ! O M O R O S E ! thou art
 happie aboue mankinde ! pray that thou maiest containe thy selfe. I will
 940 onely put her to it once more, and it shall be with the vtmost touch, and
 test of their sexe. But heare me, faire lady, I doe also loue to see her,
 whom I shall choose for my heicfar, to be the first and principall in all fa-
 shions ; præcede all the dames at court, by a fortnight ; haue her coun-
 sell of taylors, linneners, lace-women, embroyderers, and sit with 'hem
 945 sometimes twise a day, vpon *French* intelligences ; and then come forth,
 varied like Nature, or oftner then she, and better, by the helpe of Art, her
 æmulous seruant. This doe I affect. And how will you be able, lady, with
 this frugalitie of speech, to giue the manifold (but necessarie) instructions,
 for

for that bodies, these sleeues, those skirts, this cut, that stitch, this em-
 950 broiderie, that lace, this wire, those knots, that ruffe, those roses, this
 girdle, that fanne, the tother skarfe, these gloues? ha! what say you,
 ladie.

EPI. I'll leaue it to you, sir.

MOR. How lady? pray you, rise a note.

955 EPI. I leaue it to wisdom, and you sir.

MOR. Admirable creature! I will trouble you no more: I will not
 sinne against so sweet a simplicity. Let me now be bold to print, on those
 diuine lips, the seale of being mine. CVTBERD, I giue thee the lease of
 thy house free: thanke me not, but with thy leg (—) I know what thou
 960 woulst say, shee's poore, and her friends deceased; shee has brought a
 wealthy dowrie in her silence, CVTBERD: and in respect of her pouerty,
 CVTBERD, I shall haue her more louing, and obedient, CVTBERD. Goe
 thy waies, and get me a minister presently, with a soft, low voice to marry
 vs, and pray him he will not be impertinent, but briefe as he can; away:
 965 softly, CVTBERD. Sirrah, conduct your mistris into the dining roome,
 your now-mistris. O my felicity! how I shall bee reueng'd on mine insol-
 lent kinsman, and his plots, to fright me from marrying! This night I wil
 get an heire, and thrust him out of my bloud like a stranger; he would be
 knighted, forsooth, and thought by that meanes to raigne ouer me, his
 970 title must doe it: no kinsman, I will now make you bring mee the tenth
 lords, and the sixteenth ladies letter, kinsman; and it shall doe you no
 good kinsman. Your knighthood it selfe shall come on it's knees, and it
 shall be reiected; it shall be sued for it's fees to execution, and not bee re-
 deem'd; it shall cheat at the twelue peny ordinary, it knighthood, for it's
 975 diet all the terme time, and tell tales for it in the vacation, to the hostesse:
 or it knighthood shall doe worse; take sanctuary in *Coleharbor*, and fast.
 It shall fright all it friends, with borrowing letters; and when one of the
 foure-score hath brought it knighthood ten shillings, it knighthood shall
 go to the Cranes, or the Beare at the *Bridge-foot*, and be drunk in feare: it
 980 shal not haue money to discharge one tauerne reckoning, to inuite the old
 creditors, to forbear it knighthood; or the new, that should be, to trust it
 knighthood. It shall be the tenth name in the bond, to take vp the com-
 moditie of pipkins, and stone jugs; and the part thereof shall not furnish
 it knighthood forth, for the attempting of a bakers widdow, a browne
 985 bakers widdow. It shall giue it knighthoods name, for a *stallion*, to all
 gamesome citizens wiues, and bee refus'd; when the master of a dancing
 schoole, or (*How* do you call him) the worst reueller in the towne is taken:
 it shall want clothes, and by reason of that, wit, to foole to lawyers. It
 shall not haue hope to repaire it selfe by *Constantinople*, *Ireland*, or *Virgi-*
 990 *nia*; but the best, and last fortune to it knighthood shall be, to make DOL
 TEARE-SHEET, or KATE COMMON, a lady: and so, it knighthood may
 eate.

Act II. Scene VI.

TRVE-WIT, DAVPHINE, CLERIMONT,
CVTBERD.

995

A Re you sure he is not gone by ?

DAVP. No, I staid in the shop euer since.

CLE. But, he may take the other end of the lane.

DAVP. No, I told him I would be here at this end : I appointed
1000 him hether.

TRV. What a barbarian it is to stay then!

DAVP. Yonder he comes.

CLE. And his charge left behinde him, which is a very good signe,
DAVPHINE.

1005 DAVP. How now CVTBERD, succedes it, or no ?

CVT. Past imagination, sir, *omnia secunda*; you could not haue pray'd,
to haue had it so wel: *Saltat senex*, as it is i'the prouerbe, he do's triumph in
his felicity; admires the party! he has giuen me the lease of my house too!
and, I am now going for a silent minister to marry 'hem, and away.

1010 TRV. Slight, get one o' the silenc'd ministers, a zealous brother would
torment him purely.

CVT. *Cum priuilegio*, sir.

DAVP. O, by no meanes, let's doe nothing to hinder it now when
'tis done and finished, I am for you : for any deuise of vexation.

1015 CVT. And that shall be, within this halfe houre, vpon my dexterity,
gentlemen. Contriue what you can, in the meane time, *bonis auibus*.

CLE. How the slaue doth *latine* it !

TRV. It would be made a iest to posterity, sirs, this daies mirth, if yee
will.

1020 CLE. Beshrew his heart that will not, I pronounce.

DAVP. And, for my part. What is't ?

TRV. To translate all LA-FOOLES company, and his feast hether, to
day, to celebrate this bride-ale.

DAVP. I mary, but how will't be done ?

1025 TRV. I'll vndertake the directing of all the ladie-guests thether, and
then the meat must follow.

CLE. For gods sake, let's effect it : it will be an excellent *comædy* of af-
fiction, so many seuerall noyses.

DAVP. But are they not at the other place already, thinke you ?

1030 TRV. I'll warrant you for the colledge-honors : one o' their faces has
not the priming color laid on yet, nor the other her smocke sleek'd.

CLE. O, but they'll rise earlier then ordinary, to a feast.

TRV. Best goe see, and assure our selues.

CLE. Who knowes the house ?

1035 TRV. I'll lead you, were you neuer there yet ?

DAVP.

DAVP. Not I.

CLE. Nor I.

TRV. Where ha' you liu'd then? not know TOM OTTER!

CLE. No: for gods sake, what is he?

1040 TRV. An excellent animal, equall with your DAW, or LA-FOOLE,
if not transcendent; and do's *latine* it as much as your barber: hee is his
wifes Subiect, hecalls her Princesse, and at such times as these, followes
her vp and downe the house like a page, with his hat off, partly for heate,
partly for reuerence. At this instant, hee is marshalling of his bull, beare,
1045 and horse.

DAVP. What be those, in the name of *Sphinx*?

TRV. Why sir? hee has beene a great man at the beare-garden in his
time: and from that subtile sport, has tane the witty denomination of his
chiefe carousing cups. One he calls his bull, another his beare, another
1050 his horse. And then hee has his lesser glasses, that hee calls his deere,
and his ape; and seuerall degrees of 'hem too: and neuer is well, nor
thinkes any intertainement perfect, till these be brought out, and set o' the
cupbord.

CLE. For gods loue! we should misse this, if we should not goe.

1055 TRV. Nay, he has a thousand things as good, that will speake him all
day. He will raile on his wife, with certaine common places, behinde her
backe; and to her face——

DAVP. No more of him. Let's goe see him, I petition you.

Act III. Scene I.

1060 OTTER, M^{rs}. OTTER, TRVEWIT, CLERIMONT, DAVPHINE.

N Ay, good Princesse, heare me *pauca verba*.

M^{rs}. OT. By that light, I'll ha' you chain'd vp, with your bul-dogs,
and beare-dogges, if you be not ciuill the sooner. I'll send you to
1065 kennell, i'faith. You were best baite me with your bull, beare, and horse?
Neuer a time, that the courtiers, or collegiates come to the house, but you
make it a *shrouetuesday*! I would haue you get your *whitsontide*-veluet-
cap, and your staffe i' your hand, to intertaine 'hem: yes introth, doe.

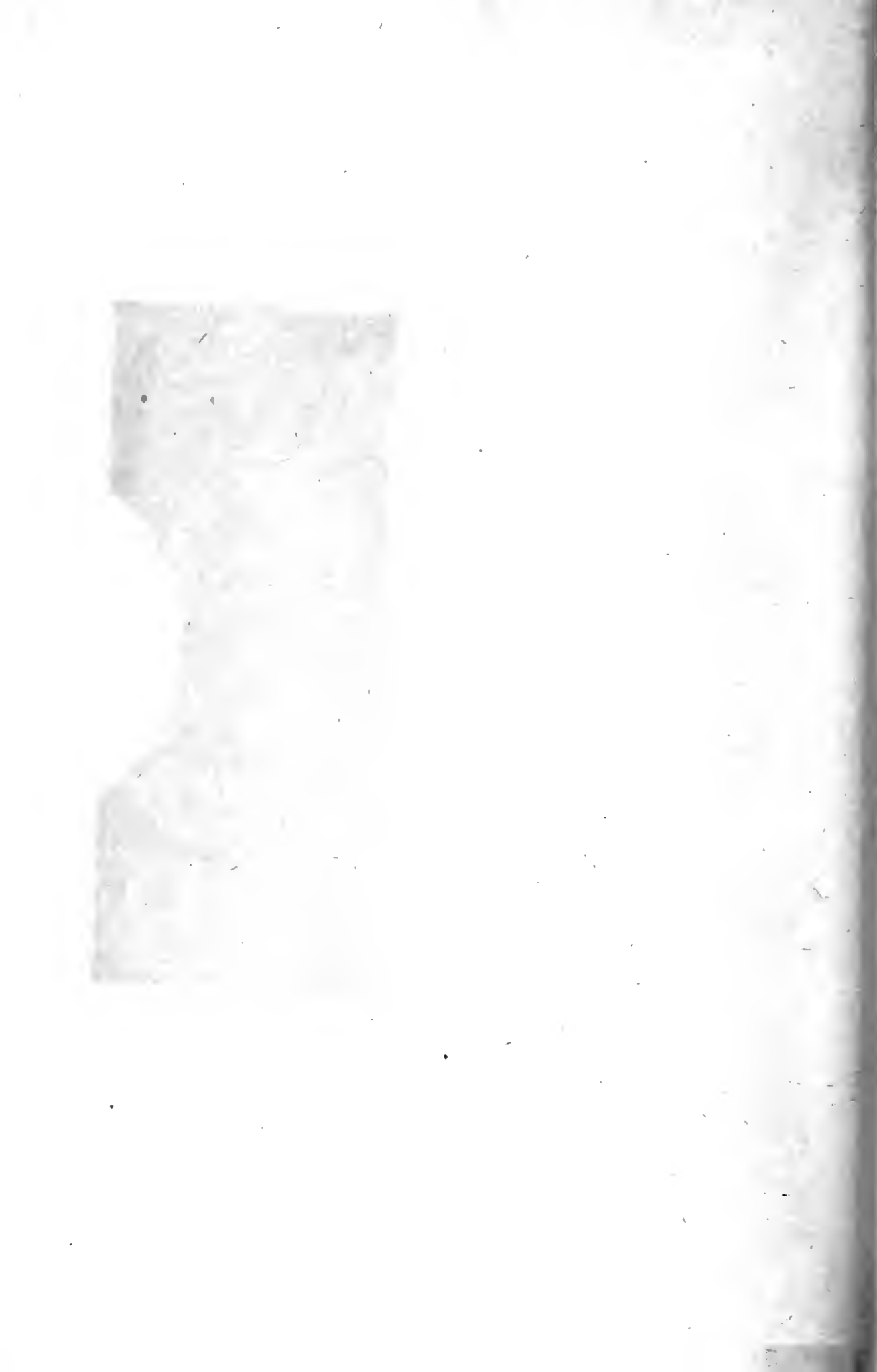
OTT. Not so, Princesse, neither, but vnder correction, sweete
1070 Princesse, gi' me leaue—these things I am knowne to the courtiers by.
It is reported to them for my humor, and they receiue it so, and doe ex-
pect it. TOM OTTERS bull, beare, and horse is knowne all ouer *England*,
in *rerum natura*.

M^{rs}. OT. For me, I wil *na-ture* 'hem ouer to *Paris*-garden, and *na-ture*
1075 you thether too, if you pronounce 'hem againe. Is a beare a fit beast, or a
bull, to mixe in society with great ladies? thinke i' your discretion, in
any good politie.

OTT,







PR Jonson, Ben
2600 Ben Jonson's dramen in
1905 Neudruck

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

UTL AT DOWNSVIEW



D RANGE BAY SHLF POS ITEM C
39 13 05 09 03 013 6